Liberty

NOV. 27, 1943

10c

Book:
RETREAT FROM ROSTOV

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HERE'S WHY
by Fred M. Vinson

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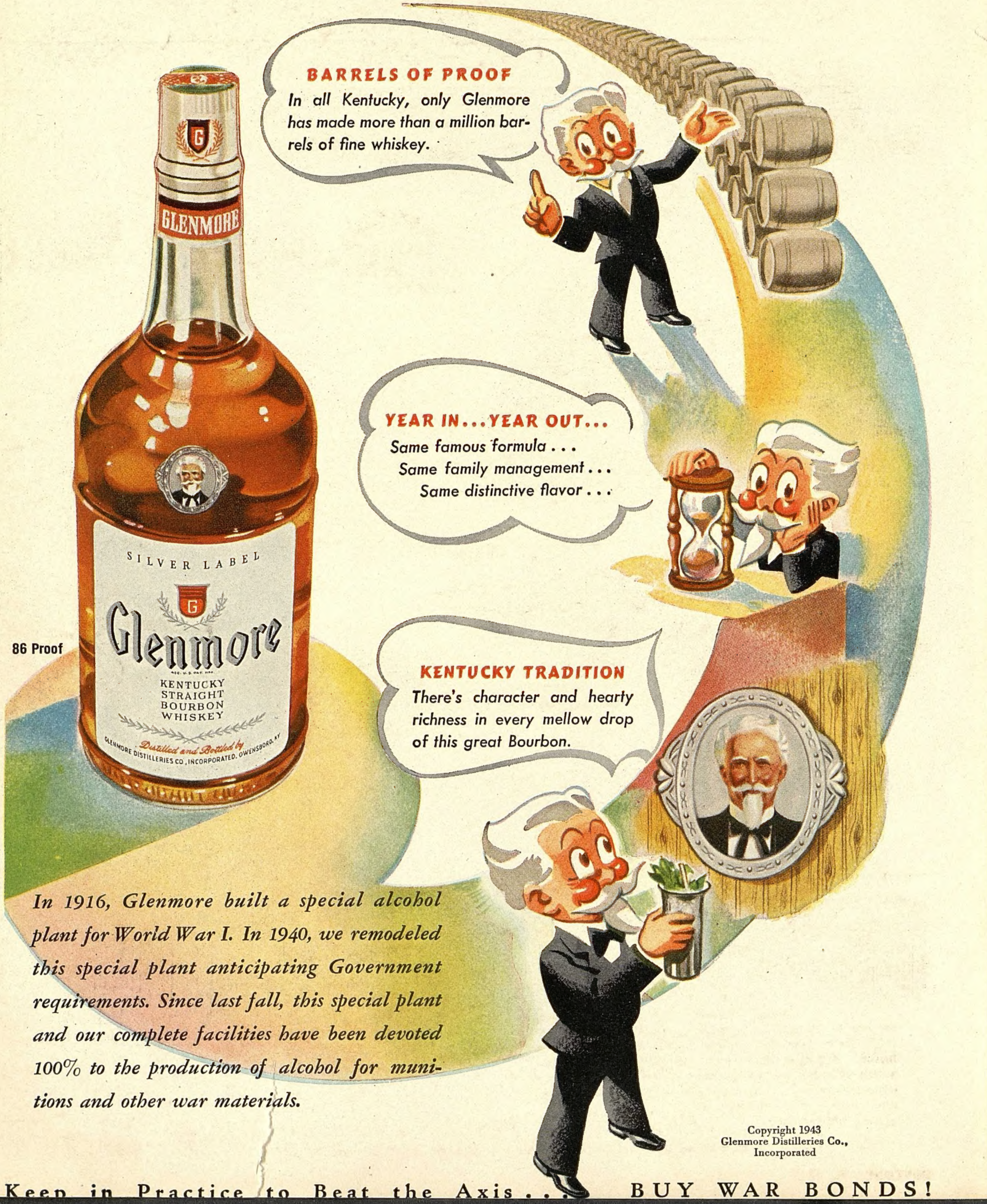
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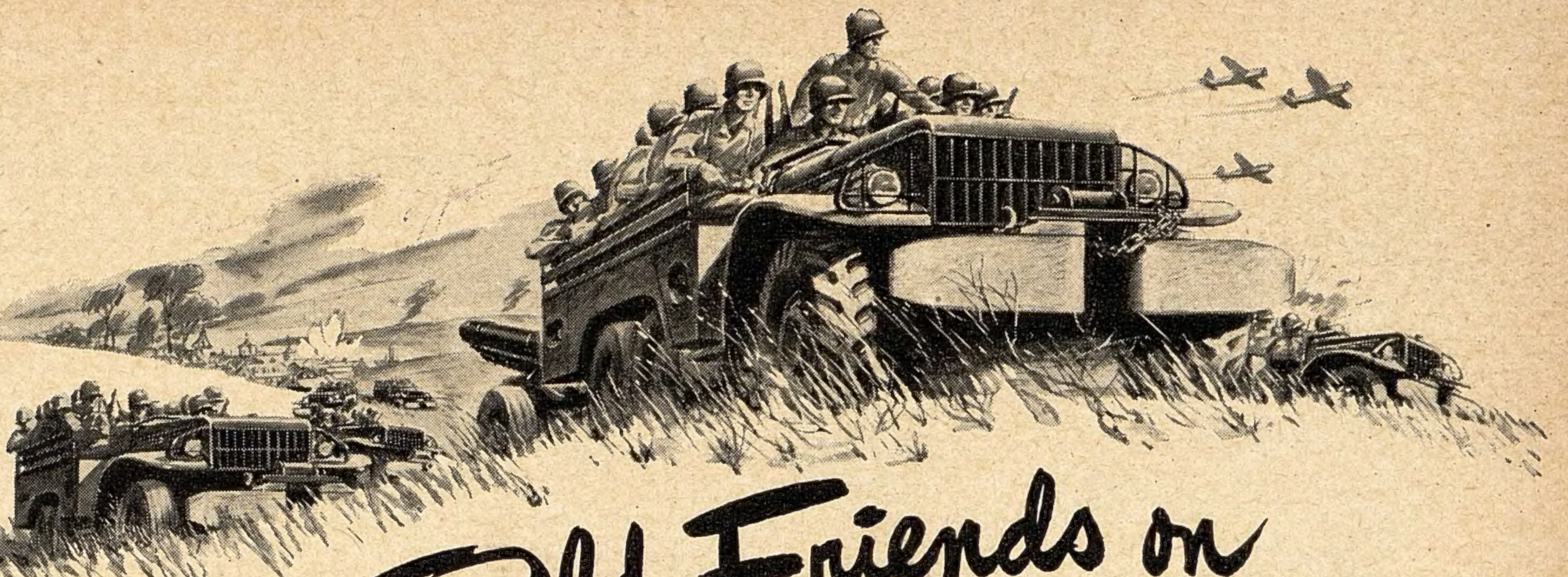
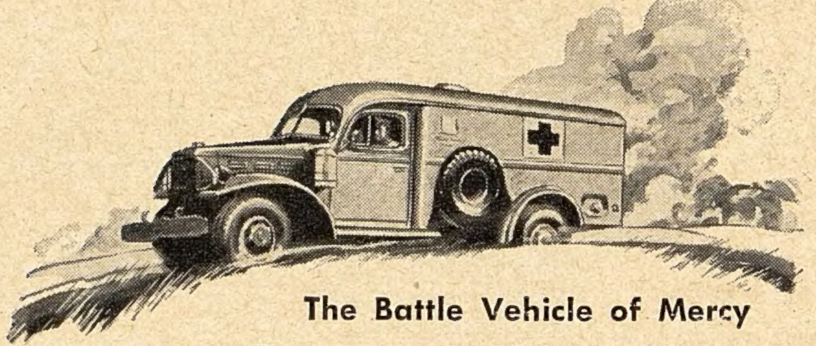
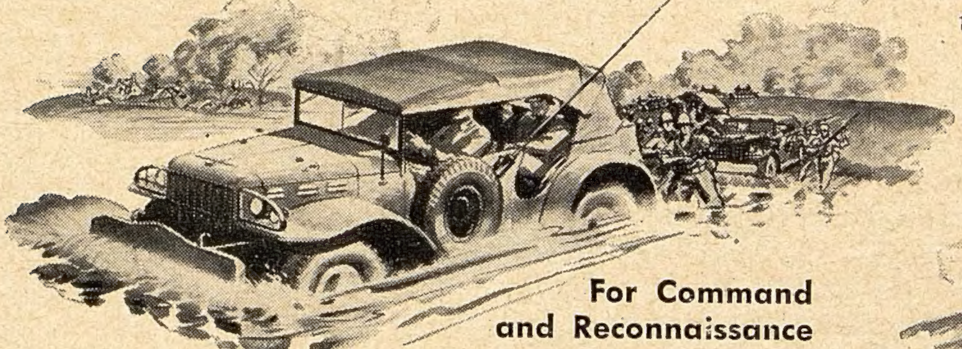


Old Friends on Strange Streets



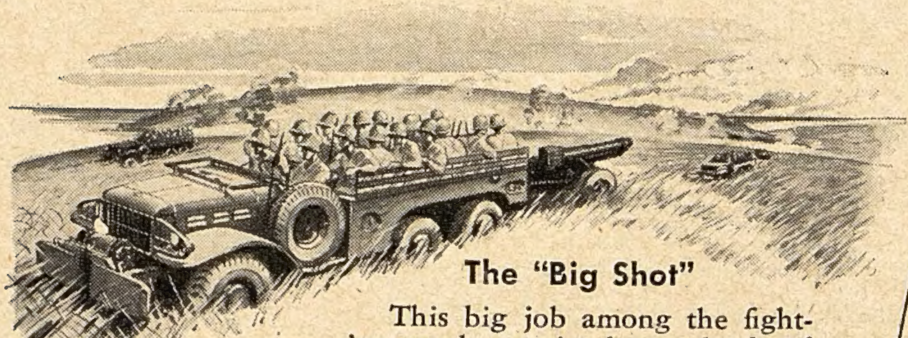
The Battle Vehicle of Mercy

Doctors, nurses and patients know these vehicles of mercy. They serve on the battle fronts. Night and day, they perform their errands of speed and risk bringing rescue and comfort with them wherever they go.



For Command and Reconnaissance

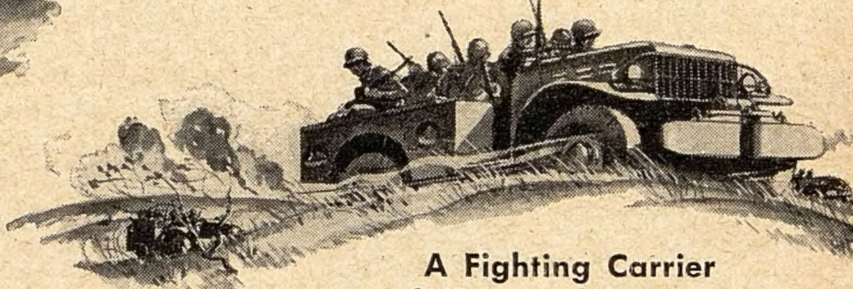
Through its two-way radio equipment, Army officers can locate and report enemy positions; can link up the fighting units of our own forces. This Command Car is low to the ground and hard to see in action.



The "Big Shot"

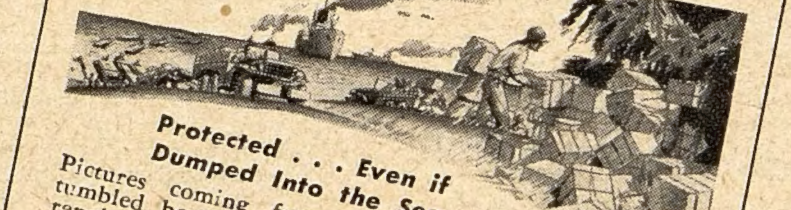
This big job among the fighting trucks carries larger loads of men and weapons. It is an essential mover of heavy guns as well as troop detachments with their personal weapons and supplies. These big fighters are also capable of fast stump-bumping travel across rough and treacherous country. They, too, have demonstrated Dodge dependability as they work day and night, for victory in actual battle abroad.

OFFICERS and men of the U. S. Army call these the "fighting trucks." They move with the troops. They were built for battle. They are cross-country carriers for arms and men. They are the military team-mates of your friends, the Dodge trucks that haul milk and steel and coal in the U. S. A. They are now in battle action on many fronts. They are the result of years of close co-operation between the U. S. Army and Chrysler Corporation.



A Fighting Carrier of Men and Weapons

With its cargo body and side seats, this fighter truck can also mount guns for attack and defense as it moves with men and munitions into battle. Its big Dodge engine will serve efficiently in every climate from tropics to arctic. Like its fighter companions, it will ford most streams and take the average swamp or mud bed in its stride.



Protected . . . Even if Dumped Into the Sea

Pictures coming from invasion battle areas show tumbled boxes—containing vital parts for battlefield repair of fighting trucks. Repair parts are packed by Chrysler Corporation to protect them against moisture—even if dumped into the sea.

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Cover: Corporal Vaughn Lott of Trenton, Utah, carves a turkey.
OFFICIAL UNITED STATES ARMY PHOTO

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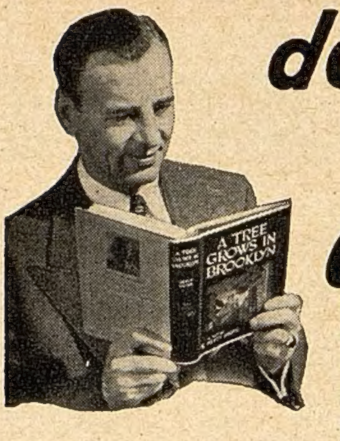
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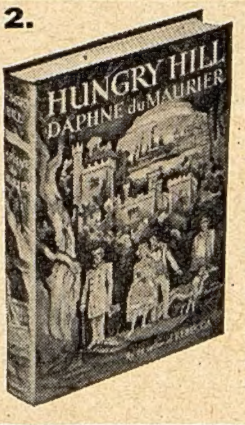

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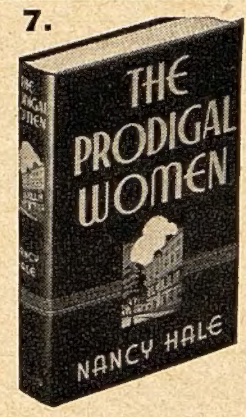

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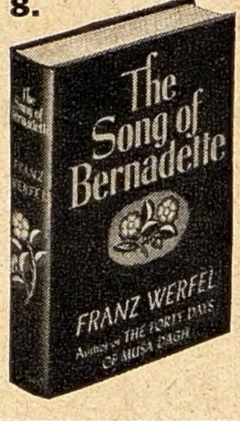

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

THE "FIRST LADY" DEFENDED

Redondo Beach, Calif.—Just read Margaret B. Shields' letter (October 23 Vox Pop).

No wonder men call women "catty."

Well, since Vox Pop printed that letter, it will be only fair to print this reply.

Mrs. Roosevelt's "flit" abroad was the wish and suggestion of the President, according to broadcast information. Mrs. Roosevelt has as much right to go abroad as had Wendell Willkie and a group of congressmen.—*Eleanor Alden Conway.*

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Would like to suggest that the catty Margaret B. Shields, who thinks the First Lady should ask herself, "Is this trip necessary?" ask the boys in the hospitals any place she went, "Was the trip worth it?" See what they will tell you. She didn't just walk along a line of beds—she sat and talked like our own mother would have.

Don't say you represent American women or their opinion. Rather, ask the mothers of the boys she enjoyed being with if they were glad she saw them—not because she is the First Lady, but because she is a mother, acted like one, and received the thanks of every one.—*Marine Eddie Grace.*

SOLDIERS' VOTES

Walla Walla, Wash.—The editorial Ballots as Well as Bullets for Fighting Men (October 30 Liberty) strikes the right note. *But*—and it is a "but" that cannot be overlooked—is it certain that the powers that be in Washington *want* those ten million votes recorded? —*George W. Saunders.*

Topeka, Kan.—If the soldiers do get votes, as advocated in Ballots as Well as Bullets for Fighting Men, what happens to the man who votes to kick his commander in chief out of office?—*Pete Briggs.*

MORE PROFITEERING AT ARMY EXPENSE

St. Louis, Mo.—More power to Miss Bowman for her letter about the difficulty soldiers' wives have getting rooms (September 11 Vox Pop).

We have a nephew in Morganfield, Kentucky, who is married. They pay over forty dollars a month for a sleeping room just large enough for a bed, small dresser, and one chair. The windows, walls, and curtains haven't been cleaned since the last war and the bed is no better than concrete. They share the bath with about five other couples and are only allowed one bath a week. —*Mrs. C. J. Mathis.*

SCREENED RELIGION

Port Lavaca, Tex.—Would it be possible to regularly portray—say on Sundays—on the screen, religious services of various denominations, as a means of stimulating and arousing interest in religion in these war-weary times?—*Mrs. Paul Constant.*

NATURE FAKING

Knoxville, Tenn.—I wish to advise Mrs. L. G. Marshall, whose letter appeared in September 18 Vox Pop, that it is impossible for *two blue-eyed* parents to produce brown-eyed children.

The blond hair of her own children comes from the same source as the eyes.—*Mrs. T. L. Justice.*

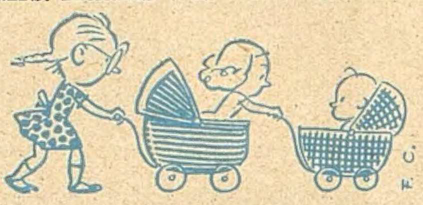
YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

Quinton, Okla.—In October 9 This Man's War, Mrs. W. A. N. states her brother, Joseph H. Otney, is a grandfather at the age of thirty-six.

Quinton can beat that. Although she is not in the U. S. Army, we have the youngest *grandmother* in the world.

Mrs. Delma Adams, who lives here, became a grandmother at the age of twenty-seven years two months twenty days on June 4 of this year.

Mrs. Adams was born March 14, 1916; her daughter, Mrs. Betty Williams, was born July 9, 1929, and Mrs. Williams' baby daughter arrived June 4, 1943; making the total age a little over forty-two years.—*H. D. Goodale, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce.*



EVERY KNOCK A BOOST

Long Beach, Calif.—To Frank Sinatra's knockers:

It really amuses me when some people criticize Frank Sinatra's looks. What do they want? He has a good figure, large, dark, expressive eyes, lovely eyebrows (which I hope never get plucked, like Robert Taylor's), and hair—lots of it; never will have to wear a toupee like Crosby, Boyer, Astaire, Powell, and hosts of others.

Well, all right—*ears.* And so has Clark Gable, only more so, until he gets them pinned back in the movies. I am nearly

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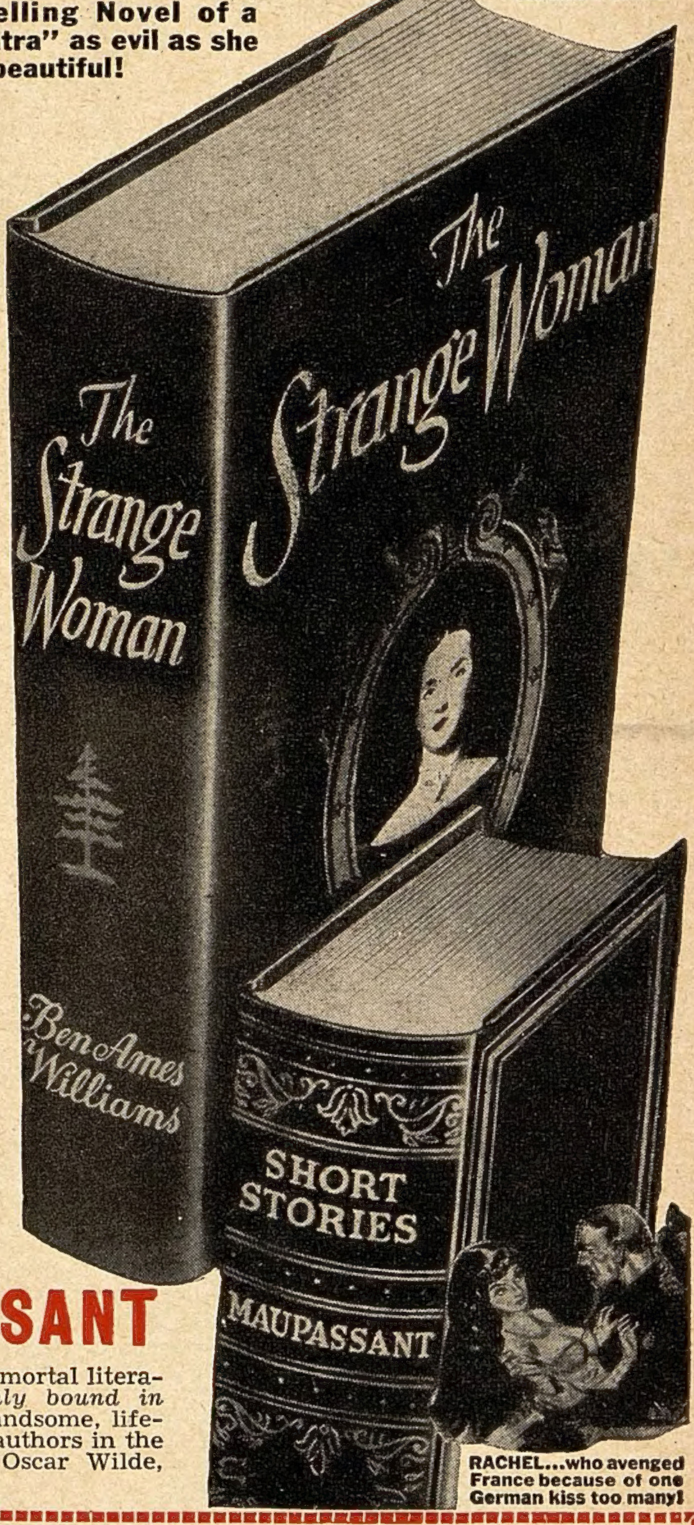

RACHEL...who avenged France because of one German kiss too many!

JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Carruthers to elope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his seventy years!

A strange excitement shone in Jenny's eyes whenever she saw pain inflicted—a passion which drove her to do unpredictable things under its impulse. To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature more naked and shameless and merciless than death itself! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

"Every Woman Is A Wanton"

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who had once boasted to his friend John Evered that "he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met, and usually found it, too!" Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But the truth was beyond belief—and John, too, fell under her witch-like spell. Who wouldn't—after he had spent a winter's night under a haystack with her?

But John was different, Jenny loved him and their four sons—until she deceived even him with pious Elder Pittridge, to whom she whispered, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

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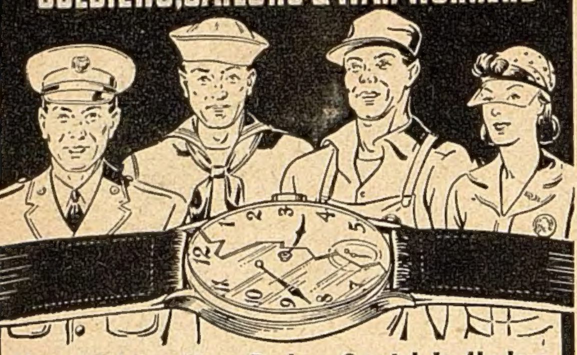

Your Watch with a Broken Crystal Is Useless
Exposed to Damage from Glass and Dust.

PROTECT YOUR WATCH—Avoid costly repairs—Go to any jeweler—ask for a G-S FLEXO CRYSTAL 100% BREAK-PROOF—Any size—Any shape. Can be fitted while you wait. Mfgrs. of military water-proof watches, gauges, instruments now use G-S FLEXO made of GOV'T APPROVED PLASTICS. Same materials are used for all G-S FLEXO crystals.

GERMANOW-SIMON MACH. CO. Rochester, N. Y.

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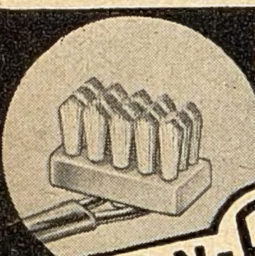


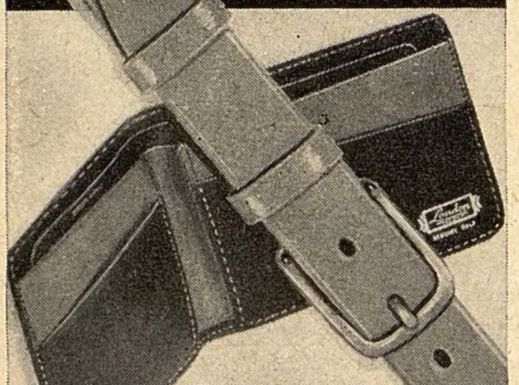
CLEAN-BE-TWEEN TOOTHBRUSH REFILLS

Your Clean-BE-Tween Toothbrush will be as good as new with a fresh refill—Extra Hard, Hard, Medium or Soft—obtainable at drug counters. More than 1,250,000 Clean-BE-Tween toothbrushes have been sold primarily on advice of dentists. Clean-BE-Tween brushes are guaranteed to give satisfactory service.

The Only Adjustable-Refillable Toothbrush.

CLEAN-BE-TWEEN TOOTHBRUSH COMPANY INC.
LOS ANGELES 27 NEW YORK 17

ROYAL London
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
QUALITY BELTS
AND BRACES



Xmas suggestion:
Give Royal London
. . . the belt that
gets around! Finely
styled, the ultimate
in quality.

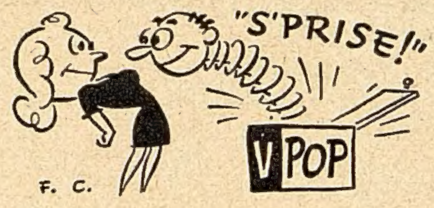
P.S. See the London braces, belts, wallets, and men's jewelry, too!
• Gift Packaged
At Leading Men's Wear Stores and Depts.

GLOBE NOVELTY HOUSE
1150 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

twice Frank's age, have heard and enjoyed all the operas and lots of other singing, but I can honestly say I have not been so thrilled by anybody's voice in years.—*Florence Rose.*

JUST POP OFF A VOX POP

APPLE RIVER, ILL.—One never knows what will develop from a Vox Pop letter. Some very unusual and interesting things have happened to me as a result of these pop-offs. After a recent one, I received a letter postmarked California from a lady requesting my name and address on an empty spool for use as one of a collection of knobs in a new ranch house; she wanted one from each state. Also, a V-mail letter from a soldier, APO, San Francisco, asking if "I would be a good guy and send him the copy of Liberty in which the story appeared" that I had praised in my letter. By sheer chance, I still retained that copy and was very glad to send it to him *pronto.*



Another Vox Pop, anent Ted Shane's Cockeyed Puzzles, brought another V-mail from a soldier in North Africa who got a kick out of my would-be humorous letter. We are still corresponding. So my motto is—Vox Pop and see what happens.—*Irene Gillette.*

STILL UP IN THE AIR

FAIRHAVEN, MASS.—I should like to see you print an article on "lighter-than-air" aircraft. This is the least publicized of the Air Forces—I don't know why. I am interested in this branch because my son is training for it at Moffett Field, California.—*Mrs. M. Crossley.*

Liberty hopes to have an article on this important subject in an early issue.

WHAT—NO SERIALS?

c/o P. M., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Being stationed on an island somewhere in the S. W. Pacific isn't exactly dull right now, but still in our own time we like to read Liberty. But why so many serials? We can't possibly follow them because we don't get all the issues.—*Pvt. M. Earle.*

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

MAGNOLIA, MISS.—I have been a constant subscriber to Liberty for ten years, and it burns me up when I see the magazine on newsstands from three to six days before I get my copy. I just know you won't print this in Vox Pop, as lots of regulars will quit and buy from newsstands.—*Clifton Gordon.*

Remember, due to wartime conditions, Uncle Sam's post office is carrying a terrific load. Sometimes the casual buyer finds the newsstands sold out—but the subscriber always gets his copy.

A MISTAKEN PROPHET

NEW YORK, N. Y.—To Redbird of St. Louis, whose cockeyed prediction in Vox Pop (October 30) said the St. Louis Cards would, in his own words, "walk over those soft New Yorkers in four straight games." Oh, yeah?

Well, what have you to say for yourself now—and how about all that money you were going to win from sucker Yankee fans? Have you paid your bets, or did your nerve fail at the last moment? If Yankee fans are suckers, what do you call the boobs that root for a team like the Cards?—*Dave Stillman.*

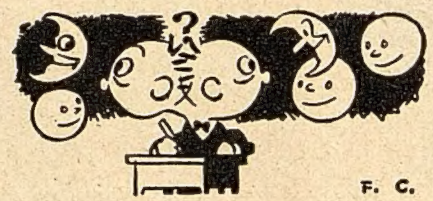
JOIN THE SCRAP

SHERMAN, TEX.—Last October, during the national scrap-metal drive, I offered to swap smooth flint rocks, pieces of petrified wood, fossilized sea urchins, odd-shaped rocks, etc., of suitable size and weight, for metal paper weights such as are often seen on office desks. In one office alone I found twenty-two pieces of steel shafting and other valuable pieces of metal being used as paper weights, and in two days' time I traded rocks for 155 pounds of metal weights which were donated to the local scrap pile.

I am wondering if Liberty would not like to suggest that offices all over the United States could throw their metal paper weights into the scrap pile and substitute rocks from "Mother Nature."—*N. C. Dorchester.*

JUST A LITTLE MOONSTRUCK

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—Why does such an excellent reporter as Morris Markey in his Atlantic Convoy (October 23 Liberty) have a "newly risen full moon" hanging "a few degrees above the horizon" at "exactly three o'clock in the morning"? At three o'clock in the morning a full moon would be *going down,* about halfway from the zenith to the western horizon.—*George P. Meade.*



A PLAN WORTH CONSIDERING

TOLEDO, OHIO—Here's a suggestion for an almost painless plan to increase the sale of defense stamps. Make it obligatory that any change given from the purchase of theater tickets, perfume or toilet articles, liquor, or in fact all luxuries, be given in stamps. If people can spend money for nonessentials, they should be willing to save for defense.—*Ralph Tilton.*

YEAH, PERSONALITY PLUS, BUT—

DETROIT, MICH.—Say, Vox Pop, isn't there some way I can see some of my fellow Vox Poppers? I'm no beauty, heaven knows, but I'm willing to submit a snapshot of myself if others will—*and* if Vox Pop will run them. Don't you think it might put personality into the department?—*Wilma Dearing.*

NEXT WEEK

✓ TOMORROW'S CARS AND ROADS

By Robert Moses

Before you can have that postwar "dream" automobile, America's roads will have to catch up. An expert tells what must be done.

✓ RIOT TOWN

By Hugh Pentecost

Here's Max Chandler again with a swiftly moving adventure, this time outwitting home-front political gangsters.

✓ REVELATIONS OF MERLE OBERON

By Howard Sharpe

Hollywood discovers that the exotically beautiful Lady Korda has a startling history, can dance and sing —and what a pair of legs!

✓ GERMANY'S CHOICE—QUIT OR BE DESTROYED!

By Sidney Shalett

Day and night Allied airmen heap destruction on Hitler's roofless fortress in a deadly design of extermination—or else.

✓ SULFA DRUGS—ARE THEY THE ANSWER TO THE COMMON COLD?

By Molly Seaman

Good news for common-cold sufferers. Sulfa drugs appear to be the solution for the biggest problem of American industry—absenteeism.

✓ SHOULD THE ALL-AMERICA BE ABOLISHED?

By Norman L. Sper and Frank Scully

The worthlessness of the indoor sport of picking the annual All-America football team, especially during wartime, is pointed up sharply in a highly controversial article.

✓ ON THE AIR OVER THERE

By Ensign Ralph Carson

Making the boys feel at home via radio is the aim of the Army Radio Network in the theater of war. A painstaking achievement but well worth while.

✓ COLOUR SCHEME

By Ngaio Marsh

A few steps on the wrong path, and Questing stumbled into a seething caldron, to his death—the death any of them at the Spa might have wanted to deal him. This new spy mystery will baffle the smartest armchair sleuth to the last page.

Last time you up'n took cold, pardner

(*Throat hog-tied from harsh smokes*)

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped

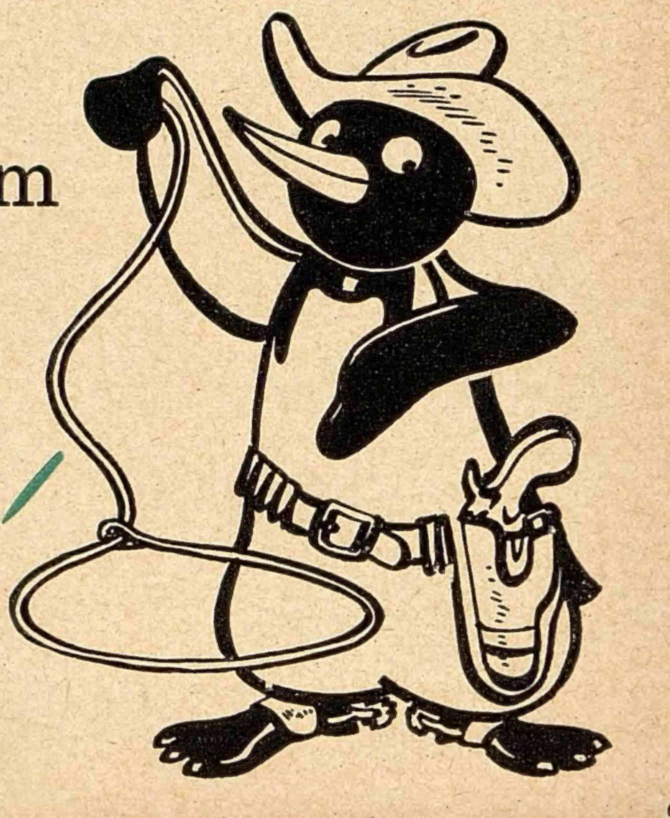
Them thar KOOLS wuz mighty pleezin'

UNION MADE

If you liked 'em so much then

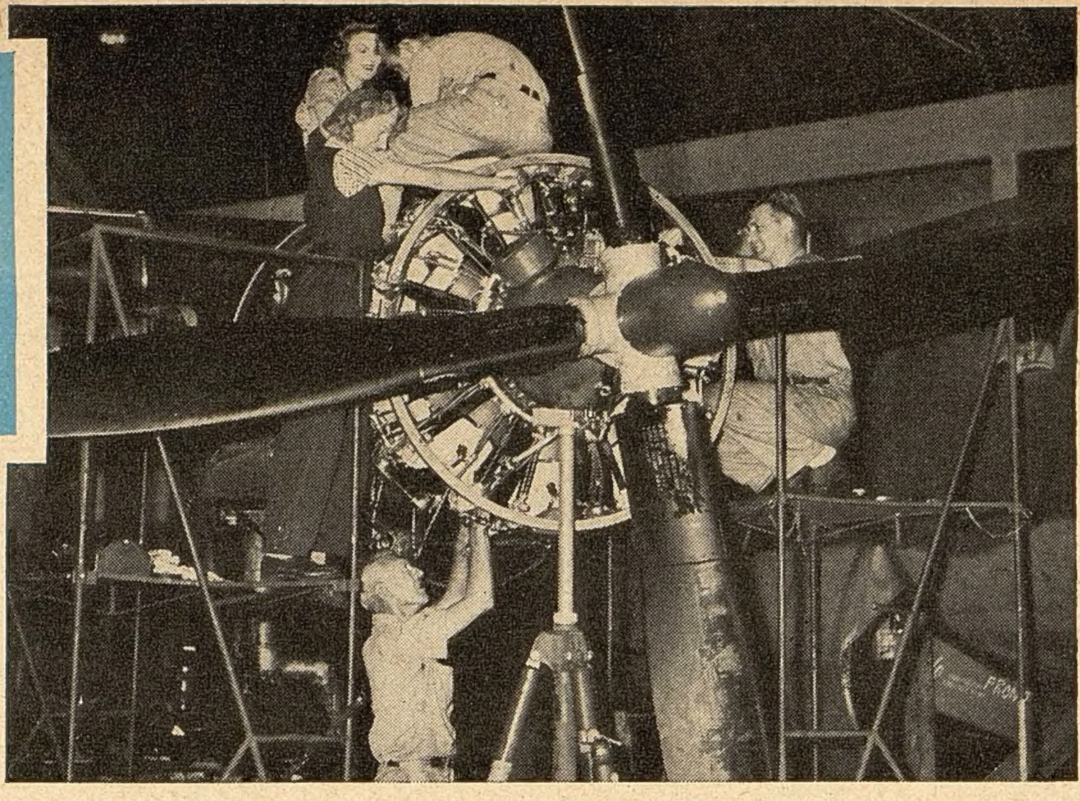
Here's a good steer—Why not smoke 'em all the time?

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS —*for good!*



ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Hollow steel propeller blades, the only ones formed from seamless steel tubing, installed on a B-26 bomber at MacDill Field Army Air Base.

Postwar Preview

How soon will helicopters be available to Mr. John Q. Public and how much will they cost? Here's the low-down as obtained from a number of top engineers in the aviation industry:

A low-cost, easily operated helicopter for private use is almost a dead certainty for the reason that almost every large aircraft manufacturer will bring out his own models and will spend millions of dollars in their development. *But*—and this is highly important—this development will take time. It will be at least five years after the war is over before practical and simple helicopters will be available to the average user, and a conservative estimate is *ten* years after the war.

Two manufacturers are in production with military models, but these are difficult to fly. Many other experimental Army and Navy contracts have been given out. Within two years after the war you'll see a lot of helicopters flying, but the machine will not be ready for the mass market until further experimentation.

In ten years you'll pay from $2,200 to $3,500 for a fine, practical, easily operated helicopter that will rise and descend vertically, cruise at 120 to 150 miles an hour, and will be equipped with many safety devices. If the motor quits, the machine will settle easily to earth without injury to passengers or machine.

Feeder air-line helicopters (for six to twelve passengers) are also on their way, but these, too, will take time to develop.

Future Transport Flying

When war ends, the major air lines won't have to wait long before putting large forty- to sixty-passenger airplanes in operation. All of the many "bugs" which develop in new airplanes are being worked out during the war, so that air-line passengers can look forward to flying at 250-miles-an-hour cruising speed a short time after lessened military requirements permit commercial production. Transcontinental schedules will be cut to ten and eleven hours, while a New York-Chicago trip will not take much over three hours.

The giant four-engined Douglas C-54 Skymaster (which will be the DC-4 after the war) is being built today in quantity and is flying the North and South Atlantic, across Africa, India, China, and to and within Alaska. This big landplane, which will carry between forty and fifty passengers commercially, is also establishing enviable records flying the broad Pacific to Australia. Captain M. P. O'Leary, veteran pilot of the Army's Air Transport Command, has logged more than 200,000 transocean miles at the controls of the C-54 Skymaster, including seventeen Atlantic crossings in twenty-one days!

Another big plane now being tested is the Lockheed Constellation, also four-engined, and built for fifty or more passengers. While not yet in large quantity production, the experimental development will have been completed before the war's end.

A third big model will be Consolidated Vultee's commercial version, based on its four-engined Liberator bomber. Air-line travelers can look forward to much more speed and greater comforts. And much bigger transport planes are in the offing.

Invasion of Italy

The Army believes the invasion of Italy provided a "classic illustration" of the role of air power in a combined operation. In the six weeks ending September 29 U. S. bomber planes and escorting fighter planes of the Northwest African Air Forces and the U. S. Army Ninth Air Force flew 17,046 offensive sorties (each sortie being a flight by a single plane) and dropped 15,338 tons of bombs in daylight precision missions. This is an astounding performance, considering supply difficulties.

Here in brief were the four phases of the aerial undertaking—a pattern you might well remember for future invasion operations:

1. *Two weeks before the actual land invasion* strategic bombers hit enemy communication points to disrupt transportation and airdromes to render air opposition impotent.

2. When Allied armies initiated their landing at Salerno, Northwest African Air Forces supported the landing by neutralizing the initial enemy opposition through interruption of traffic on principal lines leading to the area.

3. The third phase was dedicated to supporting the consolidation of the initial Allied gains by reducing the enemy's efforts to reinforce, concentrate, and counterattack. This was done by destroying entire town areas occupied by the enemy, wiping out roads and railroads, and attacking enemy troop and motor concentrations.

4. After the Allied landings were consolidated, air operations turned to bombardment against the withdrawing enemy, harassing his withdrawal to create concentrations of his fleeing forces and permit destruction of his personnel and equipment.

All of these phases were carefully planned far in advance. Until bases were established on Italy itself, the Allied air forces worked under handicaps.

From now on in Italy there will be the closest sort of co-ordination. And the same general pattern will be followed in any future land invasions of the Continent.

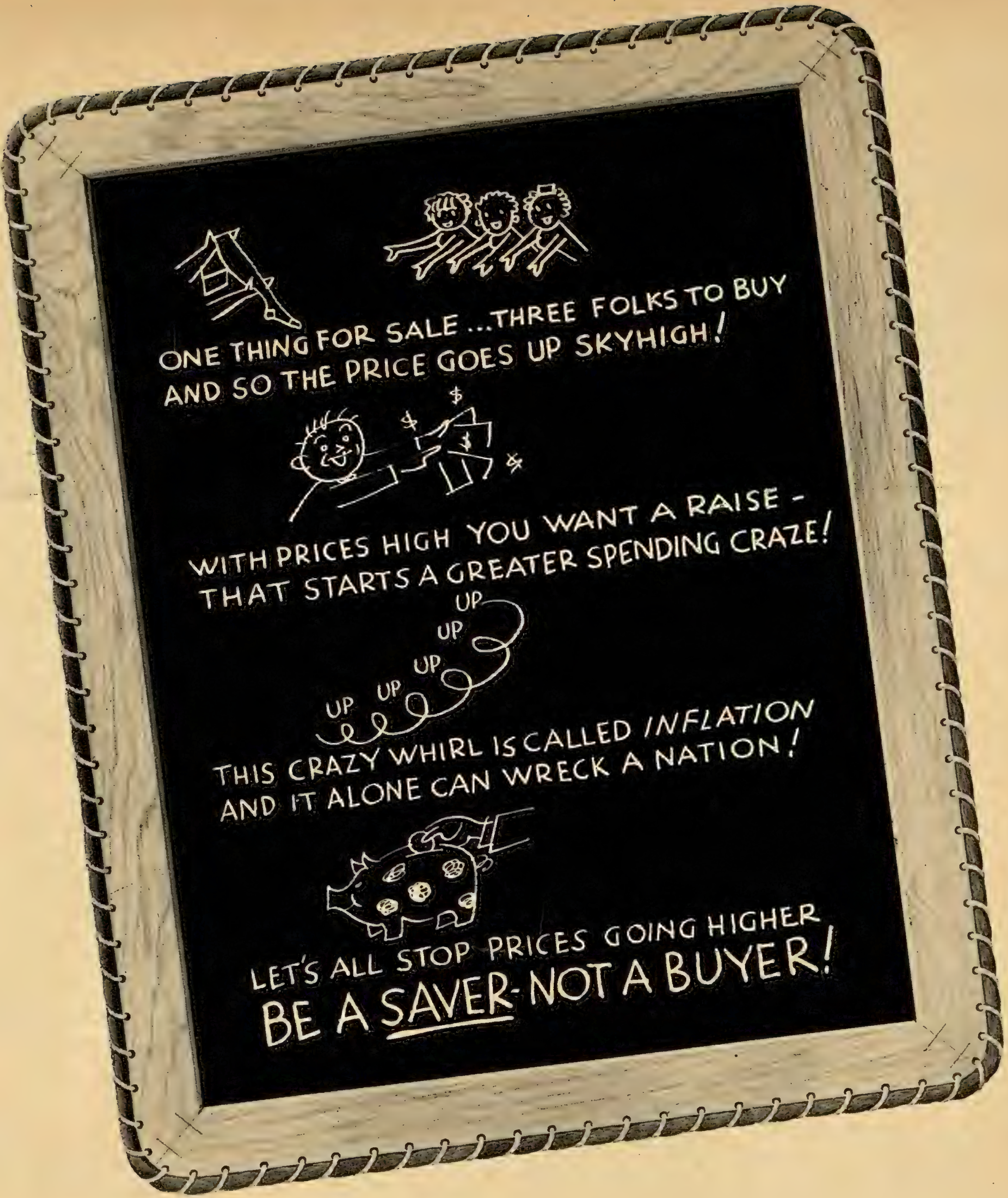
New Navy Torpedo Plane

Rear Admiral Ralph Davison, assistant chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics and one of the most popular airmen ever to hold that position, has revealed a few high lights about the new eight-ton Navy torpedo plane which will soon be ready to attack Japanese sea power.

The new plane is called the Seawolf, and, Admiral Davison says, "it is just about the last word in its line" and is "outstanding" in maneuverability. It is being built by Consolidated Vultee Corporation at its new Allentown, Pennsylvania, plant.

It will carry a crew of three—pilot, gunner, and radioman-bomber, and is well armed and armored.

"Eight tons of fighting power is a lot of power when used intelligently, and you can believe me when I tell you that we have the best trained and the most intelligent pilots in the world," Admiral Davison said. "And the Seawolf carries the deadly tin fish—which the Japs make a futile effort not to catch—or a load of bombs which makes them equally unhappy. There is no other torpedo plane in the world today to match it."

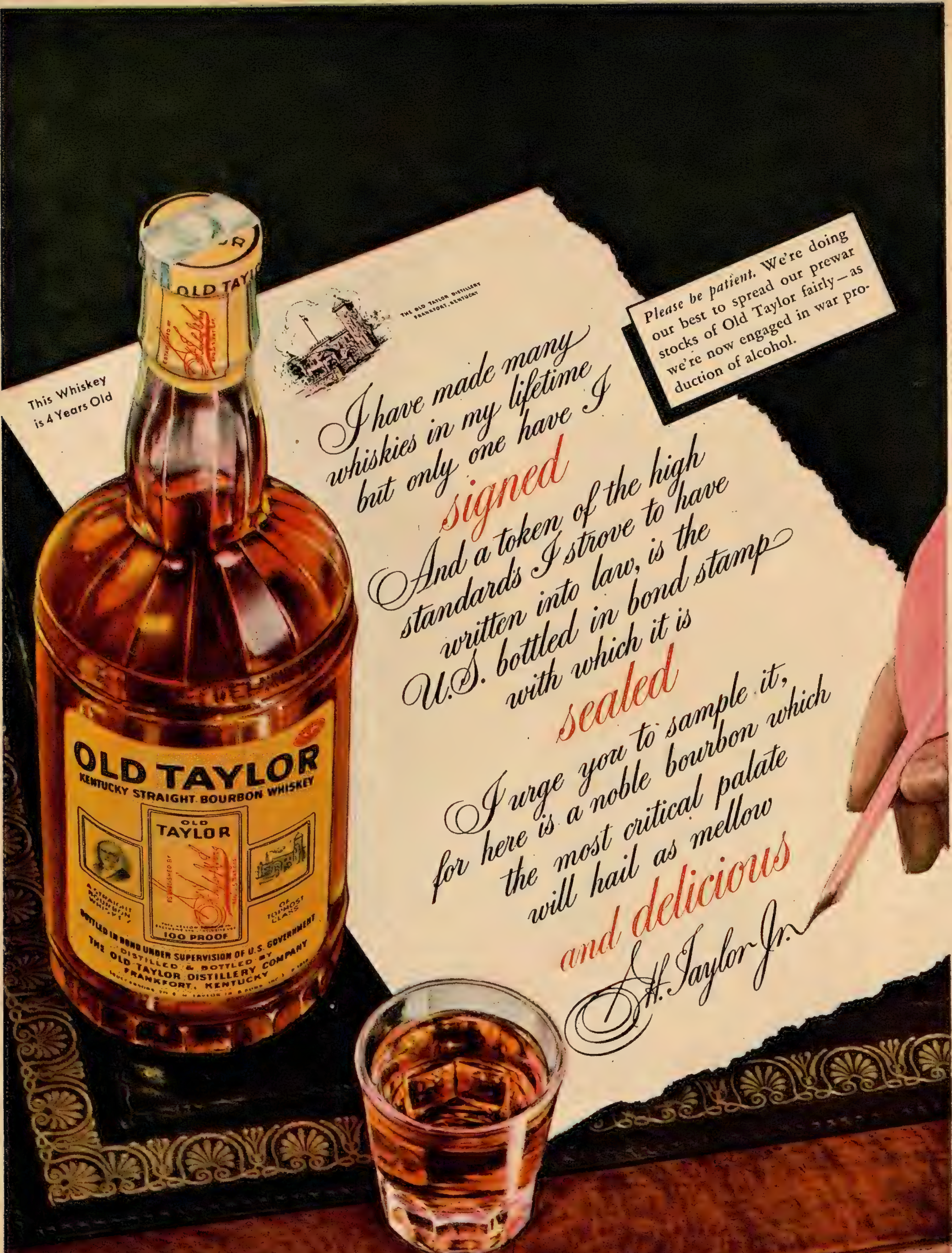

ONE THING FOR SALE ... THREE FOLKS TO BUY
AND SO THE PRICE GOES UP SKYHIGH!
$
$
$
$
WITH PRICES HIGH YOU WANT A RAISE -
THAT STARTS A GREATER SPENDING CRAZE!
UP
UP
UP
UP
UP
THIS CRAZY WHIRL IS CALLED *INFLATION*
AND IT ALONE CAN WRECK A NATION!
LET'S ALL STOP PRICES GOING HIGHER
BE A SAVER - NOT A BUYER!

Seven things you should do:

1. Buy only what you really need
2. Pay no more than ceiling prices... buy rationed goods only with stamps
3. Pay off old debts and avoid making new ones
4. Support higher taxes ...pay them willingly
5. Provide for the future with adequate life insurance and savings
6. Don't ask more money for goods you sell or work you do
7. Buy all the War Bonds you can afford—and keep them

Keep prices down...use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.


OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

This Whiskey
is 4 Years Old

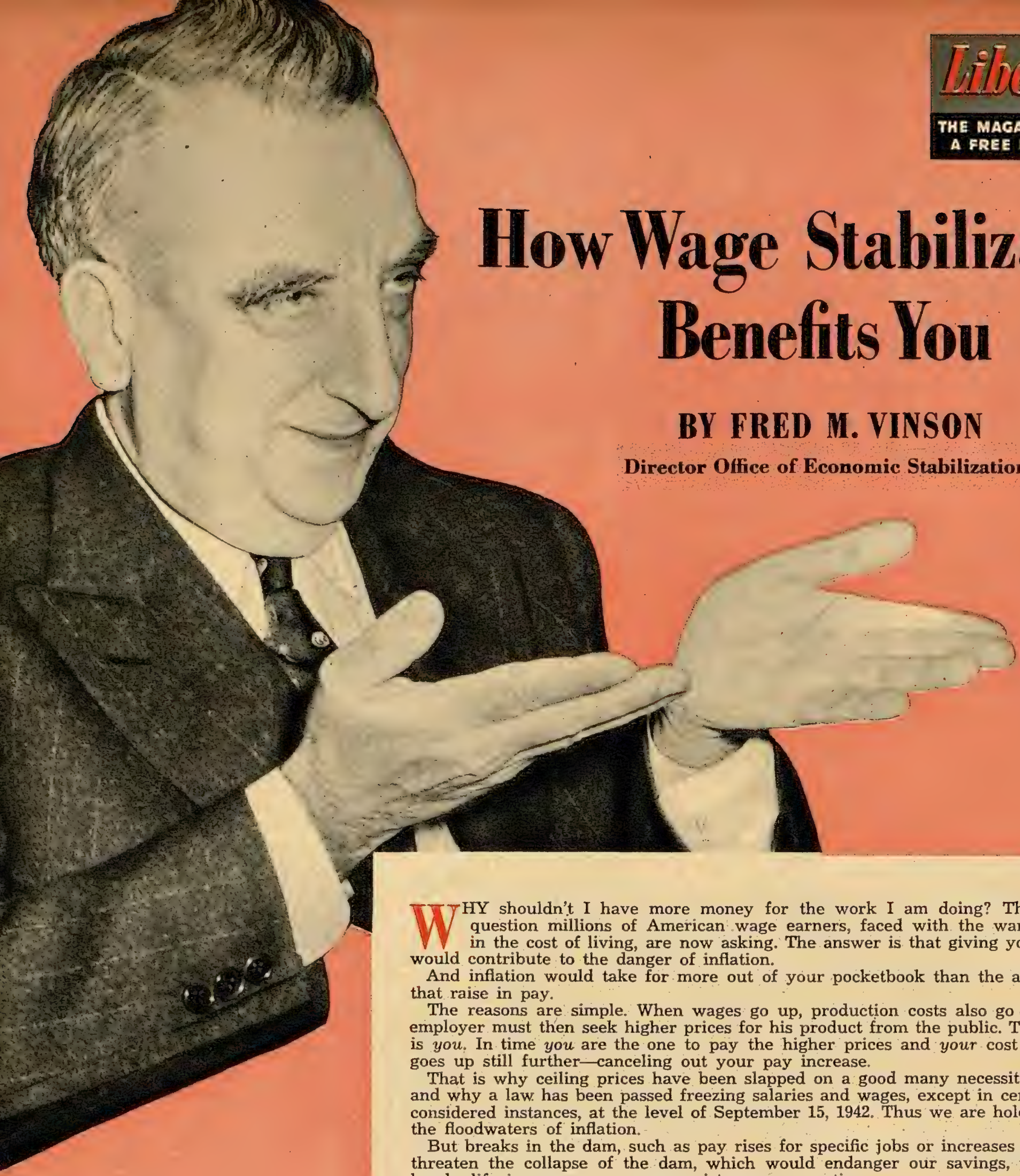
*I have made many
whiskies in my lifetime
but only one have I
signed
And a token of the high
standards I strove to have
written into law, is the
U.S. bottled in bond stamp
with which it is
sealed
I urge you to sample it,
for here is a noble bourbon which
the most critical palate
will hail as mellow
and delicious*

E. H. Taylor Jr.

Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Taylor fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

A LETTER ABOUT OLD TAYLOR, AS ITS ORIGINATOR MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT • • • National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE



How Wage Stabilization Benefits You

BY FRED M. VINSON

Director Office of Economic Stabilization

So you can't have a raise for the duration! But do you know why—and what would happen if you could? You'll feel better about it when you read this official explanation

WHY shouldn't I have more money for the work I am doing? That is the question millions of American wage earners, faced with the wartime rise in the cost of living, are now asking. The answer is that giving you a raise would contribute to the danger of inflation.

And inflation would take for more out of your pocketbook than the amount of that raise in pay.

The reasons are simple. When wages go up, production costs also go up. Your employer must then seek higher prices for his product from the public. The public is *you*. In time *you* are the one to pay the higher prices and *your* cost of living goes up still further—canceling out your pay increase.

That is why ceiling prices have been slapped on a good many necessities of life and why a law has been passed freezing salaries and wages, except in certain well considered instances, at the level of September 15, 1942. Thus we are holding back the floodwaters of inflation.

But breaks in the dam, such as pay rises for specific jobs or increases in prices, threaten the collapse of the dam, which would endanger our savings, jobs, war bonds, life insurance—our very existence as a nation.

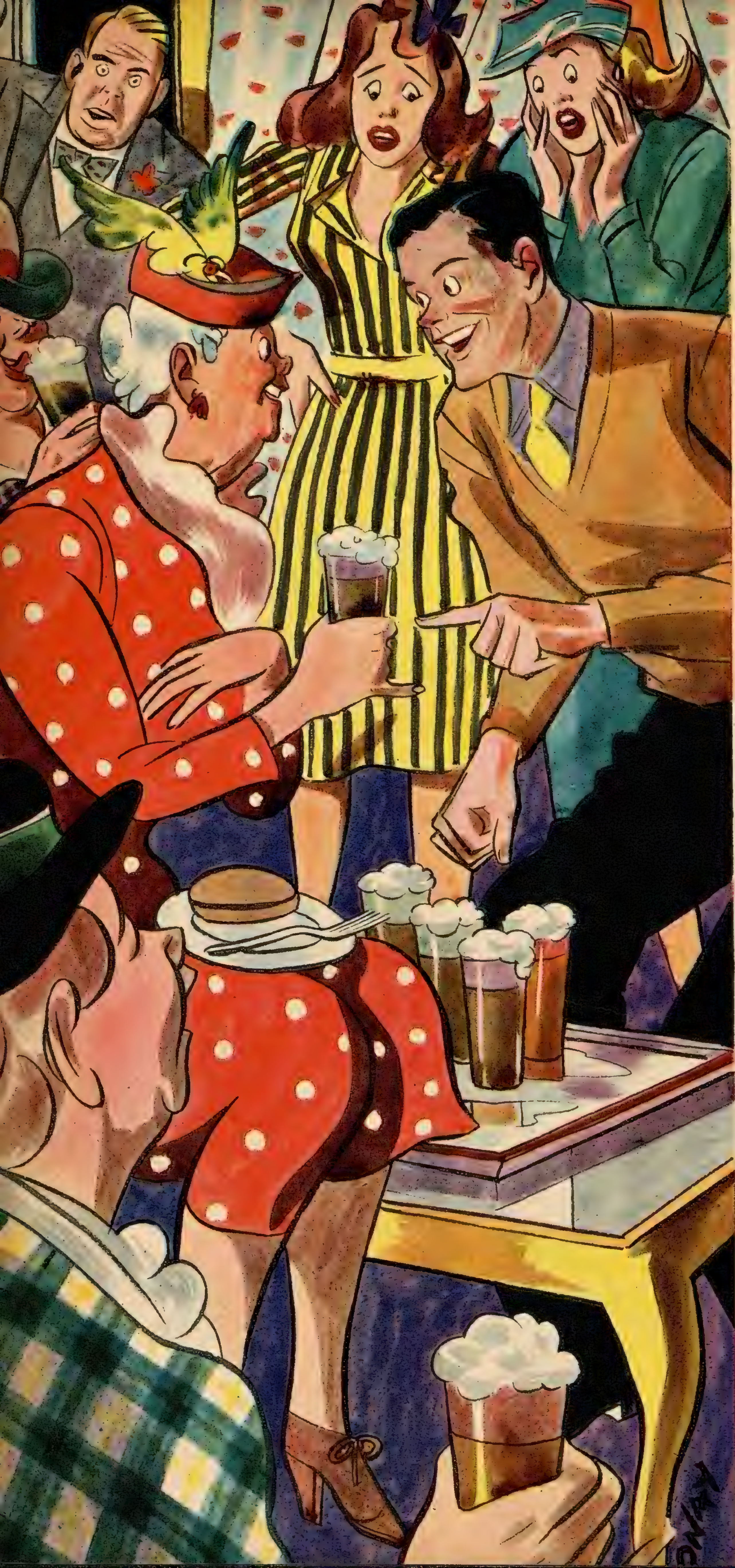
There is no way on earth that the workingman, no matter how well organized or how well represented through union spokesmen and collective bargaining, can profit from inflation. The farmer certainly knows from bitter experience that he cannot profit from a false boom and a certain collapse of prices. Early paper profits will only be wiped out by further advancing costs or the inevitable crash. It is a losing game.

Inflation easily and quickly could double the cost of the war. Testimony presented before the Banking and Currency Committee of the Senate showed that government purchases alone would have cost at least half as much again had it not been for effective price-control measures. These measures have saved our citizens billions of dollars in the cost of food, clothing, and shelter. No one would have profited from those excesses. Higher prices would have imposed destructive burdens upon every American family. There is absolutely no other way to "beat the game" against inflation. An economic cyclone brings no blessings in disguise. It does not promote production.

We can stop inflation before it starts. If it starts, no one can tell where it will stop. It will require the use of all the economic brakes we have to stop inflation. If a single brake is sharply applied and the others are not clamped on, there is danger of skidding into the danger zone.

The important thing is to "hold the line." This requires taxes, regulations, subsidies, sacrifices, and many other things that we do not welcome because they are vexatious and objectionable. They are necessary to do the wartime job.

(Continued on page 72)



TWO-WAY STRETCH

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE RONAY

THE first couple days of my vacation I loaf around home. I sleep till ten every morning; I read three mystery stories and drink enough beer to float a seaplane tender. All the time I keep thinking of those poor guys down at the Herald, legging it around their beats. I plug open a fresh can of brew, I flop in an easy chair, and chuckle. I can hear the city desk fighting the telegraph desk for an outside scare, and then I can hear them all hopping on the make-up man for reducing a top head or cutting a three-column halftone down to two columns. Journalism.

Rocky Ford, I tell myself, this is the life.

I doze off. I dream I'm sitting in on a friendly session of stud down at the City Hall press room. I've got aces backed up. I'm playing the power with my usual cunning. I ride along slyly, letting the other guys fatten the pot. I'm a very happy journalist. All of a sudden the radio starts to bristle with prairie gunfire. It's Herbert.

Herbert is the gap-toothed moppet we inherited when my wife's widower brother signed up with the Navy and sent us his kid for the duration. A two-gun small fry. Herbert always wears a tin helmet, Wild West pants, and a Superman sweatshirt. He packs a loaded cap pistol on either hip. He's a great pal of Dusty Dalton, who rides the range on the national networks every day between four thirty and five. At the moment Dusty is out to find a gold mine for the new schoolmarm. The girl's grandfather left her a map of the mine, and a gang of rustlers has cornered Dusty in back of the Longhorn Bar, figuring they'll steal the map, then beat the girl to the claim. Dusty has to shoot his way out, Herbert covering him with his two repeaters. A tense moment.

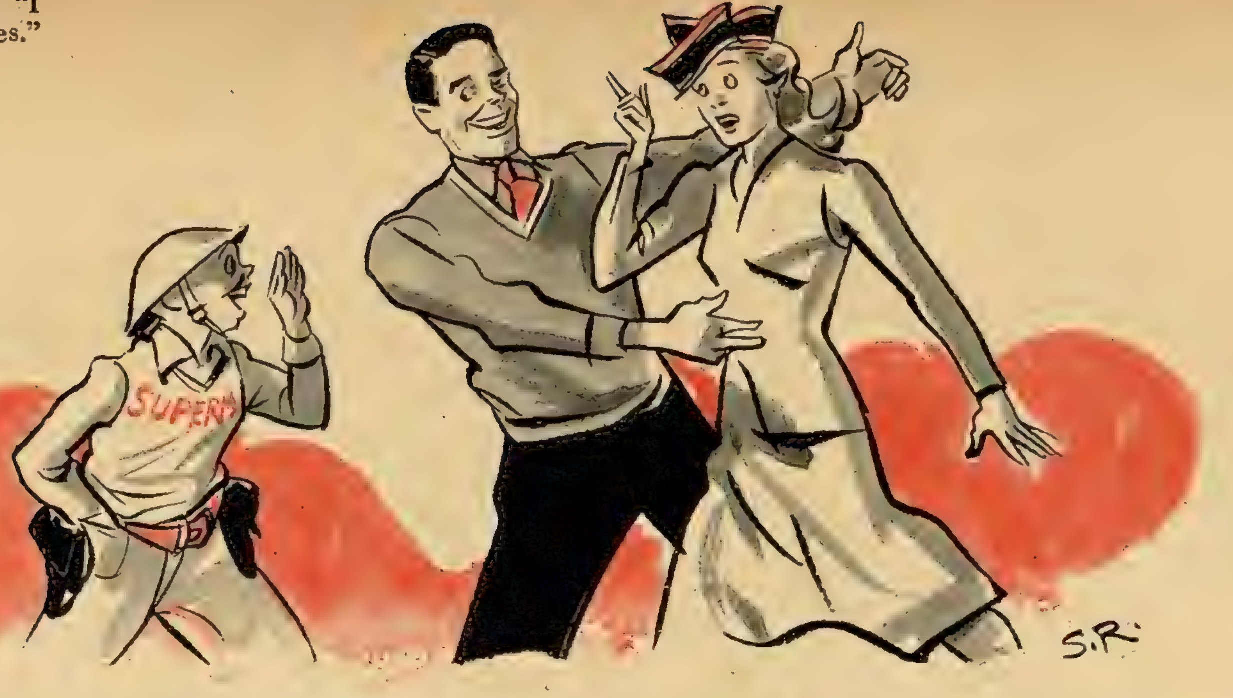
"Rocky," says Herbert, hopping down from his lookout point on the window seat, "the foreman's heading up from the corral."

I rouse up and spot Kate ambling in from the garden, and I figure she's lined up some more hoeing for the head of the house. I just have time to whip up an alibi. Swell lookout man, Herbert.

"Kate," I tell my little helpmate, "the paper just called. They want me to run right down. Something big's breaking."

Kate offers some mild resistance, but when Herbert pipes up, "Don't forget to take those papers they wanted," it

They are so misty-eyed from the onion, they can't see the foam on the beer. Then freezing sets in.



"Rocky," Herbert says, "I thought you knew dames."

clinches my out, and I manage to get past the caretaker. Herbert trots along beside me. We fellow members of the Dusty Dalton Prairie Patrol have to stick together.

Herbert and I stroll in the city room right after the six-o'clock sports final has been locked up. The place looks like fiesta time, everybody napping, except Boylan. Since the Herald began staffing copy girls in tight sweaters, Boylan does his sleeping at home.

"Rocky," says Maury Price, the telegraph editor, "have you heard the big news?"

"All I know," I tell him, "is what I read in the opposition."

"It's Callahan," says Maury. "Agatha's finally hooked him."

Friends, that *is* news. Agatha Reardon is the Herald's garden page editor, a thin-faced hen with a cackling laugh who's been fluttering around the sports desk for six years, trying to get poor Callahan under her wing. Callahan's a widower; and with his kids married or drafted, I guess the poor guy got so lonely he finally gave in. My first thought is how the nuptials will deal a fatal blow to the poker-minded hirelings of the Herald, because for years now five or six of us—Maury, myself, Dave Sparks, Joe Sheldon, and Tom Feeney—have been gathering at Callahan's house every Thursday night to play poker, an innocent pastime which Agatha is sure to class along with homicide, arson, and housebreaking.

HERBERT cuts loose with a couple of shots at a coyote skulking behind the Sunday desk, and I breeze into the sports department to offer my condolences to the bridegroom. I hardly recognize him. Callahan, who's never been seen in anything but a creaseless pair of pants, a leather jacket, and a checked flannel shirt, is now dressed like a luncheon speaker—double-breasted Oxford-gray suit, polka-dot tie, and gold cuff links.

"Just heard the tidings," I says. "Congratulations."

"Thanks, Rocky," Callahan says. Then he shuffles some loose galleys, twirls his spindle, and finally comes out and asks me, "Rocky, do you happen to have an extra cigarette on you?"

"Sure," I says, and I toss him a pack.

"Just ran out," says Callahan, and he hits that cigarette like a hungry man diving into a turned-over bakery wagon.

"Callahan," I says, "has the bride cut off your tobacco supply?"

"Of course not," he says, and his face has more red spots than the ten of diamonds.

"You can speak freely to me," I says. "I've served a ten-year hitch at this marriage routine."

"Well, Rocky," says Callahan, "to tell you the truth, Agatha's cut me down to five cigarettes a day."

He doodles a mustache on a glossy print of Sailor Swenson's rumpled features, and then he says, "Agatha is a very remarkable woman, a fine cook and a fine manager. I'm really surprised how quick she's made that old house of mine seem like a home again, the way it was when Nora was alive. But . . ."

If you're a man you'll applaud Rocky Ford's ingenious ideas on how to handle a wife. If you're a woman you'll marvel at how little men know of it

Callahan frowns and hesitates. I tell him to speak right up. "After all," I remind him, "I've grown gray in the service."

"Well," says Callahan, "Agatha's got ideas."

"What do you mean, ideas?"

"Look at this country-club get-up," says Callahan, swiveling around to give me a full-face view of his bank-president ensemble. "That's one of Agatha's ideas. She says a man's got to dress like this to impress the mugs he bumps into in a business way. I got to cover that welter fight tomorrow night, and I'm gonna get an awful working over from the ringside wise guys."

"I see what you mean," I says. "Ideas."

"And another thing is contacts," says Callahan. "Agatha's always snagging some broad-A drip for dinner on account of she says it'll help me get ahead if I got good contacts. Gee, Rocky, I wish you could of seen the two birds she had over for dinner last night. They looked like floorwalkers."

"Callahan," I says, "how about a drink?"

"Thanks, Rocky," he says, "but maybe I oughta stick around here a while longer."

"Do you good," I says, and I pry him loose from his desk, then I round up Herbert, who's slugging his way out of a cooing circle of society desk females. ("Dames stink," I hear the kid saying.) We all adjourn to Sol's place, which caters to the family trade. Sol takes one look at Callahan's double-breasted magnificence and cracks, "You bought stock in the paper?"

"THIS," I explain, "is the *new* Callahan." I order a root-beer float for Herbert, and highballs for Callahan and myself.

"Just plain ginger ale for me," says Callahan.

"Sure," I says, feeding the gag, "just plain ginger ale."

It turns out Callahan's not kidding. What he drinks is plain ginger ale. I have to turn my head away. I can't watch him do it. After all, we've been friends for fifteen years, Callahan and I.

When I get home, I find Kate in the garden thinning out the lettuce.

"Rocky," she says, "Mrs. Callahan called a couple hours ago. She wants you to come over tonight."

"What does she want me to do—rivet the weak links in Callahan's leash?"

"She wants you to play poker."

"Kate," I says, "have you been hitting the cooking sherry?"

"She's also invited Maury Price and Dave Sparks and Tom Feeney."

"You'd better go up and sleep it off," I says.

After dinner I hustle over to Callahan's, and, sure enough, I find him in the living room, chatting with Maury and Dave and Tom. Just like one of our regular old Thursday-night sessions except everybody's nervous.

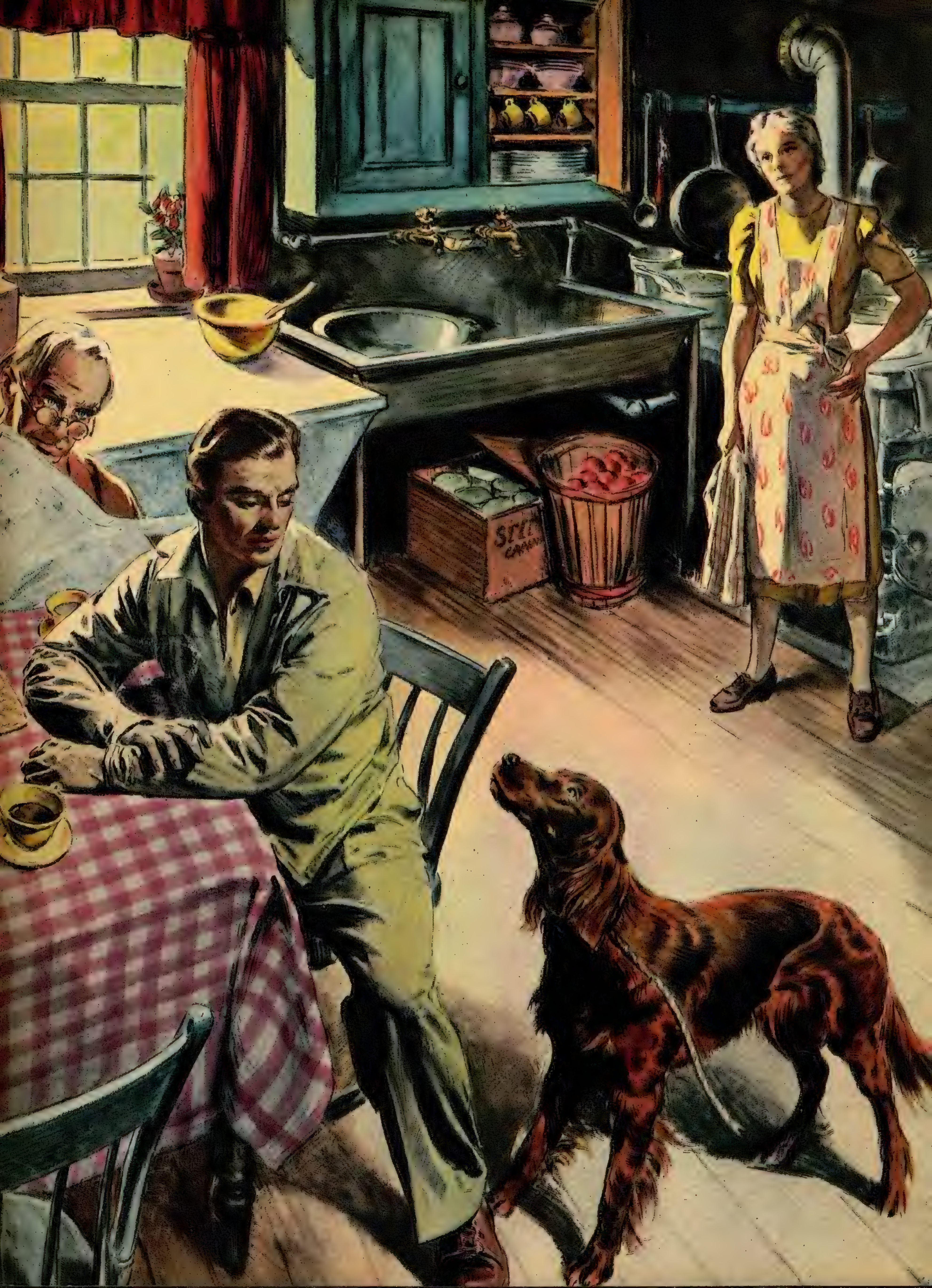
"You'd better wise up the boys, honey," Callahan says, when Agatha comes tripping into the room.

"Well," she says, "my idea is that a wife should not deprive her husband of his bachelor friendships and his bachelor pleasures, and so I want you to play poker with your old friends just like you used to do every Thursday night."

"Now, ain't that a swell idea?" says Callahan, rubbing his big red paws together and beaming at the child bride.

Agatha takes us up to Callahan's den, and we find the makings of a big evening. On the card table are two fresh decks and the walnut poker-chip rack which the Ace Athletic Club gave Callahan eight or ten Christmases ago. There are also plenty of ash trays and tall thin glasses. Callahan slips off his

(*Continued on page 63*)



SPI
GRAN

THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Hank came back from war with plenty wrong —especially in his heart, but a girl and a dog were waiting to help him over the worst spots

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

THE fall days were the year's best days, in Hank Ballard's opinion. The crops were in, except late apples; there were Chinese pheasants cackling defiance in the spud and corn patches, and the golden stubble was alive with Hungarian partridges. They were wild and fast on the take-off. Even a good shot practically had to strain a gun barrel to bring them down at times. The air was crisp, sometimes spitting a bit of stinging snow, and the ducks were coming down from Alaska. There was football, too. A man could tune in on a game while doing odd jobs around the place, or he could take in one when a Coast team played State. There was nothing prettier, either, than watching a good setter—like Hank Ballard's Lady—quartering a field. She would tremble with eagerness as she matched wits with a wise old Chink rooster, and her point was a beautiful thing to see. The fall days were best—dog-'n'-gun days, Hank called them.

They were days requiring good legs in a man, particularly if he went after deer in the rugged Cascades, or went in for skiing when the snow crept down past the timber and over the apple orchards and golden stubble.

Well, all that was behind Hank Ballard. A man needed two good legs to ski, hunt bucks in rugged country, keep up with a lively setter like Lady, or a gay girl like Vivian who loved to ski, dance, and whip a brawling trout stream. It required two damned good legs to do all that, and Hank had lost one of his driving Japs out of a jungle machine-gun nest.

He was bitter and discouraged about the whole affair, too. From the standpoint of helping his outfit advance, he felt just swell. Life itself wouldn't have been too great a sacrifice. That nest could have wiped out scores of the best guys in the world. Afterward they had said plenty to Hank. And they were fellows not easily moved by medal-winning actions. There was so much of it going on all of the time that it was almost routine. If Hank had regrets on that deal, it was because he hadn't cleaned out the nest sooner.

It was the folks back home that griped him. The guy in the most remote foxhole heard what was going on back home. It didn't make any difference whether he was in the Aleutian Islands, slowly freezing his feet, or in a jungle, tormented by insect pests, Jap snipers, and tropical diseases—he knew. Some folks were striking, some were raking in fat dividends, yet they squawked. They squawked because they couldn't get enough gasoline, or tires, or meat, or more dough. Or they saw the draft coming and they worked angles. Or they were praised because they made a record doing something, and got the swelled head and thought they were heroes. What did they know about war? "The hell with the folks back home," Hank had said when he was in the hospital where he could think things over. "They aren't worth the loss of a hangnail, let alone a leg."

They had fitted him with an artificial leg in Australia, and he had used it a lot before they had shipped him home. The voyage had been a long one—over a month—and he looked fine. You'd never guess anything was wrong, or that there was bitterness within—until he walked or talked.

The long voyage had given him an opportunity to think things through and to arrive at definite conclusions about his future. He didn't see how he could run a ranch such as his and do it right. He'd sell out and go into some other line of work. Prices were high, he had heard. He'd break his engagement with Vivian. He wasn't going to tie her down for life. She'd raise hell, because she wasn't a fair-weather girl, but he'd be firm, though it would hurt. He'd tell her there was a nurse in Australia.

He didn't want to see Lady, either. She always knew when the hunting season was on. They'd always hunted together. She wouldn't understand that human mad dogs had started fighting with the peace-loving setters and pointers. She'd only know that the crops were in, the old twelve-gauge shotgun was in the cabinet, and the birds were in the stubble. He had never let her down, so it was better not to see her at all.

Giving up girl and dog was going to be a tough deal. He didn't like to quit ranching, either, but he couldn't do it right, and he'd always been thorough in all things. Mom and dad would understand. He hoped their roots hadn't gone too deeply into the soil.

AS the train thundered between apple orchards his eyes took on a gleam of appraisal. "Small crop this year," he said. "Forty per cent below normal, I'd say. Prices should be high. Well, the ranchers had plenty of lean years."

A Chink rooster took off from an irrigation ditch, soared beautifully and dropped behind a hundred-foot butte. You climb slowly up the butte, he reflected, then run fast and catch that boy with his pants down. As he takes off, you let him have it. But you gotta run. They won't wait. He was depressed and bitter again.

An hour later he saw the points high on the mountains where Vivian and he used to ski. There was a cabin where the gang used to dry out their clothing, warm hands and feet, and swig down gallons of coffee. He'd come down that run so fast that his ski pants had popped and cracked like a whip. This is the kind of country I picked to live in, and I might've known all of the old things would come back to mind when I returned. Well, I'll get the hell out as soon as possible.

He had purposely chosen to arrive after dark. The mountain crests were changing from reds to faint pinks now, and purple shadows were filling the draws. He saw a boy with a gun walking slowly behind a setter. That's me —ten years ago, he thought.

The purple shadows turned to ink, filled the draws and spread over the country. Lights came on and he could see men sitting by radios. They'd take off their boots and let tired feet relax while they listened to the adventures of radio heroes or the newscasts. The women would be in the kitchen doing the dishes.

The front cars banged over a switch and he saw refrigerator cars on a siding and a kid trucking boxes of apples into one. There was a flash of a lighted packing house and girls wrapping fruit. "They got the school kids working," he said.

NOW it was dark and he pressed his eyes against the window, trying to pick out familiar objects. He saw the gleam of Conway's house, and grinned for the first time. Each fall Conway foxed the city slickers by placing a stuffed pheasant on a fence rail. They'd burn up a couple of dollars' worth of brake linings in stopping. Then they'd climb the fence and sneak through the scrubby brush for a shot. In the end they'd stare intently, look sheepish, and go back to their cars. Once in a while a pot hunter would shoot. Feathers would fly, but the bird would stay on the fence, its feet wired to the rail.

Another ten minutes and he'd be home. The train was slowing down. He saw the Doran kids waving at the engineer, then Old Man Logan, framed in his doorway, yawning. He never did catch up on his sleep, Hank mused.

They slipped past a line of refrigerator cars and the train stopped in a series of jerks. Must have a new engineer on, he thought.

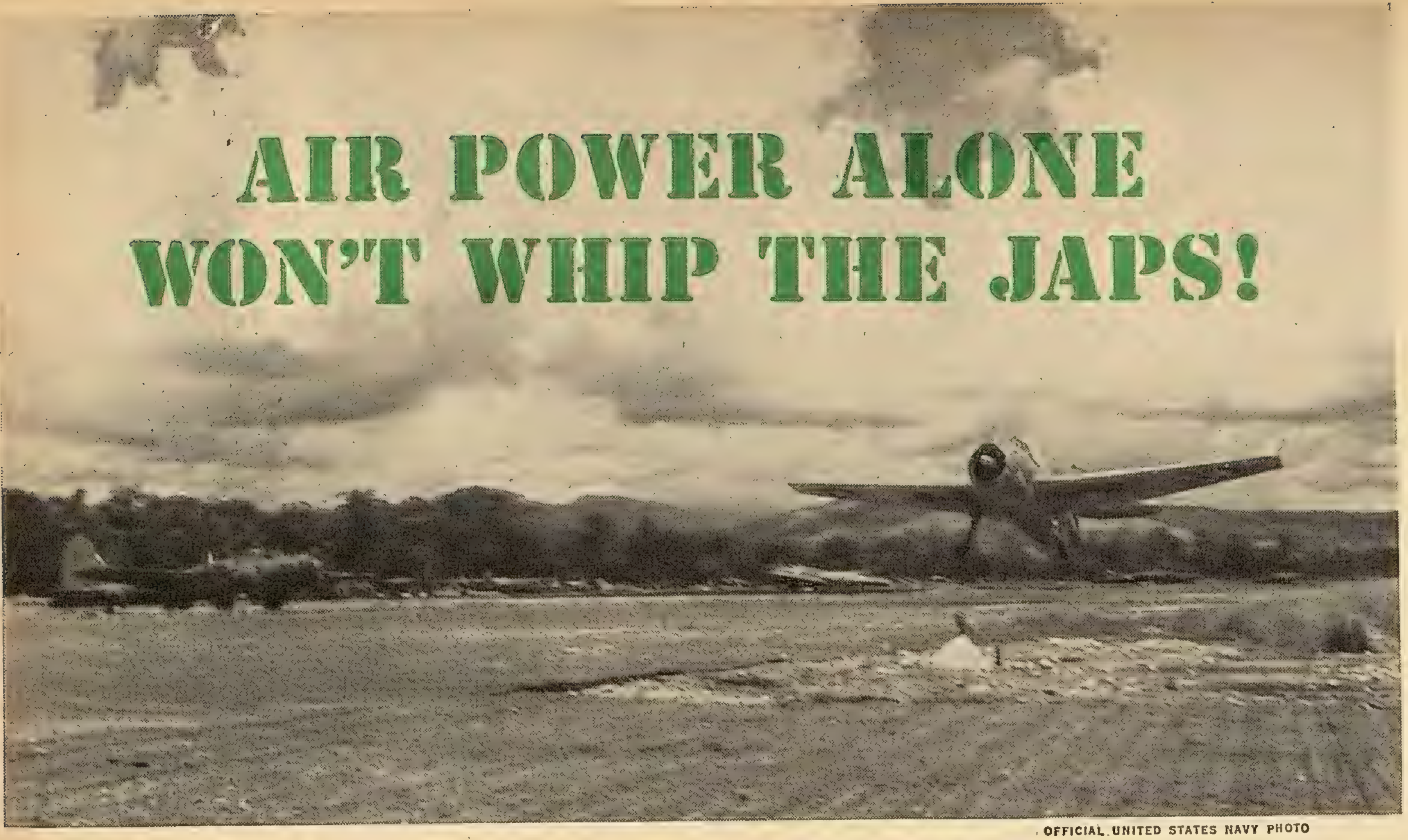
The porter brushed him off and picked up his bag. "I want to get off on the opposite side," Hank said. The porter let him off on that side, saying, "Watch out for the switch engines."

He got between two refrigerator cars and watched the train pull out. The few people on the platform scattered and Hank emerged. Seth Bamford, the station agent, was wheeling a trunk in, and Hank thought, He's too old for that

(*Continued on page 52*)

"No hunting today. That's all behind us now, Lady," Hank said.

AIR POWER ALONE WON'T WHIP THE JAPS!



OFFICIAL UNITED STATES NAVY PHOTO

A Grumman Avenger (TBF), loaded for Japs and bound for Munda Point, takes off from a Guadalcanal airfield.

BY IRA WOLFERT

IN the campaign to take Munda Airfield on New Georgia Island we proved we can take the air away from Japan at any time and in any place where it would be useful for us to do so.

But winning the air war is a long way from winning the war itself. That too was proved in the campaign for Munda.

The airplane was the first of our weapons to take the field against Jap-held New Georgia. We faced an enemy who, being based on the scene, had a tremendous advantage in range over our men, who had to fly up from Guadalcanal. Our air force's first mission was to aid naval guns in the task of forcing the Japs back to where their advantage in range would not be great enough, by itself, to win for them.

The air force's next task was to aid in the defense of the freight line that was building up our invasion force—both before and after the freight line was extended from Guadalcanal to New Georgia. At the same time our airmen were expected to aid the assaults upon the Japanese freight line to New Georgia. Finally, they were required to defend our ground forces on New Georgia and also to hit Japanese ground forces there.

All missions were undertaken and carried through successfully. But exactly what did the air force's success mean to the success of the whole invasion—and what can air power mean to the many other invasions we will have to undertake before we have defeated Japan?

The answers will throw light on the whole hotly disputed question of how much of the burden of victory air power can carry. Fortunately for our strategists, the answers are readily obtainable from a study of what has happened at Munda.

The story of the first year of air war in the Pacific is a valiant one full of grim chapters. Good pilots were trying to do jobs they did not know how to do, with planes which, in contrast to those of the Japs, were not battle-tested and were inadequate for their assigned tasks.

How different is the story this year! The once maligned P-40 now operates in a team as it was originally intended to do. The Grumman Wildcat, or E4F, is serving as a Navy fighter, the purpose for which it was designed, and is no longer required to fill in at land bases. The TBD, our original torpedo bomber, has been replaced by the TBF, or Grumman Avenger, the finest torpedo bomber in the world. Army bombers have acquired firepower and their crews have evolved techniques which make our Flying Forts and Liberators valuable in naval warfare as well as against land forces.

Along with the bombs, a theory exploded at Munda—the idea that air power alone can crush Japan. Here is the kind of stuff it will take to move on Tokyo

When I made a second visit to Guadalcanal early in June, the parts of our air force which, the year before, had been on the drawing board or in the factory were now on the battlefield. It made for a dazzling change.

In early June we were preparing for the assault on New Georgia. Our aircraft, assisted by naval gunfire, had already battered Japanese air power off New Georgia and had forced it back to Bougainville, 125 miles northwest of New Georgia. Guadalcanal was 180 miles from New Georgia, so the Japs still had a 55-mile advantage of range over our air force, but the stature of the advantage had been whittled down to a proportion our airmen felt confident of being able to handle.

The lesson implied here needs to be emphasized for the benefit of those who wonder why we are not staging an immediate air assault upon the Japanese mainland. Not our air power alone, nor our air power combined with naval power, was confident of being able to push the Japanese air force all the way out of range of New Georgia and keep it out of range. They pushed the Japanese 125 miles back from their own front line, but beyond that our air command did not go—not, it may be assumed, from choice.

The larger part of our air force was engaged in helping surface vessels defend the peaceful, plodding truck horses of the sea that made up the Guadalcanal freight line, which at the time was moving at a leisurely gait great masses of material from the south to Guadalcanal. The relatively narrow water highways to Guadalcanal were as alive with lumbering traffic as country roads leading to market on Saturday. Every day was Saturday on Guadalcanal in early June.

For me, as one of the early inheritors of the "Guadalcanal twitch," this meant living old nervous days all over again. Our air force was now being presented once more with the same problem it had failed to solve the preceding fall—that of making a long, cumbersome supply line invulnerable to an enemy based within range of it. In those days the arrival of our shipping almost invariably precipitated an air battle. Ships never stayed more than the daylight hours of a single day, and often could not remain long enough to unload all of a desperately needed cargo.

As an indication of how radically

times had changed, the convoy with which I arrived at Guadalcanal in early June was a plump and luscious one. It remained unloading in the harbor for three straight days. The Japs made four runs for it—two while we were on the way up, two while we were at anchor. They could not even break through to within bombing range of it.

This convoy was not the first nor was it the last to deposit supplies on Guadalcanal for the New Georgia operation. Ships arrived daily during almost the whole month. The Japs sought to attack almost daily from early in June until they ran into a holocaust on June 16. Thereafter they abandoned their efforts to destroy our invasion while it was still being put together on the launching ways.

My notes have not yet caught up with me as this is written. They are still in the Pacific traveling toward me. But as I recall, from June 2 to June 16, in encounters that ranged from clashes to battles, the Japs lost more than 200 planes, while we lost about thirty, recovering more than half the pilots.

BUT killing the enemy is only part of the airplane's work. Killing him before he can accomplish his mission is more important. During this period of savage assault Jap airplanes managed to hit just two of our ships—a freighter and a landing craft. Neither was sunk and both probably have returned to service by this time.

Nor did Jap warships drop a single shell on Guadalcanal and its disorderly piles of stores during that period, or in fact subsequently. They did not even try. While our shipping was ranging up the groove and shelling New Georgia whenever it was deemed useful, Jap warships stayed safely away. They did not dare put out to points where their air force would have only a limited advantage in range over our air force. In fact, the Japanese admiralty did not entrust to the safekeeping of its air force at Bougainville and Rabaul any more considerable quantity of shipping than we had entrusted to the safekeeping of our air corps during Guadalcanal's early days. The shoe seemed well on the other foot.

The indications all pointed to the fact that our air force was right in believing it no longer needed the advantage of range to win its victories. However, the pudding was not tasted until at last, on June 30, the New Georgia operation was begun.

After their disaster of June 16, when they lost ninety-four out of 120 attacking planes, the Japanese air force for the Solomons devoted itself to building up its battle strength for the time when we would move into an area where it would have the advantage of range. From Kahili Airport on Bougainville to New Georgia is fifty-five miles less than from Henderson Field on Guadalcanal to New Georgia. However, since airplanes must figure on a round trip, that meant a 110-mile edge for the Japs in this facet of range alone.

The edge was increased considerably when one took into account the fact that the Jap air force could pick its own time to come down and strike, while our defending planes had to stay on the scene all the time—using up gas and burning up their time in the air. That is why our forces in the air were consistently outnumbered—although in total numbers our planes equaled those of the Japs.

We needed at least a four-to-one

(Continued on page 56)

OFFICIAL UNITED STATES NAVY PHOTO

In jungle such as this at Munda the work must be done on the ground. The enemy under such cover is often impossible to spot from the air.

Patrols making their way through the snarled underground must locate the Japs concealed from our aircraft by the dense foliage overhead.

ACME PHOTO

RADIO'S DIALECT QUEEN

BY EARL WILSON

ELEVEN years ago, when Fred Allen, then a vaudeville star, was just starting in radio, somebody urged him to hire—as a screwball character—a certain young girl who weighed about a hundred pounds, stood scarcely five feet tall, and had about as much glamour as a sack of cement.

Allen hesitated. His friend kept on urging, and argued that the girl was one of the sensations of the air. Allen knew little about radio actors in those days and had no time to investigate her. Otherwise he'd have known she was merely a young stenographer and secretary without real radio experience. But at length he assigned her to play a French woman lion tamer on one of his programs. She approached the first role with the usual nervousness. Afterward her friend went somewhat fearfully to Allen and asked him how he liked his new actress.

"She was fine," said Allen. "When she talked, I could practically smell the lion."

Thus started a wondrous radio career. The little stenographer and secretary up to then had been a nobody. She had been a full-time stenographer and a part-time eavesdropper. She had loved to eavesdrop on conversations around her and then mimic them at home. She had been a parlor comedian only.

But suddenly the many dialects spoken by the little eavesdropper became nationally known. She became the only woman inhabitant of that little crackpot world known as Allen's Alley. As Mrs. Pansy Nussbaum, she was always answering Fred Allen's knock and giving a familiar "Nu-u-u" reply. She became Gypsy Rose Rabinowitz, wife of a heel known as Tyrone Rabinowitz, and, to prove her versatility as a dialectician, she got to be Mrs. Boots Mulligan of Toity-toid Street, loving wife of Mr. Socrates Mulligan.

As you read this, she is Mrs. Blossom Rappaport on Jack Benny's program. Benny quickly grabbed her, at twice her salary, when Fred Allen couldn't decide whether he would continue on the air, due to illness. In Benny's first program this fall from New York, Mrs. Rappaport was dragged out to LaGuardia Field by her husband to welcome Benny back from a USO trip to Europe. Mrs. Rappaport couldn't quite get clear whom they were going to see.

"Jack Benny!" repeated Mr. Rappaport.

"Who?" demanded Blossom.

"Jack Benny—you know, the comedian who went to Europe for the USO."

"Oh-h, yes," said Blossom. "Bob Hope—he's so comical!"

Blossom kept complaining about meeting merely Jack Benny. "I thought at least I was going to meet Franklin D. Sinatra!" she protested. But finally she decided to do the decent thing and ask Jack Benny to give her his autograph.

"Sign it to Blossom Rappaport," she commanded. "'From Jack Benny to Blossom Rappaport.'"

"How do you spell it?" asked Benny.

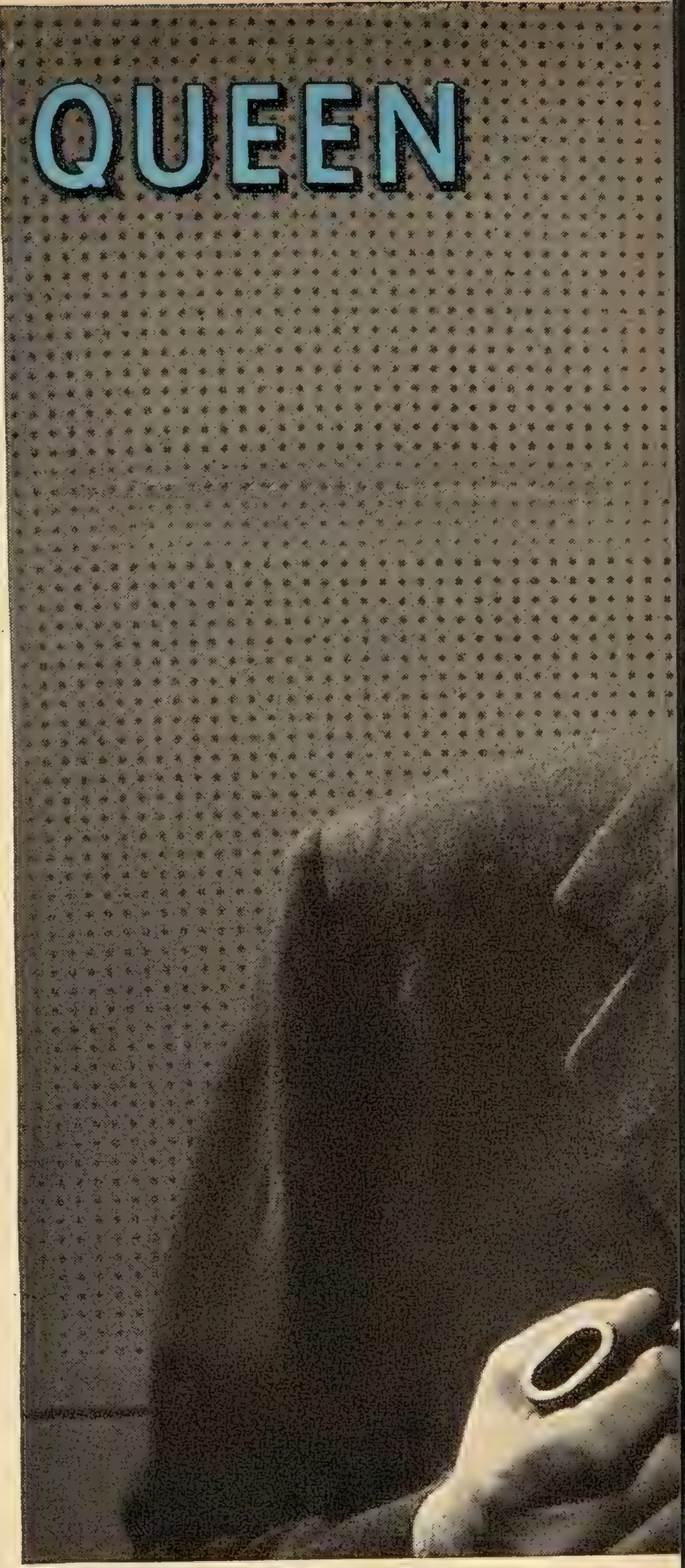
"You dawnna how to spell it!" shrieked Blossom incredulously. "B-e-n-n-y!"

When Jack signed, Mrs. Rappaport said, "Hurry up. I'm vasted enoff time on you alreddy!"

Mrs. Blossom Rappaport went along to California with Jack Benny when he moved his program West, and she will undoubtedly be many more characters, just as she was on the Fred Allen program. She was Consuelo Warburton, debutante; she was the woman who sugars doughnuts in the window of a doughnut shop on Broadway; she was a younger member of the Rappaport family—Miss Bubbles Rappaport, valedictorian of Mrs. Rabinowitch's Finishing But Positively School. In her exaggerated dialects, she has been gun moll, burlesque queen, dance-hall hostess, and farmer's wife. Although Allen once described her as "short, dumpy, and repulsive"—actually, she's merely short—she has made love, on various programs, to such men as Bing Crosby and Charles Boyer.

The woman who has done all this merely because of her passion for eavesdropping is Miss Minerva Pious, thirty-odd years old, a native of Odessa, Russia, who was brought to this country as an infant and grew up in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Raucous, mouthy, and hilarious on the radio, she's personally a retiring little woman who enjoys good books and good music and things generally classed as cultural. She emerged from Bridgeport High School with a good clear American voice, but now, as the possessor of eighteen dialects, she has made some people forget that she can speak like an average American. Once when a radio program needed somebody to play a straight American role, her name was suggested. A radio executive who should have known better said in great surprise: "Why, she can't play that part. She speaks English with a foreign accent!"

A hilarious close-up of the dialectable Minerva Pious, the Mrs. Nussbaum of Fred Allen's show who is now with Jack Benny to bolster his program (says Mr. Allen)



Here shown as Mrs. Blossom Rappaport with Ja

True, she usually does, when on the air. The "Nu-u-u" that she used so often when Fred Allen knocked at her door was a rib tickler to millions who thought she was saying "No-o-o." Actually she was using a Jewish or German expression meaning, "Well, what do you want?" She was an extremely earthy soul, this Mrs. Nussbaum. Once, plodding home through a blizzard, she climbed into what she thought was her cellar apartment, but got into a second-floor apartment by mistake. Suddenly, as she was preparing supper for her husband, Rensselaer, a man came in and threw his arms around her. Whirling about, she discovered it wasn't her husband but a stranger.

"What happened, Mrs. Nussbaum?" asked Fred Allen, drawing this story out of her.

"Lokkily," replied Mrs. Nussbaum, "the strenger is liking coal kotts."

Mrs. Pious has the ability to make people laugh merely by maneuvering her voice into strange keys. She doesn't need a gag to get laughs. When she played the woman who sugared doughnuts in a Times Square window, she only had to say, "I was standin' in the window shakin' my sugar," and the audience howled. As the Toity-toid Street goil, she also gets "yaks," as the comedians call belly laughs. Experts on New York dialects differ as to whether anybody in New York actually says "Toidy-toid Street." Some contend this is a gross exaggeration. Others will assure you that New Yorkers do say it

Benny, she was the unforgettable Mrs. Pansy Nussbaum, the Gypsy Rose Rabinowitz, and the Mrs. Mulligan of the Fred Allen show.

—especially in Brooklyn. Miss Pious shrugs off such arguments. She confesses trying to do satirical versions only. On the Sammy Kaye program last summer she had a lot of fun kidding the Brooklyn Dodgers. Once she asked baseball broadcaster Red Barber, "If you'll be so kindly, Mr. Barber, for why is the Dodgers in thoid place?" Another time, a man stopped Mrs. Socrates Mulligan and asked how to get to the Dodgers' home park, Ebbets Field.

"How dya get to Ebbisfeel?" he inquired.

"Ebbisfeel?" she replied. "Go down to Toity-toid and Toid and take a subway tillya git to de erstabar."

"Erstabar? What's that?"

"Erstabar!" she said. loudly and impatiently. "Whereya git ersters. Right across from da moompitcher!"

Minnie Pious, as her friends call her, feels she has accomplished something when she gets laughs out of lines like those, whereas she gives the gag writer the principal credit when there is a punch line at the end of a lot of gibberish. However, the gag writers give her the credit, because they do not even try to write dialect for her. They say it's really her dialect that gets the laughs. "You give her a dead script, and it becomes alive in her hands," one writer said in admiration.

She has often demonstrated this in her role as Gypsy Rose Rabinowitz. She was on one occasion complaining of the treatment she got from her lug of a husband, Tyrone. She described the stinker's conduct in this language:

"We was comin' from da moompitcher, and Tyrone says, 'Gypsella, dahling, let's go by the ice cream parlor like we useta.' So we venn in and had a chawclutt sodah like we useta, with two straws, like we useta. Then whadya think the schlemiel does? He drank it all down in one gulp, like he useta!"

Curiously, Minnie Pious' New Yorkese and her Jewish dialects are howled over throughout the United States, although neither her brand of Jewish nor the New Yorkese is to be heard much outside of New York City. In Bridgeport she never heard the dialects she speaks now. Out-of-town visitors to New York are constantly betraying their innocence of the special language she speaks. Visiting her backstage after she has reeled off some Jewish dialect, they will often say, "You were awfully funny in that Swedish dialect," or "You were hilarious in that Scotch dialect."

Miss Pious smiles politely and doesn't tell them the truth.

Her multi-voiced dialects now earn her $20,000 to $25,000 a year. Not long ago it appeared that she would add to this queenly figure by becoming a movie star. Bing Crosby liked her work so much that he summoned her to Hollywood to play a part in The Road to Zanzibar. He wanted her to scold Dorothy Lamour. She was quite willing to. She hustled to Hollywood by plane, was quickly fitted for sixteen costumes, and then was introduced to the director. After one look at her, he said, "You're too short for the part."

So she didn't go into the movies. But she learned some other peculiarities of American speech. She was already master of Jewish, French, Russian, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Irish, Scotch, British (both high and cockney), German, Greek, and Spanish. To her American repertory she now added Middle Western, Southern, and West-

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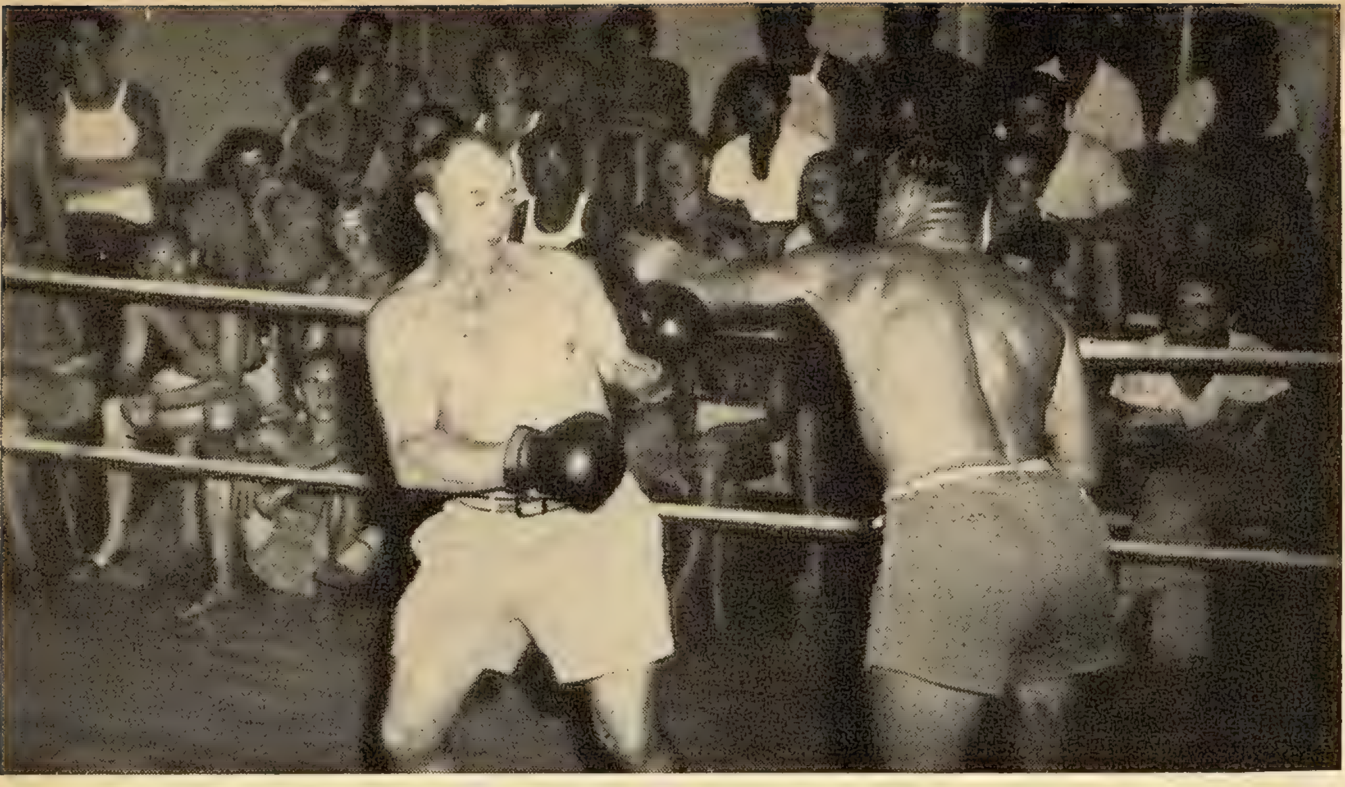


Sports and athletics help to relieve the terrible monotony of life in a German prison camp.

Lt. Leo R. Dixon, Jr. (left) smuggled thi

BARBED WIRE for the DURATION

BY GREGOR ZIEMER

"DO you think the Nazis are treating our American boys well in their military internment camps?" Thousands of parents who have been informed by the War Department that their sons are prisoners of war in Europe are asking this question.

I recently discussed the matter with Jean Helion, a French writer who has spent time in several German internment camps.

"I am ready to believe," Helion told me, "that the Americans are better treated than the French were. I believe that the routine in the camps where Americans are held is tough but regular. There will be fewer infractions of the Geneva Convention simply because the Nazis know well that there are Nazi prisoners of war in the United States. The French and the Belgians and the others could never use that argument of reciprocity because there were no German prisoners in France or Belgium or Poland."

By stating that the Nazis are probably treating American prisoners of war in accordance with the terms of the Geneva Convention, we are in no way whitewashing their villainy. As Helion points out, the Nazis simply realize that we have many thousands of German prisoners of war in our country and in adhering to the Geneva Convention they are merely being smart. Likewise, by our excellent treatment of German war prisoners, a policy so often criticized by unthinking citizens, we are effectively ensuring better care for our own boys in the hands of the enemy.

What do we know about their camps? Just this. Out of the hundred or more German internment camps, at least nine are harboring American boys. Incidentally, aviators are usually kept in separate groups or camps and apparently receive better-than-average treatment.

So far, most of the camps are in Germany proper itself, spreading from Fürstenberg, near Berlin, to Villingen in the Black Forest. Only one of them, formerly No. 21B and now designated as No. 64, is in former Poland, near the village of Schubin.

Since the rations of the prisoners are supplemented with a weekly eleven-pound parcel of food sent to each prisoner by the American and International Red Cross and financed by the American Army, the food situation should be at least tolerable.

As Dr. Darius A. Davis, associate general secretary of the War Prisoners Aid, International Y. M. C. A., informed me, the many requests for sports equipment coming from American prisoners are indirectly a good sign. "It stands to reason," says Dr. Davis, "that if the men have the energy and desire to play such strenuous games as baseball and football they must be reasonably well fed and not forced to perform exhausting labor for long periods."

The Nazis are making attempts to move as many of the prisoners as possible eastward, away from bombed areas. They are putting the enlisted men and noncommissioned officers into seven Stalags, abbreviation for *Stammlager* (base camp) and the officers into two Oflags, abbreviation for *Offiziers Lager* (officers' camp).

We know the locations of those nine camps. I gathered the camp numbers from letters sent me by parents. We know the geography, history, and climate of the localities where those camps are. I have visited eight of the nine locations in peacetime.

But we know even more. We know what is actually going on inside those camps, behind the barbed-wire fences. We have eyewitness accounts, firsthand information gathered by men whose integrity cannot be doubted.

And the source of this information?

Secretaries of the War Prisoners Aid of the Y. M. C. A., an international neutral organization that works with prisoners of both the Allies and the Axis throughout the world. These secretaries have visited all nine camps and have turned in their reports. These factual reports, as calm and as unbiased as timetables, have been put at my disposal. They furnish us with a remarkably penetrating picture of life in Nazi internment camps.

Other information comes to me through the American Red Cross. Its service for the prisoners consists almost entirely of furnishing material relief, such as supplemental food, clothing, and medical supplies, but it nevertheless has an information bureau and fosters communications between prisoners of war and their families and friends. The Y. M. C. A. limits itself to recreational, intellectual, and spiritual services.

With the aid of these sources we can peep behind the barbed wire of the seven Stalags and the two Oflags.

Oflag 64, formerly 21B, is located near the small Polish village of Schubin. "The scenery is beautiful here," writes an American officer now at Oflag 64, whose wife prefers that he remain anonymous.

If you draw a line from Danzig down to Breslau and put a pin into it half-

Where do our boys held captive in Germany live? How are they treated? What is done to make their days more pleasant? A reassuring peek behind the veil of censorship

ACME PHOTO

picture in a letter from a camp in Germany.

way, you come close to pricking the spot occupied by Oflag 64. It is near the Vistula River, in the lake and moraine section of Poland, with pine forests and larches, beeches, and oaks. All about are scattered farms devoted primarily to sugar beets, flax, and rye. It is cool up there in summer, temperately cold in winter. It will remind boys from Wisconsin of home, so far as climate is concerned.

Oflag 64 is far from bombing targets. Schubin, the nearest village, has a population of about 6,000. The nearest larger city is Bromberg. There are no military objectives within miles.

The camp is on the slope of a small hill facing south, an eyewitness account submitted by one of the visiting secretaries tells us. It consists of six blocks of former Polish barracks, one story in height and about 100 yards long, with approximately 180 persons living in each block. The men live eight to a mess, using their double-tier beds and lockers as partitions. The boys have constructed stoves on which to cook the food from the Red Cross parcels.

Around the barracks are seven acres of garden with good soil for growing vegetables. The boys of this camp have a sports field and a supply of sports articles.

The spiritual side of life is not neglected at Camp 64. Each morning the camp has prayer service, with special services on Sunday.

A separate building has been constructed, with a small gymnasium, classrooms, and a place for entertainment. The German welfare officer of the camp arranges for a silent film show once a week and a sound film once a month. The camp has an orchestra of fifteen pieces. A library is being enlarged monthly, with more than 2,000 volumes at last count.

The seeds, sports equipment, educational supplies, musical instruments, and other recreational material are all supplied to all camps by the War Prisoners Aid of the Y. M. C. A.

What do the prisoners talk about? What do they say? What do they ask the visiting secretary? No doubt the conversations among themselves and with visitors are as dramatic as any Shakespearian dialogue. But international law makes it impossible for any one to report conversations with prisoners of war.

The largest American prisoner-of-war camp in Germany for enlisted men is Stalag 3B, near the old Oder River port of Fürstenberg, some fifty miles east of Berlin. At the date of writing, that camp is the home of 2,700 American soldiers, most of whom were captured during the North African campaign.

According to an eyewitness account, Stalag 3B is located in a pine forest. I have seen that pine forest on a number of occasions and can at least vouch that it has no underbrush, no swamps,

(*Continued on page 60*)

American soldiers captured in North Africa receiving American Red Cross packages at Stalag 111B, located near Berlin.

Britons have never had a strike characterized by such destruction of property as this in Flint, Michigan, in 1937.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

BRITISH LABOR

British labor is free from thugs, scabs, and inter-union squabbles—and enjoys power, prosperity, and respect. How it is done provides a guide for U. S. unions

BY DONALD WILHELM

TWO of the greatest experiments in making democracy work are the British and the American labor movements. Both aim to improve the lives and ways of living of millions of families. Each has a right to resent the slightest suggestion that it has not done its part to win the war. Without the co-operation of either, victory might now be going to the Axis.

They differ from each other, of course—as the countries themselves do. Perhaps the most significant difference is that the British have been at the business of self-government centuries longer than we have. They have such an abiding respect for "the law" that their police do not carry firearms.

Perhaps that is one reason why Britons have never had a strike characterized by such destruction of property as, for example, our automobile sit-down strikes.

In England I could not find a single industrialist or labor leader who had ever heard of a "goon squad"—the hired gang of strong-arm men serving an employer or a union which has figured so often in American labor disputes. They don't know what you mean by a "yellow-dog contract"—the contract binding a new employee to have nothing to do with a trade union, which was finally outlawed by our Wagner Labor Relations Act in 1935. They've never had "company unions." They have always had, and still have, numerous "open shops," in which union and nonunion workers get along together. They've never had a union organizer "ridden out of town" or "taken for a ride," or any Westbrook Pegler report of an outside "labor racketeer" "muscling into" a union to dupe its members and raid their treasury. If any trade-union organizer or leader has ever used his members as pawns and "sold them down the river" they'd like to know about it so they can get the law on him.

All this does not necessarily mean that British employers and unionists are lily-pure or better than ours.

An important British industrialist familiar with America summed up the basic reason for the differences between U. S. and British labor when he declared: "In your country you are, in establishing collective bargaining, about where we were not so many years back when we were establishing it, notably during the last war when, as in the States, we had far more loss-time due to strikes than now. The sooner you emerge from this 'mumps-and-measles' stage, the better for all."

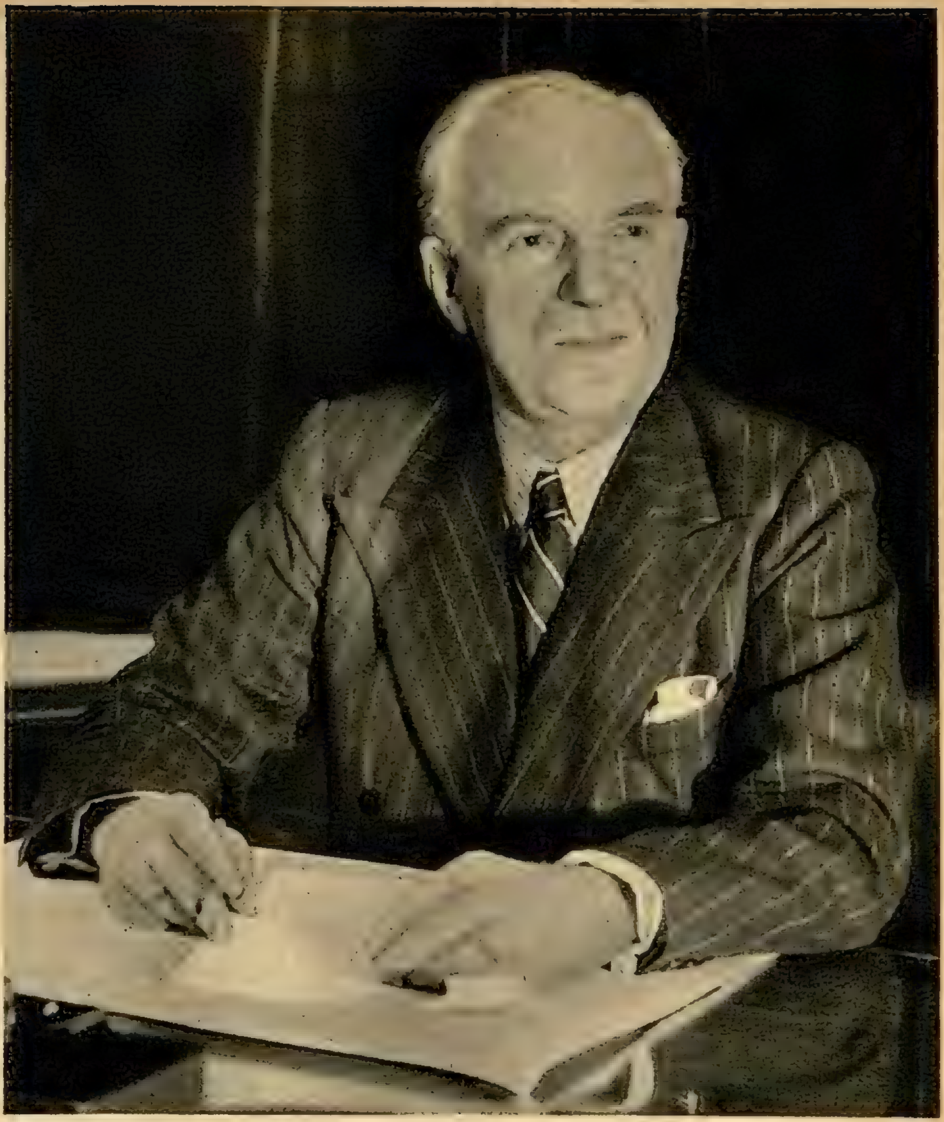
Since Britain is out of the "mumps-and-measles" stage, an examination of how labor does things over there will perhaps furnish some clues as to future refinements in our own labor-employer relations—and may even help hasten the process.

In Britain, acceptance of collective bargaining by employers has *not* been compulsory in the sense that the Wagner Labor Relations Act makes it so in our country. Many British employers have embraced it *voluntarily*. Lord Woolton, now Minister of Food, when head of the Lewis chain stores in the Midlands not only took the lead in organizing his own employees but also took to the lecture platform to sell to British unions themselves the idea of organizing all Britain's store employees.

British employers have never been afflicted to the extent that ours have been by jurisdictional disputes. Instead of the picture we have of the C. I. O. and A. F. of L. waging an all-out war with each other for control of American labor, British unions have long ironed out among themselves practically all jurisdictional disputes, and they present a united front.

Contrary to a popular misconception, British unions are *not* incorporated. They are *not* in any sense licensed, "subject to good behavior." They are *not* compelled to register. But all the

Herbert Morrison, one of five Labor Ministers in the Cabinet.



Lord Woolton, Minister of Food and a leader in labor organization.

BRITISH COMBINE PHOTOS

POINTS THE WAY

big ones do register, *voluntarily,* with the governmental Registrar of Friendly Societies, and virtually all the others, mostly small, seek certificates as unions *voluntarily.*

They do not do this because of any financial inducement. The only financial advantage they gain is a slight reduction in national taxation on a registered unions benefit fund. Registration, like certification, gives a union the right to sue as well as opening it to suit by others. It permits a union to function through a board of trustees, thus making it self-continuing like a corporation. It makes the trustees liable, under exacting laws, for any misdemeanor in the handling of a union's funds. By registering, a union takes upon itself the responsibility of providing the government each year with a copy of the union's bylaws, a statement of its aims, a description of its provisions for benefits, fees, and fines, a report of all changes in officers, and —*supremely important*—a full, audited accounting of every penny it has handled.

In sharp contrast, our unions are not incorporated, licensed, or registered, nor do they render any report or accounting to any agency of our government. There is no law requiring them to do this, no place established in the Department of Labor, SEC, or any other agency for it. True, the C. I. O., the A. F. of L., Typographical Union, Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Ladies' Garment Workers, and a few other units make reports to their members that compare well enough with typical corporation reports. But these are the exceptions.

The check-off system is virtually unknown in Britain. Employers are not required, as U. S. employers bound to the check-off are, to withhold from pay envelopes all union initiation fees, dues, assessments, and fines—thereby burdening employers with much of the routine of union organization and bookkeeping.

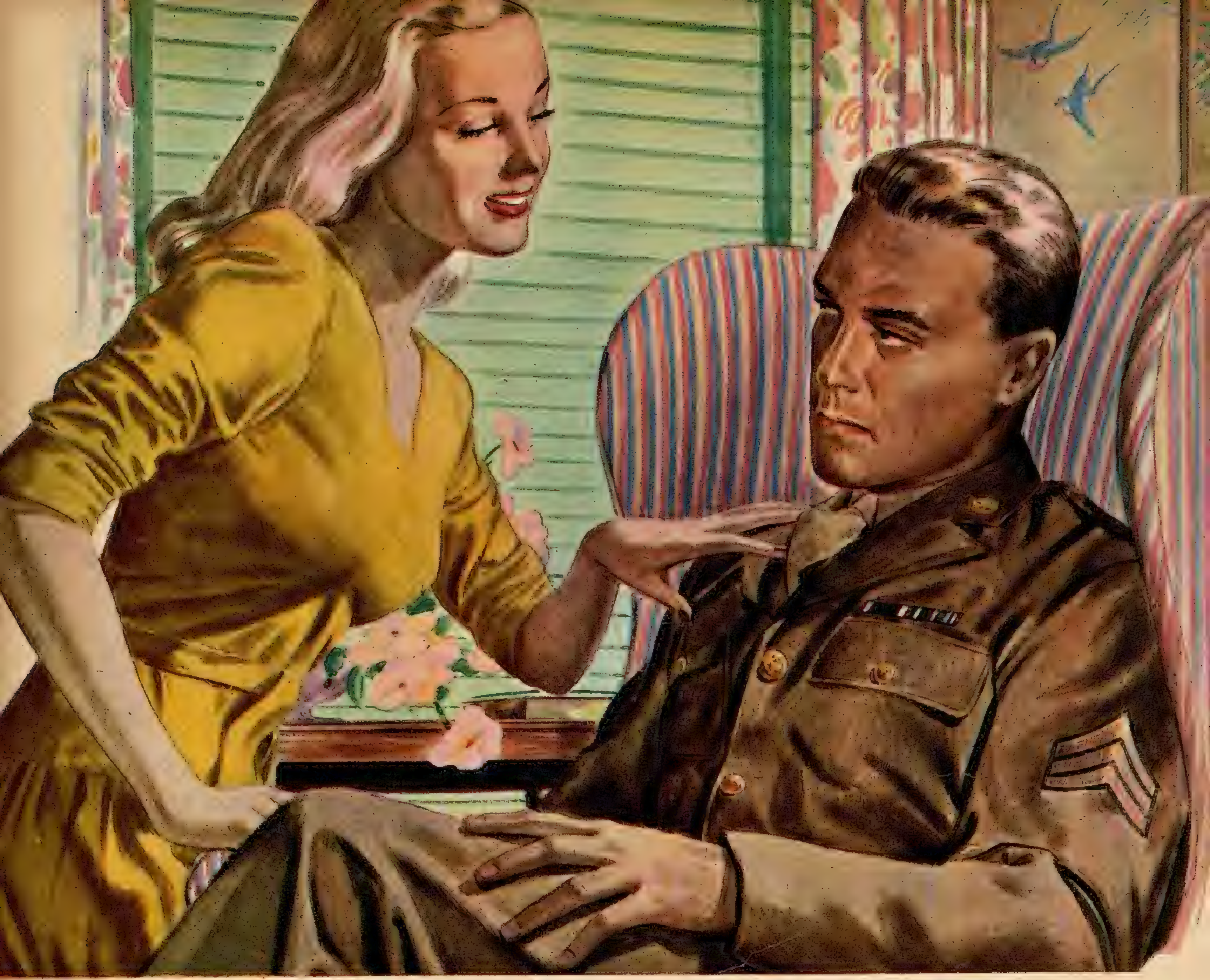
BRITISH union initiation fees are small. They approximate $1 in our money, in no case exceed $2. The monthly dues are also relatively small. In Britain in 1937, average *monthly* contributions, including initiation fees, dues, and fines, varied from 24 cents in agricultural unions to a little over $1 in the printing trades. The total *annual* contributions by all members of all registered unions in 1936 averaged $9.50, including 90 cents for unemployment and dispute benefit funds, $3.04 for sickness, accident, and funeral benefit funds, $3.48 for salaries, offices, propaganda, organization, delegates' expenses to conventions, and all other operating expenses, and 12 cents for all political purposes.

C. I. O. initiation fees are small, probably because of the vertical nature of C. I. O. organization. When the C. I. O. was organizing the steel industry and appropriated half a million dollars therefor, it waived initiation fees. Generally they range from $2 to $10. In most of the C. I. O. "internationals," like the United Steelworkers and United Automobile Workers, the monthly dues range from $1 to $2. But craft unions, which are typical of the A. F. of L. (although the A. F. of L. is also organizing on a whole-industry basis, along with one catch-all unit, No. 50, of the United Mine Workers, now independent), put their initiation dues high in order to restrict their membership and keep wages high. Many unions have initiation fees ranging from $50, as in the case of the plasterers, well up into the hundreds of dollars. One craft union is reputed to have initiation costs of $2,000, but an A. F. of L. official laughed inquiry aside.

Monthly dues range from around $10 up. Often there are special as well as routine assessments, like 25 cents a day for each day's work. The vast bulk of the amounts collected usually is paid into the coffers of the international, if one exists, which usually retains about 50 cents of each dollar, allows a local to keep about 20 cents, in the case of the C. I. O. sends 5 cents per member per month to national headquarters, and in the case of the A. F. of L. 2 cents—1 cent to fight the C. I. O. All this, of course, when we have over 12,000,000 union members in America, adds up to big money.

No British labor leader receives a yearly salary of more than about $4,500. But British government as well as corporation top salaries run smaller than ours. The Prime Minister is paid about $40,000, and Cabinet members $20,000. When John L. Lewis was president of both the C. I. O. and the United Mine Workers he took $25,000 annually from

(*Continued on page 57*)



She sat down herself, and beamed on him like a maternal kitten. "Now tell me, how *is* Bill?"

WITH ALL MY LOVE—NEARLY

There were too many men in Bitsy's life until one of them who didn't believe in two-timing did a little of it on his own

Liberty's SHORT, SHORT STORY

BY REITA LAMBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK LOOMIS

WHEN the plump woman ushered him into the living room, Gregg Harper realized that he was very nervous. He had never been so keen to meet a girl. Especially a girl upon whom he had no personal designs—barring an inclination to wring her charming little neck.

That it *was* a charming little neck he had known since the first time he had seen her picture in the sweat-stained wallet of one Private Bill Noonan in Tunisia.

It had been one of those quiet nights at the front when a soldier's thoughts reach for home. The other men had been passing their girls' pictures around and finally Bill had produced his. The chorus of admiration that greeted it held a note of surprise, for Bill was no glamour boy. Moreover, across the margin was the loving inscription, "For Bill, with all my love, Bitsy."

"Her real name's Beatrice," Bill had explained shyly, "but everybody calls her Bitsy because she's such a little bitty thing." And he had added proudly, "We're engaged."

Gregg had told him he was a lucky guy and believed it, too, until some weeks later when Corporal Todd Quinn, a fellow casualty at the base hospital, had boastfully displayed the identical picture to his pretty Red Cross Nurse. "Girl in New York I'm engaged to," he'd said.

And, sure enough, across the margin was the selfsame inscription, except that Bitsy was now Todd's instead of Bill's—"with all my love."

What burned Gregg up was that they were both such grand guys. And so when he was shipped home to recuperate, he'd called her up and said he had a report from the front for her. She had cried how thrilling and would he *please* come up and tell her all about it.

So here he was, and he was very nervous. But, after all, what was he afraid of? He certainly owed it to his brothers in arms to give this polygamous-minded female a piece of his mind.

He limped carefully across the room and took a firm stance before the fireplace. Then he heard quick little steps and she came flying in, a small girl in a brief yellow dress with a cloud of fair hair around her shoulders and blue eyes ashine with welcoming light.

"Oh, Mr. Harper!" she cried. "I'm *so* glad—it was dear of you to come when you've just got back and must have simply thousands of other things to do—"

WITH her smooth little hand in his, Gregg momentarily forgot the motive of his visit. Then he remembered Bill and Todd and braced himself. "Not at all. I've been looking forward to this ever since Bill—"

"Isn't it wonderful! That you should have run into Bill, I mean. Please sit down—take that comfy chair," and she sat down herself and beamed on him like a maternal kitten. "Now tell me, how *is* Bill?"

"Bill's fine," he said. "He sent his love and said to tell you he was thinking of you."

"How darling of him! Bill's sweet, isn't he?"

"I thought he was swell," he said evenly. "And I liked Todd Quinn too. You remember Todd?"

She brought her hands together rapturously. "You didn't meet Todd!"

"Yes, he was in our outfit, too. He said if I got to New York before he did, I was to give you *his* love and tell you *he* was thinking of you."

"I can't believe it! Is Todd all right? Does he look—"

"He looks O. K.," said Gregg. "He—er—I understand you two are engaged."

She bobbed her sunny head. "Yes, we are."

"Then," he said, eying her steadily, "your friend Bill must have been kidding when he told me you were engaged to *him.*"

"What? Oh, no! He wasn't kidding. You see—"

"You don't mean you're engaged to both of them!"

"Yes. You see—"

"Look," said Gregg grimly. "I've been away quite a spell, and of course things change, but unless they have changed an awful lot, I don't see how one girl can expect to marry two men—"

"But I don't! I don't expect to marry any of them."

"Any of them! Are there any more?"

"Only one more right now. Victor Banks. He was in Africa, too. You didn't happen to meet Victor, did you?"

"No," said Gregg. "No, I must have missed Victor."

"Then there was this boy Pat. But he met this Irish girl in Ireland and married her—"

"Wait a minute! That makes four!"

"Yes, four is about all I can manage, what with writing them regularly and sending them things and all." Then, noting the horror in his face, she stopped to explain. "Of course it's only for the duration. It's just when I meet a soldier who hasn't any other girl to leave behind."

"You mean—you're just engaged for the duration!"

"Some of them are so shy and lonely," she said, "and it helps if they have a girl to write them, and her picture to show."

Impressed, Gregg said, "Yes, I—I suppose it does."

"Oh, it *does,*" Bitsy said gravely. "It helps in lots of ways. It gives them confidence with other girls, too. You see, no matter how unattractive a man may seem, if he already *has* a girl, it makes him more interesting to other girls. Look at Pat."

Look at Pat, fiancé number four who, fortified with Bitsy's picture, had married the Irish girl. Look at Todd, too, come to think of it. The pretty Red Cross nurse had certainly found Todd a more interesting patient after seeing Bitsy's picture. It seemed to Gregg that of all the earnest home-front workers he had encountered, Bitsy's contribution showed the keenest understanding of a soldier's needs.

"But it must be hard work," he said. "Kind of gloomy, too, cheering up all those lonely hearts."

She sighed. "It makes you sad—but some one has to. And there is so little else I can do."

"I think you're doing a swell job," he told her warmly. "But how about letting the armed forces do something for you for a change? How about having fun with me tonight? We'll do the town—"

But she looked at him, startled. "That's dear of you—but you mustn't feel—I mean, with all your own friends to see—"

"Most of my friends are off to the wars," Gregg said airily. "Besides, this game leg of mine cramps my style a bit, so if—"

"You're— Oh! I didn't see—" She broke off, her eyes on his cane, seeing it apparently for the first time. Then she jumped to her feet. "All right. I'd love to go! I think it would be *fun!*"

It was the way she said it that broke his heart, the sudden eager light that filled her eyes and set her face all aglow, as though fun for fun's sake was an unheard-of prewar luxury. "Seems to me," he declared in a grim and resolute voice, "it's high time some one did a little cheering up here on the home front." Which was how he came to dedicate his leave to cheering up Bitsy.

ON his last night in New York she was all in misty gray and rose, like a little sunset cloud. It was a chilly night and she was curled up in a chair before the fire. "Come on over," she called gaily, "and get warm."

He went slowly across to her, noting with a pang how happy she looked, thinking how those two weeks of fun had agreed with her. He sat down on the arm of her chair and took her hand. "Bitsy, I hate to tell you, but my orders have come through. I'm off tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," she wailed. "Oh, Gregg!"

"I suppose I shouldn't complain. It's been grand—thanks to you, darling."

"I'm *so* glad—and I'll write you. That will help, won't it?"

"You bet, only—gosh, I'm going to miss you!" He pulled her up into his arms. "And that's one on me, Bitsy. If any one had told me, that first day, that I was going to end up being nuts about you—"

"I know. It *is* funny." She moved her head gently against his cheek. "I mean, that first day I—I thought you were different."

"I think I was already in love with you. I believe I must have fallen in love with your picture, darling."

"Oh!" She pulled away from him abruptly, darted out of the room, came flying back all flushed and breathless. "I almost forgot. This is for you to take with you."

"What—" Gregg stopped, his eyes on the picture she had tucked into his hand. The picture he had first seen in Bill's wallet and again under Todd's pillow. Where, he wondered grimly, did Victor keep *his* copy?

He stared down at it, read the girlish scrawl across the margin: "For Gregg, with all my love, Bitsy." At first she had thought he was "different"; then she had found he was like all the others. Just another lonely soldier with no one to leave behind. Just the guy to take Pat's place.

Bitterly he said, "You must have these made up by the gross, darling. They'd have an even wider circulation, though, if you had them scattered over the battle front by plane."

Her eyes spread in hurt surprise. "Gregg! Don't you *want* it?"

"You bet I want it!" He flipped open his wallet. As it happened, there were spaces in it for two pictures. One of them still held the photograph of a girl he had long since forgotten, a girl named Ann. He was scarcely aware of it now, as he grimly measured Bitsy—with all her love—against the opposite space. "Fine!" he announced. "A perfect fit—"

But a strange voice he had never heard before interrupted. "Who—who is that?"

HE stared, astonished, at the cold disapproving little face so close to his. And of a sudden a little bell sounded down his memory. "Oh, that's just a friend of mine," he said, elaborately casual. "Her name's — er — Hortense. Pretty, isn't she?"

"Y-yes," Bitsy admitted coldly. "If you care for that bony type."

"Hortense isn't really bony. And this picture doesn't do her justice."

"Is she dark?"

"Well, yes and no. Her hair's kind of bronze color. And I never believed there *were* violet eyes until I met her."

"I always thought dark men preferred fair women."

"That's a matter of taste," Gregg said.

There was a small silence. Then, "Odd you never spoke of her before," remarked Bitsy. "All this time I've been thinking—well, you seemed so alone—"

"I know, just another one of those lonely hearts. Just the guy to fill out your quota. Well, this is just what *I* need to fill out mine."

"Fill out your *what?*"

"My quota of fiancées," Gregg said pleasantly.

"Oh. So you're engaged to her."

"That depends on what you mean by engaged. These duration engagements are all very well. But this war can't last forever and a man must think of his future. He's got to have a girl to come home to as well as one to leave behind. Now, Ann is a one-man girl—"

"I thought you said her name was Hortense!"

"Oh—er—I must have been thinking of some one else."

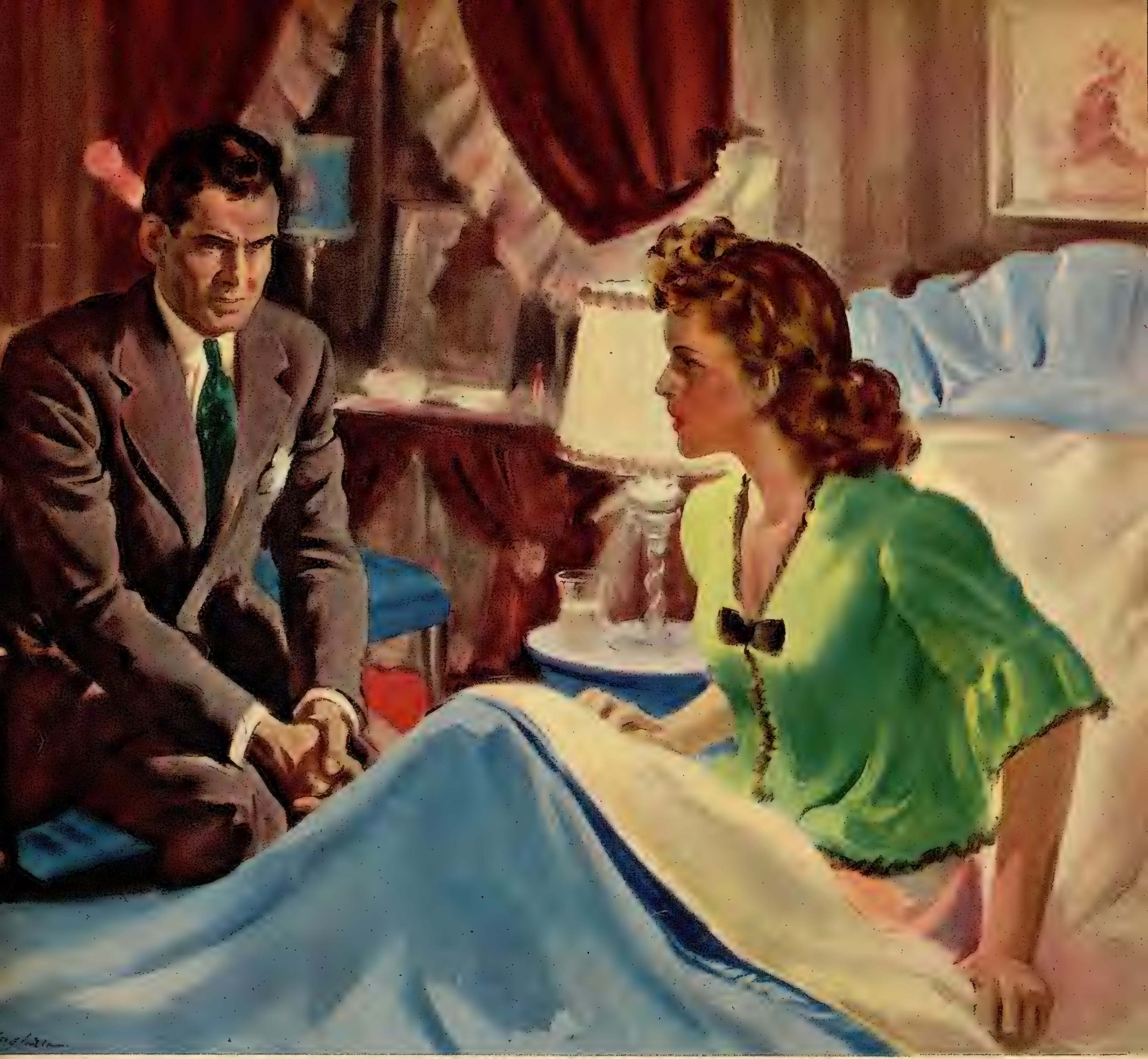
"So—you—you have an Ann, too," said Bitsy.

"Well, you have Bill and Todd and Victor," Gregg reminded her reasonably.

She flashed him a startled glance, looked away. "Only for the duration. I'm just the one *they* left behind. And a girl has to think of her future, too—"

"Ah, that's different!" exulted Gregg. "If you're ready to talk business along those lines—" And he took her in his arms.

THE END



"You're a white Jap. You have a Jap heart!" Betty told Quade. "Sometimes I think you're all Jap, except for your skin!"

DESTINATION TOKYO

With unmatched ingenuity, the daring men of the Copperfin snake her through mine-infested waters into Tokyo Bay and the moment for action approaches

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES R. KINGHAN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

UNTIL he was twenty-one, Russel Quade, son of an American diplomat, had never been outside Japan. The year before, he had met beautiful seventeen-year-old Betty Miller in Tokyo. During the few hours they had spent together, Betty told him she was going to be an actress, and he had responded that he wanted to get into the U. S. diplomatic service.

Going to Los Angeles, he planned to continue his language studies and also to find Betty. But it was *she* who found *him*. Overjoyed at the reunion, the lovers determined that nothing should separate them.

Betty accompanied Russ to Washington on an unsuccessful search for a job in the foreign service, she having given up a promising engagement in the movies to do so. The two then went to New York. There Betty worked as a waitress to keep them from actual starvation. Russ eventually sold a book on Japan, and through his publisher got a minor diplomatic job in Paris. Betty, heartbroken at the separation, returned to Los Angeles.

Aboard the U. S. S. Copperfin, as a lieutenant (j. g.), Russ reviewed the years of his life with Betty. The submarine was bound on a secret mission. As "extra cargo" Russ had plenty of time on his hands. Captain Cassidy, his officers, and crew refueled a fleet of PBYs in the Aleutians, and were the means of destroying a formidable Jap force bound for the United States. Then the Copperfin turned toward Japan.

PART FIVE

THE Copperfin was nearing Japan now. There was a charge of great excitement through the entire ship. The submarine was alive with it. Quade, too, felt it; more than the others, and differently. There was a wild, turbulent churning deep inside him. He felt weak, excited, exhilarated, confused.

He told himself: "I have no roots." But that was a lie! His roots were in Japan. Japan was his homeland. He was *not* a man without a country. *Japan* was his country! The thought was agonizing. He wanted to hate the people of Japan, and he did in theory; he even hated them collectively perhaps—but he knew too many of them intimately and well to hate them as individuals.

And yet the very awareness of this gave him an aching guilt. He felt the thoughts were traitorous. He was tormented. What of Japan when you looked upon it as the land where you were raised, and where you'd met and known and grown up with good Japanese friends? It was easy for the others. They could call the Japs animals and believe it. Yes, they were animals! They fought until they were dead, and worked until they were dead. You could say the attackers of Pearl Harbor, born and raised in Hawaii, felt no emotion when they bombed the ships of the government which had protected them, and bombed perhaps, indirectly, their own families, and the very streets in which they had played as boys, and killed the young men they had known in American universities. But Quade knew differently. The instinct of the Japanese toward the land was stronger than that; and the instinct of loyalty within a human being for the place where he was raised was stronger too. They thought and felt, all right, and some of them—some of those Sunday-morning flyers, must have died bitterly confused, knowing words they had been told, but not knowing the real *why* of anything.

Quade's anguish grew with each hour that brought him closer to Japan. He knew he should not think; that he should shut his mind cold against reason; but he couldn't, not entirely. Instead, he tried desperately to find reasons that would give him a thorough hatred of the race.

And that night, the ship already approaching the Japanese mainland, he stood with the men in the forward room listening to the radio broadcast of Tokyo Rose. This would make him hate them, if anything would. He knew Tokyo Rose well. She was an English girl who had sold out to the Japanese. She had a Japanese husband, and she was quite pretty. She was broadcasting short wave from Tokyo. In spite of the static, her voice sounded clearly through the loudspeaker:

"I tell you this. The sooner Americans realize that Japan is invincible, the better. So perfect is the iron ring of defense her great leaders have built around her, that no American ship dares approach within five hundred miles of our sacred shores . . ."

"We're a helluva lot closer than that right now, sister!" Tin Can said.

"The submarine menace has been entirely removed."

The men laughed.

". . . and let any American plane invade the Japanese air now. They will be shot down! And if any flyer is captured alive he will be executed for his treachery in attacking this lovely land."

The radio snapped off.

"There ought to be a law against a female like that using our language," the Kid said.

"Just let me hitchhike a ride to Tokyo once we get in," said Wolf. "I'll fix that dame up good!"

"Now you're in the groove," Yoyo said. "Really solid. That's the kind I'd like to see you teamed up with." He rubbed his hands in anticipation. "Tokyo Rose and Wolf. Mmm!"

Quade left them then, and later, in the wardroom, Tex. Les Baker, and young Mathews asked him endless questions about Japan. Quade tried to tell the officers the things he felt he should tell them and the things that they wanted to hear. It was all true and he spoke quietly.

"They're an empire," he said. "In some ways the system of government is almost feudal. The ruling class, the top crust, live like we do—every modern convenience. Almost all the rest are kept in a form of serfdom, suppressed—fifty millions and more of them.

"Say you were the foreman of a Japanese machine shop. You'd earn about seven dollars a week. At night you'd go home to a house with paper windows and no furniture. You'd sit on the floor; no heat, no bathroom, no plumbing, water from a well outside, or a cistern; fish and rice; then bed on the floor with a wooden pillow."

"Can't they better their position?" Tex asked.

"No," Quade said. "The workmen, for instance, have no unions. They can't speak their minds or they'd starve. That's the big stick: starvation if you don't like it. That's why they sell their daughters to become factory workers at eight years of age—or sell them to be trained for brothels. "Females are worthless," Quade went on, "except to work or have children. And boy children"—he shrugged—"most of them die for the emperor. If a Japanese husband and his wife go to a restaurant and there's a place for only one, there's no question who gets the seat and the food—the husband, while the wife waits for him. They don't understand the love we have for our women—they don't even have an adequate *word* for it."

"You mean," Mathews said, "a Jap guy doesn't take out a girl and—well, you know—neck a little?"

Quade shook his head. "The family arranges the marriage. The boy is told whom to marry, and that's that, whether he likes it or not. So—they have geisha girls."

Tex said, "For husbands who don't go for the wives their pappies pick out for 'em?"

"That's right," Quade said. "The wives make the babies, wait on the husbands. I don't know how many geisha girls there are, but they're the daughters who weren't wanted at home. Maybe a million."

Baker asked, "How about the Jap world-domination idea?"

Quade's voice was low. For a moment he could and did hate Japs with all his heart.

"They say their destiny is to subjugate the world to the Japanese people." He paused. "And that, gentlemen, is why we're on this ship."

"You can say that again!" Tex echoed.

"We'll square 'em away all right," Baker said, "and good, too!"

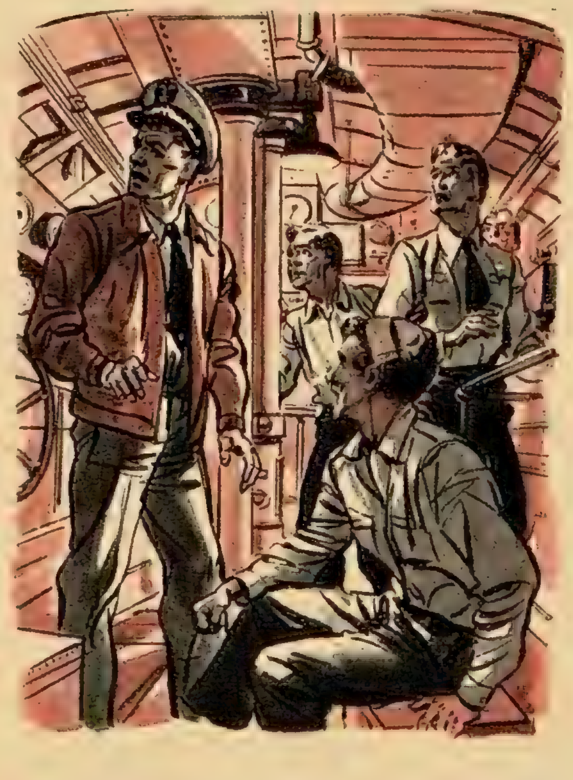
AFTER he left them and was alone in the captain's cabin, he let down the barriers that had repressed him. All the time he was talking he had been miserable! Because a thought had suddenly struck him: How much of the male attitude of the Japanese toward women had seeped into his own soul? Was that what had been wrong with him all this time? He rejected the thought! He couldn't believe it about himself. He didn't want to believe it, and wouldn't!

He rested his head back and closed his eyes, and because his torment was so great he let the pain ease a little now. For this one hour he permitted himself the nostalgia of his childhood.

His life. The young men he had known, the *seinen*, their little one-story houses in the country where, when he was very young, he'd stay sometimes for weeks. Thatched-roof cottages, sliding screens for walls, here and there a bit of mud wattle. Doors of wood you slid shut at night (supposedly to keep out burglars, but actually to gain privacy). They'd always given him the best room in the house, the *zashiki* with the finest mat, the young son sleeping on the poorest mat, beneath the *tokonoma*, the Shinto-god shelf. There was always a *tokonoma* in every house; family treasures were kept in it, and the guest of honor was seated closest to it.

It got very cold during the night, but there was never any fire in the houses because of the hazard. In the kitchen a fire was built in a pit to cook meals. The meals were mostly soybean soup, rice, or fish, with very little variation.

In the day the entire family, and he with them, went into the fields. The road leading out there was narrow, with straw piled on brushwood bridges



The sound of the mine cable was loud. The men's faces were strained, tense.

off the loam; and the only trees were those growing in the god's house. There were never any trees in the fields. The fields themselves were whole plains squared into flats of water, and there was no space for walking except on the dike backs. (Sometimes in the winter the men worked all night long breaking the snowdrift on the paddies to save days of spring.) All of the houses were without dogs, and the farms without grass-eating cattle. There was no acre of soil anywhere in Japan—except the volcanoes and volcanic wastes—that men had not cultivated. They were everywhere in the land, these men—in their mathematically laid-out fields, and they themselves bare-legged in denim and straw hats, the smell of their dung in the paddy water.

He remembered the village parties, the girls all very shy; and the schools—bowing to the teacher, who appeared in black sackcloth garments; the setting-up drills in the morning by radio; the baseball games; and the day Tommy Sato went away to the army, how proud he'd been in his uniform, smiling, all teeth, joking self-consciously, and he and Tommy getting drunk that night on beer to celebrate.

Quade was bewildered, trying to hate Tommy Sato, who'd been his friend and never done him any harm; trying to tell himself the reasons why he was on his way to kill Tommy (not *him*, individually, but, essentially, it amounted to the same thing); and why he was on his way to kill Tommy's parents who had fed him, and called him son, and loved him in their own way. The father had been a good friend of Quade, Senior, and was one of the few Japs whom Quade, Senior, had really respected and admired.

Tonight, here in the captain's cabin, Quade thought these things, and he knew that in permitting himself a memory he should have the strength to obliviate he was being soft. The phonograph was playing, the loud-speakers tuned low. The ship was getting closer and closer to Japan. Quade lay quiet. He tried to blot Japan out of his mind—because he was afraid to think of it any longer. He listened to the records. He concentrated on them. I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan. Duchin at the piano. Now, April in Paris.

It was *worse* this way, Quade thought—because Betty had come back to him, quickly and suddenly and with blinding pain!

PARIS. The way it was that year. The Pam-Pam, the one on the Champs Elysées; a loud-speaker there, too. Bing Crosby on records. The place always crowded, packed; the blondes with their upswing coiffures, and their tight striped jersey dresses; the American Bar, the blue leather upholstery, the round bright orange bakelite tables; and the walls, except for the tiny frosted glass squares of windows, orange bakelite too. The canopy out in front, the sidewalk tables; the gendarmes in their capes on the boulevard, the streaming traffic, two-seater bikes, autobuses, and Vive Sport Renaults.

April, May, June, and July. August, and Paris deserted for three weeks, everybody on vacation. The gaudy summer billboards—a blonde in a one-piece bathing suit, and just the one word DEAUVILLE; the Métro, the ads you saw as they flashed past the subway windows; the round kiosks on the street, and the advertising signs on them; the trees with little iron picket fences around them, and ads on them, too; the Madeleine, and the Café de Paris with its girl band, all of the girls dressed in green that first summer he was there; the South Bank, the narrow cobbled streets in the shadow of Notre Dame; the cluster of sidewalk cafés on the Boul' Mich' near the university.

It was wonderful and exciting—a dream Paris, but it was lonely too, because he wanted some one to share it with him, and there was no one, only himself, drinking it in, a hundred sights a day; no one to share with him the exquisite new joy of living he found there.

He never found a girl at all that first year. And his work was dull. It consisted largely of meeting important or influential Americans when they landed, accompanying them on the boat train to Paris, taking charge of their luggage and finding them a hotel. Quite often when there was an old woman traveling alone he was in charge of showing her Paris and running her errands. He banked for her at Morgan's, found her perfume, advised her on dressmakers and jewelers and the races. At night he sometimes escorted her to clubs in Montmartre, and the woman invariably would drink too much. He always hated those nights. The French thought him a gigolo, and the cocottes, clustered in every club, laughed at him and jeered him.

He met no girls his own age that he took out more than once or twice. He somehow found no interest in them, and he did not know why. One whole season he went with French girls exclusively, and the next with young American schoolteachers and debutantes (at least they pretended to be debutantes) and kids in from European finishing schools. But he never cared about any of them, and could never get that hollow, crazy, lovely frightened feeling you have with a girl who really inspires you. Because none of them inspired him, not one. In a way, they were all the same girl, and they all said the same things. He could almost talk for them, he knew so well what they were about to say; and finally he stopped going out so much, and once pretended to himself, for amusement, that he was in love with a gigolette, because you suffered no illusions about her.

But this, too, wore off. Everything wore off, except Paris itself, which enchanted him. The rainy nights, fog drifting through the black skeleton framework of the Tour Eiffel; the traffic in the night, headlights flaring up yellow at intersections, then dying down. The early dinners on the banks of the Seine in the little village of Bougival, just outside Paris. He always went there alone, and ate slowly, and drank wine, and watched the barges drift past, whole families living aboard them, the wash hanging up, blowing in the wind.

In the autumn he began writing long letters to Betty, asking her to come over. He told of the leaves in piles in the streets, and of the people, and the Flea Market, and the bookstalls, and how empty he felt without her. He had corresponded with her regularly, but never writing so passionately and desperately as he wrote now, and never asking her to come over. His pay was still the same, the situation of his job the same, but he told her (without considering whether it was true or not, or caring) that he was now so well established, that even though the position he held was meant for a single man, he did not think any one would seriously object if he married. It was simply a problem of money or supporting her—and that was his own affair.

HE wrote that he had figured it down to the last franc and was sure they could get along on what he made. He painted a bleak picture of the poverty which they might have to endure for a time, but he was careful to make sure she would see the glamour of poverty between the lines; he described an attic apartment on the South Bank, with a skylight, and big windows that faced the Seine. ". . . standing there at night you can see all of Paris—the vivid purple Bon Marché sign, the Louvre, the Tuileries, the million tiny lights of the city." The apartment was a five-flight walk-up—"like the one we had on Charles Street in New York, except that this apartment is dirtier, and older, and the stairs coming up are worn, and they wind around and around. But at least it is Paris, and we'll be together."

He wrote these letters in Johnny's Bar, which was in a basement off the Rue Pierre-Charron, while a piano played, and people sat around, drinking and talking; there was always an *apéritif* on the table in front of him, and plenty of stationery from the hotel upstairs; and he wrote frantically, pouring his heart out. And then afterward he always sat up at the bar and drank, listening to the piano; and when he was drunk—good and drunk—he would leave and walk the streets; but after awhile, not drunk any more, only dazed, wondering why he loved Betty so intensely; why, with all these days and months and people and faces between them, he couldn't forget her; wondering why even the very thought of her made a pain inside him.

Even on nights when it rained he took his walks, laughing to himself, crazy, stunned, wet, cheeks flushed hot, and all that was ever in his mind then was Betty . . . Betty . . . Betty. . . .

She answered—grateful, surprised, happy—but her letter was sane, down to earth, written after cold thought and deliberation. Perhaps she should wait longer; if anything went wrong with his budget there in Paris they'd be in a terrible pickle; and it could quite possibly hurt, if not kill, his career. She was flattered he wanted her, and thrilled, and she understood what he had said was his terrible need for her; but she knew, too, that his letters had been written and mailed during fits of despondency. She knew him well and she knew his moods; she knew how blue he could get and to what extremes he would go when he was blue, but he always came out of it later. His letters had been dashed off one after another, without waiting for her reply, but now she was answering, and he must listen to her.

(*Continued on page 47*)

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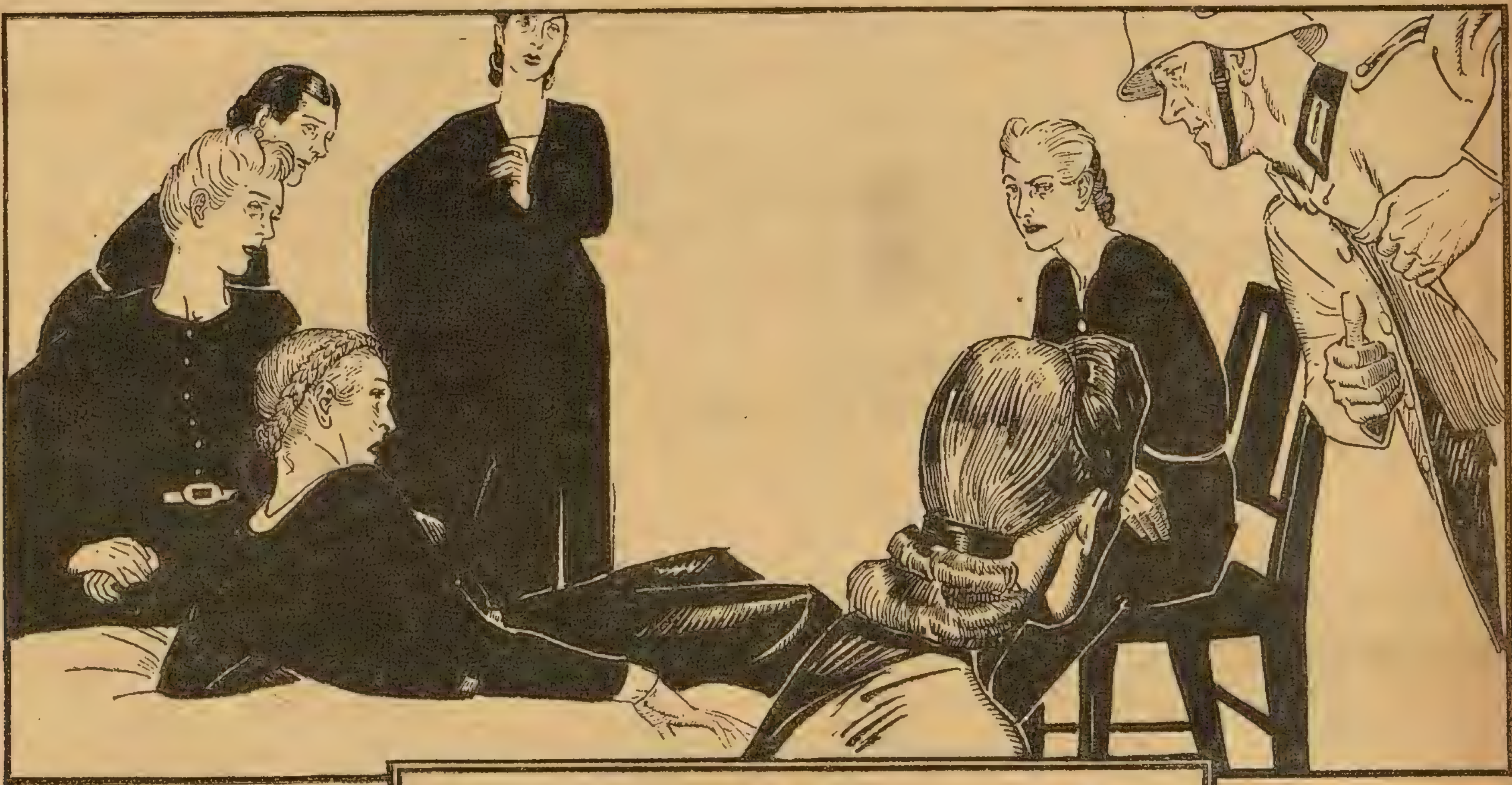

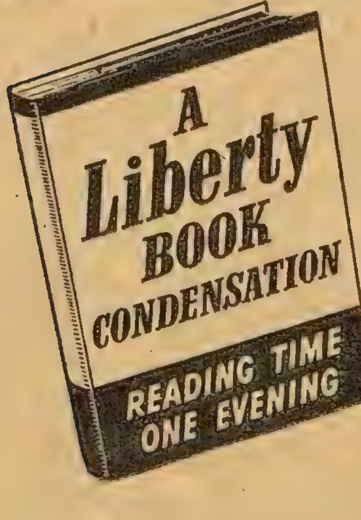

At Rostov the German Army—until then the mightiest military machine the world had known—met its first defeat.

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COLONEL ADRIAN PFEIFFER of the German infantry treasured his own traits, finding sharp pleasure in an awareness of himself and his abilities. At forty-five, and with iron-gray fingers of hair streaking his head, he barked an order, looked down his disapproving nose, or marched the length of a post with the same brisk sense of efficiency which had been his at twenty-five. He reveled now, at Taganrog, in the greatest military campaign in the history of the world. To think of it whipped him into delicious, almost unbearable poetry. He strode violently across the room, ejaculating floods of words to release his sensations of greatness inside him.

"You do not feel it, Gruska," he said. "It does not bite into your heart or gnaw at your vitals. You have no soul."

"Indeed, no," said Gruska Palyavitch, who by now knew a little German.

"You are like them all," Colonel Pfeiffer told her, "though I chose you from the lot, thinking you were distinctive. You watch a few soldiers go by and you do not absorb the magnitude of the effort. Do you know the front is at times two thousand miles long? Do you know ten million men and more are in action? There has never been anything like it!"

For answer, Gruska sighed slightly, always an indication of intense boredom, and folded her hands in her lap.

"An Army has just as clear an existence of its own as any animal," the colonel continued. "It moves when the head orders; it operates with cohesion and purpose. And now there are two such animals, each two thousand miles long, battling each other in the ultimate of all wars. Does the conception leave you entirely untouched?"

"I know," Gruska said with her Polish accent. "Two great animals. Yes, I see them struggling."

Gruska, an ample peasant body which culminated and

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focused in two black eyes under flowing black hair, smiled back at him with her professional smile. He gripped her hand lightly a moment, then released it and pointed toward a map on the wall of the room.

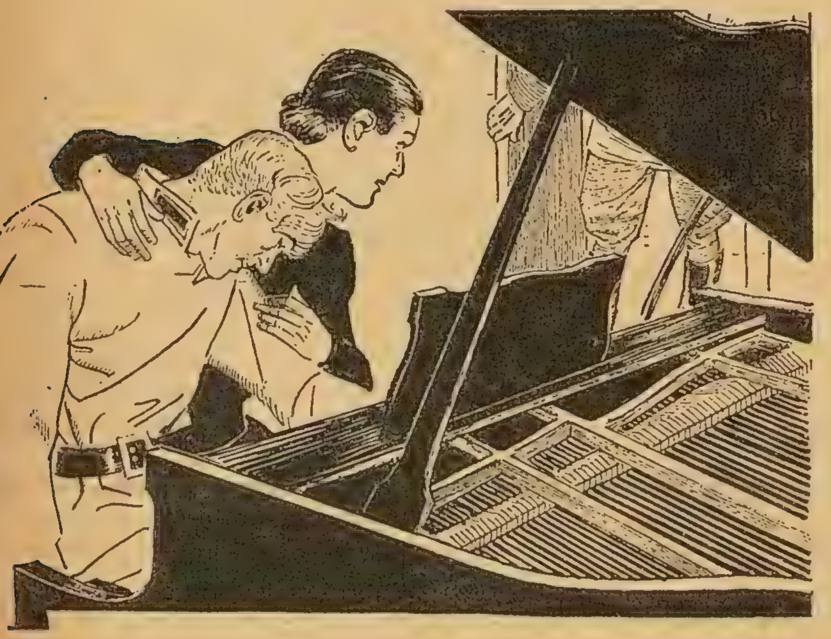
"You see, Gruska," he cried, "only you and I understand it—only you and I can hear the music of it! It swells to a height of passion, subsides and swells again, each peak greater than the last. Look back at them—the Dnieper, the coast of the Black Sea, Odessa and Kiev, Mariupol, Taganrog. And now we build to another exciting climax: Rostov, Rostov-on-the-Don!"

"Yes," Gruska said without spirit. "Next comes Rostov. I hear the music."

"Thunderous music, Gruska! Since June the animal has been trampling eastward, and the earth shakes wherever his millions of feet touch it. Hear it thud, Gruska! Ah, what godlike days are these, though so few see them!"

Gruska Palyavitch again smiled her practiced smile.

"It is too much to consider," Pfeiffer continued. "The mind only gropes for its meaning. The animal is too great to be conceived. Up and down, backward and forward, it moves as one will. Indeed, the Army is the tangible expression of one will."



"Heil Hitler!" Gruska interjected.

Colonel Pfeiffer raised his right arm lazily in a purely figurative salute. "Heil Hitler," he said softly. "Does it grip you?" he asked seductively, as though her reply, if affirmative, would give him unreckonable pleasure. "Does the symbolism strike you—the one creature with eight million cells, which is the German Army, directed by a heart and head, which are Adolf Hitler?"

Before Gruska could reply, he felt the first reaction from his fevered interest; it was his descent from the plane of imagination to sodden reality. It stung deeply for him to know that he had been baring his most prized thoughts before an audience of one Army prostitute. In an instant, wretchedness tormented him.

"Leave me," he said quietly, but with an obvious effort at self-control. She paused, misconstruing his temperament. "Leave me!" he shouted. "Leave me, you Polish scum! Go back among the women!"

IT was in October, 1939, a few days after Warsaw had fallen, that Colonel Pfeiffer had entered it with the occupying troops. His task was to enroll those women whose duty was to administer to the pleasure of the German soldiers. He was sitting behind a desk in headquarters of his unit when an aide brought in Gruska Palyavitch.

"Your name?"

"Gruska Palyavitch."

"Age?"

"Nineteen."

"Did you wish to join the corps?"

"No, I don't think so. I wanted to ask about Stanislaw Kern," she said. "He went away with the Army, but now the war is over and I cannot find him. He was to have been my husband. I wonder if you could tell me where he is?"

At this point the colonel should have directed her to the proper authorities, for there was certainly some agency which would tell her about her missing person—or, at least, tell her officially that nothing was known. And he was forming words of dismissal when she crossed her legs and revealed that they were good.

"You're a pretty thing, aren't you?" he said in clipped words, on impulse. "Stand up and show yourself."

With some hesitancy, but awed by the colonel's official nature, Gruska rose, turned slowly, and sat down again.

"Very good," the colonel told her. He sat down, tapped repeatedly on his palm with a pencil.

"Where was this Stanislaw stationed?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"What branch of the service was he in?"

"He is in the cavalry," Gruska said; "a corporal."

"Come here again tomorrow. I will see what I can discover about Corporal Stanislaw Kern." His eyes followed Gruska down the bomb-blasted Warsaw street.

SHE came again tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, each meeting making them more intimate. After her first visit Pfeiffer had found from the records that Corporal Stanislaw Kern of the cavalry had been stationed on the border facing Russia and was probably taken prisoner when the Red Army aided in the partition of Poland. But this seemed disconcerting news, and consequently he withheld it from Gruska, fearful of making her less glad to see him daily. Ultimately he received orders of transferral, and told her.

"Perhaps it is best that you come with me. I will try to find your Corporal Kern, and then you will know about him," he told her casually. "I will be in many places, going from province to province. How else shall I tell you what I discover?"

Gruska nodded her head.

"Naturally, you cannot travel with me," he explained. "But if you join the women's corps it will be all right to come along. In that way, we can keep together."

Gruska seemed doubtful.

The colonel smiled. "You will not be like other members of the corps," he said. "The others associate with the Army, but you will associate with me."

Gruska was technically a member of the women's corps; it was only in an unofficial sense that she walked to the hut of Colonel Pfeiffer. It was understood, however, that Gruska, to a private soldier, was a marked woman and decidedly not available. The colonel congratulated himself on this arrangement, and noted with relish that it had been months since Gruska had mentioned the name of Corporal Kern.

Now, as the colonel went forth to view the harbor of Taganrog, Gruska walked into the room she shared with two others and got herself ready for the night. At the same time, she mentally prepared for the conversation of her companions, carried on in a mad gibberish of Polish and German and Czech which the women had accustomed themselves to understanding.

Milijan Szenke, the Czech, was lying on the bed, while Erna Roemer, the German, was sitting in the good chair. There remained only the straight wooden chair for Gruska.

"How did you find the beloved colonel?" Erna asked. "Is he the same loving creature as always?"

"He is," Gruska said.

Milijan rushed to the Polish woman's defense, as she always did. "Leave the girl alone," Milijan said. "You just wish you had a colonel. That's what makes you jealous; that's what makes you so damned nasty!"

Erna Roemer was blonde and Teuton and fat, by far the largest of the three women; but she knew the two others would, in any emergency, ally against her. This kept the peace of their room. "Oh, love the Lord, but you make much of nothing! Let the poor girl have her colonel; we all have our little duties to perform."

There was a knock on the door. Gruska opened it. It was a grinning young private of infantry, who presented his credentials and was allowed to enter. "They tell me," he said, "that Milijan is a very select piece of woman."

Gruska silently indicated the bed where Milijan lay.

"I have been at the front," the soldier said. "We are almost in Rostov now. I caught a glimpse of it this morning. Then I got leave. It is cold and I am anxious."

As he spoke he was removing his clothing, while Milijan dourly awaited him. Gruska Palyavitch and Erna Roemer merely sat down in the chairs and turned their faces in the other direction.

NOT far from Taganrog, the headquarters of Colonel-General Ewald von Kleist was overrun with work to be done. Von Kleist commanded the southern wing of the German Army attacking in the east, and there was ample justification for the busyness in his offices.

For weeks, then months, von Kleist had watched his armies gnawing across southern Russia. They had crossed the Prut River of Rumania, besieged and captured the city of Odessa, and crept along the shores of the Black Sea; reached the peninsula of the Crimea and sent an arm out to take it and attack the naval base at Sevastopol; gone on to the Sea of Azov and fought along its shores through Berdyansk and Mariupol to Taganrog.

Now the crisis was imminent, and Colonel-General von Kleist knew that it was his turn to throw the dice. The Russians were standing, attempting to form a true line of defense. The battle had been thickening throughout the long crawl to the present position, but it had become a bog of men and machines before Rostov. This night, the armies of von Kleist were attacking from several directions, only ten miles from their next objective.

"Only ten miles," von Kleist said; "ten miles from Rostov—Rostov-on-the-Don."

Rostov lay crouched upon the Don like a great beast awaiting to be attacked, or to spring itself to meet the attacker. Girded now for the battle of life or death, ready to meet it, this city so loved by its people waited, unflinching. And of those left within it none sensed the coming crisis more keenly than Kaaron Terenski, none prepared to meet it more calmly.

"Peter," Kaaron said now to her husband, "do you find me more attractive this way—with the hair straight back?"

"I haven't time," he said; "really, there's no point in it. I have heard of women who would stop in the middle of a catastrophe to worry over their appearance, but I didn't know I had married one of them."

Kaaron winced.

"The German Army is hammering at the gates of Rostov, and my wife wants to know if I like the part in her hair. It's simply beyond the reach of my brain!"

Kaaron, a tall, straight, dark tree of grace and strength, replied: "I know that."

"Sometimes I am sorry I permitted you to remain in Rostov, Kaaron. Remember, please, that to keep you here I had to swear that you were of military assistance; and since I have, you might at the very least take some interest in military affairs, so as not to make me out an utter liar!"

"There is no need of shouting," Kaaron replied in a soft monotone. "But please remember the city is almost empty of women. For days and days I watched them, the tens of thousands of them, going east with all they could carry, hurrying from the Germans. I love them, you know—the people of Rostov and the people of Russia—as much as you. Now they have gone and the city is quiet. The streetcars run irregularly, and then only with loads of soldiers. My husband allows me to stay, but leaves me and gives me nothing to do. I can do nothing, but I can make myself beautiful for my husband. And when I learn he is on the way, I make my hair again, excited at the prospect of showing myself to him."

She ceased, aware that she had said too much and yet proud that she had said it so dramatically.

"I have been unfair," he said after a pause. "We are both in a most unnatural state. The strain has been too much for us to bear. But the strain is only equal to the importance of the time and place," he told her. "If you have loved Rostov before, you must love it more than ever now."

"But why do you tell me all this?"

"Because at this moment it is the most important city on the face of the earth."

Kaaron shuddered at the earnestness of his tone.

"I assure you," he said, "that I am not joking. When the German dog Hitler sprang at our throats last June he wanted many things. He wanted Leningrad and Moscow and Kiev and Odessa. He wanted to destroy our armies and our factories. He wanted to take our farms and homes and riches. But one thing he wanted far above all else—and that was oil. Oil to grease his death machinery. And do you know what bars him from the oil? You and I. Rostov. This place, this time."

Peter Terenski went to a window and pointed a long finger to the south, across the mouth of the Don and to the far horizon. "Look! There it lies, there in the Caucasus, all the oil a murderous demon could dream of. There it is, waiting for him and his armies. But look!" He pointed now toward the west. "There come the German armies from the west, marching against us. To their flank is the Sea of Azov and the mouth of the Don River. They could reach the Caucasus by crossing the waters, but they are notoriously bad swimmers. What then, must they do?

"They must come to Rostov-on-the-Don, Rostov in the corner, and take it and hold it. Then, and then only, can they turn this fateful corner to the south and lay their hands upon the black power in our ground. If they get it, perhaps they will thrive and live forever, gobbling down the whole earth. If they do not get it, perhaps they will die of starved machines. And here we meet them, here we stand, you and I, and Rostov, and Russia, and the whole earth. In this corner of Rostov, Russia will live or die."

"It will live!" Kaaron told him.

Peter Terenski flung on his heavy outer coat, kissed his wife, ran out the door and mounted his horse. As he galloped away toward the front, Kaaron whispered, "Rostov will live."

For a few minutes she stood dazed, thinking of the battle and the men who were fighting it. This nervousness soon subsided, however, leaving her with her customary obsession—something to do. She heard the door click. There was the sound of a step creaking along the hall. Her heart pounding, she sucked in her breath to say, "Who is it?"

The creaking in the hall stopped.

"It is I, Josef."

Josef Balenkov, a private in the cavalry, walked in and stood before her.

"By all that is dear, Josef," she stammered, "why did you try to frighten me so?"

"I really did not try to frighten you," Josef said. "I only thought you might let me practice on the piano."

Kaaron smiled at this. "With the war in your doorway, do you still want to become the organ master, as always?"

"Of course," he said.

"Very well, then. You may practice as long as you like—or as long as the piano survives the war, which may not be very long."

HE walked toward the piano, and Kaaron noted the juvenile awkwardness of him in his new uniform, the blondness of his hair and the fresh light texture of his skin. She sat next to him.

"Is there anything you would like to hear?" he asked.

"Whatever you like," she said. "But play me some songs of Russia."

The piano, to Kaaron and to Josef, was no longer a simple, single instrument. As Josef played, it became the voice of a people. Josef forgot that his hands trundled mechanically over a line of keys; he was seeking the meaning of the Russian soul.

Kaaron looked at Josef, and his eyes overflowed. He sat and stared blankly at the piano, overwhelmed by his own music. Tears fell down his cheeks.

"What's the matter?" Kaaron asked.

"I don't know," he said.

"You cry when you have nothing to cry about?"

"I have something to cry about: the music."

"Poor boy," Kaaron said in a flood of pity for him. "Poor boy. And they have tried to make a soldier of you!"

"Oh," he insisted, "I am a soldier, and a good one. But

I can never be a soldier and a pianist at the same time."

Kaaron Terenski, seeing that his tears were beginning again, cooped his head on her breast and kissed his forehead, at the same time smoothing his rumpled hair.

"Very pretty," said Captain Peter Terenski as he stood in the doorway.

Josef sat bolt upright; Kaaron glared up at her husband.

"My lonely wife has found some companionship, I see," the captain said.

"Yes," Kaaron answered. "Josef came over to play the piano."

"Of course," Peter Terenski went on, "I presume that was what he was doing when I came in."

"No," Kaaron said. "He had been crying and I was trying to console him."

"Obviously," Peter said.

"I don't know what is in your mind," Kaaron said, "but in mine there are many things I never knew about before and which had made me wonder."

"What, if I may ask?" her husband responded.

"I remember now other days when you suddenly developed the habit of forgetfulness—leaving a glove at home for which you would have to return unexpectedly, or putting a report in the pocket of another coat, making another stop here necessary. You were suspecting me of something then."

"Are you denying the right of a man to walk into his home whenever he wishes?" Peter asked.

"Not in the least. Walk in whenever you like; but walk in with a clean mind and an unsuspecting heart. If Josef had been sitting on the other side of the room, you would have found something guilty in it; his sitting next to me on the piano bench was certainly no more guilty."

THROUGH all this, Josef sat cringing and wondering what the outcome would be. Kaaron turned to him and said: "Go home, Josef."

"I do not like to say this," Peter Terenski resumed. "But if I find him in my house again, I shall kill him."

Josef walked out.

Kaaron said: "Denying guilt is useless. You are determined to see guilt, though I never knew your mind was so perverted. If you are interested in the truth, this is it: He played the piano and cried, and I sought to comfort him."

"My wife will not, as long as she is my wife, hold trysts here with pale young boys. Is that clear to you?"

"This is my home as well as yours."

Amazed at her stand, Peter ceased talking. He paced the room, trying to find the words which would say what he wanted to be said. Kaaron sat and watched him. He stood in the middle of the floor a few seconds, then sat down opposite her.

"Kaaron," he said, "I am too jealous. I am so in love that I imagine you are growing very tired of me. The result is that I make a fool of myself." He leaned over to kiss his wife. "Be kind to me," he said. "I know no kindness anywhere else. Out there is nothing but death, and I have been looking at it a long time."

"I know," Kaaron told him. "I think of that always, and pray for you."

He shuffled noisily out of the house. Alone again, she went to the window and looked out upon the city.

Rostov had been under siege two more days, and now, on the second night, Kaaron Terenski and Josef again faced each other in the gathering darkness as the searchlights stabbed at the Rostov sky, seeking the Nazi propellers that slashed the Rostov air, the Nazi bombers that continued to hammer the city. From the sounds of explosions and the appearance of the searchlights, Kaaron guessed that the Germans were now attempting to bomb the docks of the Don mouth. There was shipping there, and important storage of supplies needed for the war.

The Don itself led irretrievably to the city. While it shone, the Germans had little need of daylight or even moonlight, and while it shone Rostov could black itself out to no purpose. Making a purely amateur estimate, Kaaron believed that the Germans were bombing with great strength at the two and a half miles of the great stone quay along the Don's banks. Josef confirmed her belief when she questioned him. Another explosion, of a different tone, from a different direction, led her to believe the great agricultural machinery factories were being blasted to bits, and she could see in imagination Europe's greatest tractor plant lying in ruins.

But neither was near the place for which she had volunteered in the rescue line. She could tell herself throughout the night that the damage to Rostov was something to be thought about tomorrow. Finally the bombing ceased and the evening's ordeal was ended.

Josef turned at once to the piano, and Kaaron waited and listened. When Josef Balenkov played there was nothing to do but listen. At last he concluded, and the silence was a dark noiselessness.

He broke it himself.

"Did you like that?"

"You know I liked it," Kaaron told him. "I have told you before how much I like to hear you play. But that doesn't alter the real matter. You should not have come."

Josef grinned at her. "But you invited me yourself. You told me to come any time I wished and you would let me play the piano."

"You know that was a different thing. Since I told you that, a great many things have happened."

"Yes. The piano has got slightly out of tune." Josef laughed aloud at this. "And it has turned a little colder. And the Germans have gained a mile or two in front of Rostov."

She insisted, "You know you should not have come."

"But I tell you this is only a neighborly call. What have I done? I am only your neighbor coming over to practice on your piano."

"It is not quite that simple," Kaaron explained. "In ordinary times my husband would like you to come here. Sitting at home in the evenings, we would urge you to come and play for us. That would be our quiet time."

"Then why not now?" Josef demanded.

"Because this is not a natural time. Men are no longer natural men—neither you nor my husband."

"He may have changed," Josef said. "Perhaps putting a captain's uniform on him has made him a different man. But I am the same as always."

"No; you have changed in many ways," she told him. "You were only the music student before the war began. You had many little ambitions, perhaps, but you had only one great one, and that was to play the organ in Rostov Cathedral."

"That is still true."

"But you have changed, Josef—you, and I too, and Peter. Let me ask you. Did Peter ever treat you unkindly before a few days ago?"

"No. But then, I never have been in his home so much before."

"But you have, Josef. You were here many times, and sometimes you and I happened to be here alone. But Peter never had evil thoughts about us. He never was angry."

"No, of course."

"Then you see, Josef, you must try to understand Peter Terenski. The war has put him under a great burden. Not only with you and me, but with everybody, he seems a different person. If he wants you to stay away from this house, then please stay away, for his sake and mine as well as yours."

"I will try," Josef promised.

WINTER came to Rostov, to the hundreds of thousands within it and to the myriads huddling shelterless before it. The few civilians who remained in Rostov hovered near whatever stoves they could find. West of the city and to the north, the two military lines—black parallel snakes against a white background—dug into the ground wherever they could for warmth. Each Army set up its own perimeter for camping, but both arrangements were purely tentative, for an unexpected charge from either direction might shift the entire locale of the war. Consequently there was no fixed shelter for any of the troops; they were always prepared for orders to move. There was no getting warm, for instance, by remaining a long time in front of a roaring fire in a substantial house; another minute, and the building might be in enemy hands, for this was war not in the solid prose of lines but in the dancing, fickle poetry of movement. If soldier hands were warmed at all, they were warmed only for brief intervals.

At its nearest point the German Army stood approximately four miles from the gates of Rostov. Between it and the city stood a sector of the Russian line to guard the tenderest spot in the city's defenses. From this region both armies extended, in a crooked pair of lines, up from the sea coast far to the north of the city, where they ultimately joined the armies of the center which were contesting for Moscow.

For himself and Gruska, Colonel Adrian Pfeiffer had found a good solid house—a warm, comfortable house to which, after visiting the lines, he was returning with some satisfaction. Gruska Palyavitch was standing before the house, watching a long line of prisoners as they marched back from the front. As they clomped to the rear she watched with fascination their unity of step and the jaunty air of the occasional armed German guard. The staff car of Colonel Pfeiffer threaded its route among the prisoners, forcing them to the side as it rolled roughly along the sticky road. The driver halted the vehicle in front of the house and the colonel got out with his usual nimbleness.

"Rare entertainment for a lady."

"I was only watching. It seems they have been going by for hours."

"They have, my dear lady. And they are likely to go by for many hours more. From here to the gates of Rostov, the Russian countryside is one mass of prisoners, Soviet and Polish."

"Are the Poles back in the war again?"

"The Russians have released them to fight against us; but they have been inactive so long that they are no longer good fighters."

SHE turned and looked at the line. She saw Stanislaw Kern. Or perhaps it was his ghost.

Only a few yards from her, he trudged with the rest of them, ashen dullness in his eyes, lead in his walk. She felt the needles of memory piercing her. She saw him then with certainty. Gruska Palyavitch saw Stanislaw Kern.

"Who is it?" the colonel asked, watching her.

She choked herself into silence. The line halted for a moment, and Stanislaw stood not more than twenty-five feet away, looking straight ahead. He raised his hands and blew on them. As he did so he shifted slightly, looked about, and saw Gruska Palyavitch.

"One of the men is looking at you. Do you know him? Is he one of your Warsaw friends? Answer! Is he?"

"It is Stanislaw."

Stanislaw stepped a few feet from the line. A guard near by, with rifle aimed, shouted at him to get back. But Stanislaw did not heed him. The warning was repeated.

"Hello, Stanislaw," Gruska said.

The corporal struggled to move his lips, but no words came. He stood quietly now, and the guard continued to keep a wary eye on him.

"Hello, Stanislaw. Don't you know me? It's Gruska."

Stanislaw could not force the realization into his brain even when he saw her familiar face. Something was wrong. He wanted to make himself understand all that was happening.

Colonel Pfeiffer remained at Gruska's side, silent and staring.

"Stanislaw—don't you remember me? It's Gruska."

Stanislaw jerked to attention. He heard the words and they penetrated. In a rush of emotion he began to run toward her. The guard's gun spoke once, harshly, unequivocally, and he fell in the snow in front of her. When she looked into his face, he was dead. The prisoners came and carried him away. Gruska and the colonel went into the house. Gruska lay down on the bed and cried.

AMONG the busiest institutions within the city of Rostov was the headquarters of a certain cavalry division. Though it relies on primitive tactics of good horsemanship, the Russian cavalry is yet among the most respected branches of the Army, and this headquarters was the funnel through which the war was poured from all Russia against the Germans before Rostov. Countless details were there tied together to construct the Soviet cavalry's policies and plans.

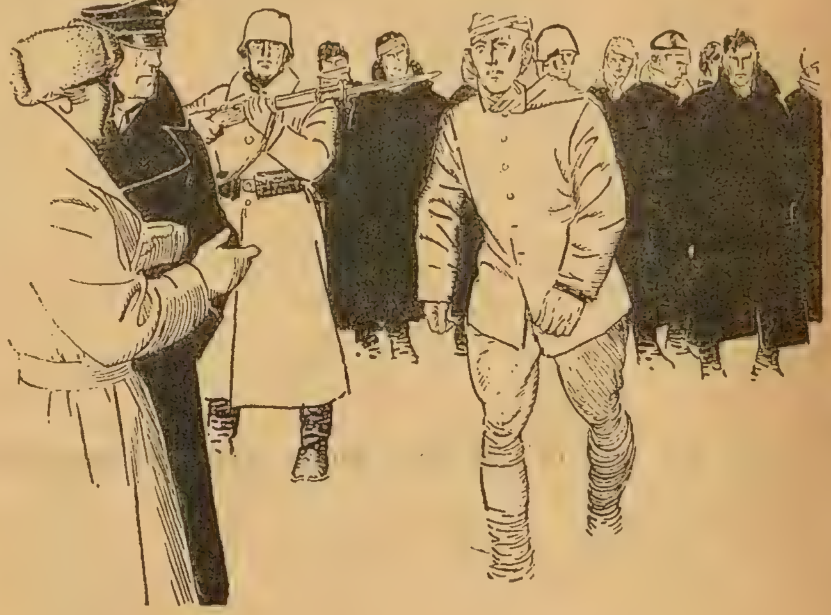
Here Colonel Ivan Blazonny was immersed in work. Orders had to have his scrutiny and signature to be made effective; reports had to be studied; the office itself had to be kept going at the proper tempo.

And yet, although preoccupied by this labor, he found enough time to cast an occasional glance at a clock on the wall. It became a kind of ritual with him as he read his papers: a sentence, a glance at the clock, another sentence, another glance at the clock, until the process became a rhythmic dance of his eyes.

With one more look at the clock, he walked to his door and called to an aide:

"Please don't disturb me for a few minutes. I have some important papers to check over."

Thereupon he flipped a latch which automatically locked the door to his inner office. He stood before the desk and waited until the hands of the wall timepiece had reached a position which satisfied him. He then walked briskly to the wall opposite the door. He stood against it a moment as he looked toward the windows and the door; then he turned to face it. He slipped his fingers along the panel softly until the section of the wall slowly moved outward like a door. He went through that door. He stood in a narrow stairway leading down. Quickly but without noise he dragged the panel back into its former position, locking it firmly thus from his side.



From his pocket he brought a match and a candle. Lighting the candle, he started down the cold stairs. At the bottom was a room some eight feet square which at first glance appeared to be entirely devoid of furniture. The candle's dim light, however, outlined a small table at one end. The colonel, after looking back up the stairs for several seconds, turned and walked toward the table. There was a small chair at its side, and he moved this in front of the table and sat down in it. Then he leaned forward and inspected all the connections of the radio transmitter which was atop it. This accomplished, he pushed the switch which put the transmitter in action and reached for the sending key. He began to send dots and dashes through the cold winter air. At the end of his communication he calmly switched the machine off, remounted the steps, slipped back into the room, and pushed the wall panel back into its place. He went to the door, unlocked it, and said to the aide:

"Very good now. Any one to see me?"

The aide nodded toward the farther office. "A man named Boris Guidenny. He says he is an old friend."

"Show him in," said the colonel.

Boris followed the aide into the room. The aide closed the door, and footsteps faded in the distance. He closed the outer portal and was gone.

The closing of that last door was like a signal to the two men. As if they had waited for the sound, they immediately turned their eyes on each other. For more than a minute they stood at opposite ends of the room and stared at each other with a strange kind of quizzical intimacy. It was soon a matter of such intense examination that it became a strain. It was Colonel Blazonny who shattered the unbearable silence: "Boris Guidenny, on what business of the Secret Police are you this time?"

"You are a careless one, Ivan. Only fools mention the name, even in jest or in such privacy as this. I was told you were the agent to take my report."

"Very good, comrade. But come—there is no reason for this excessive care. We are quite alone, I can assure you. Go ahead and talk to me, friend to friend."

"All right, Ivan. I will speak freely, then. I have something so essential to tell you, comrade, that I shudder to think of its consequences. Rostov is endangered from within as well as from without."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean a very simple thing. Somewhere in Rostov or the area near Rostov there is a radio transmitter, a secret one which informs the German Army of every move the Russians make or even plan to make."

The colonel was unbelievably astounded. "A spy, here in Rostov, in the midst of all our caution?"

"A spy, Ivan. Worse than a spy—an informer who knows everything and tells it as soon as he learns."

"How did you know of this, comrade?"

"Very easily. I was in Taganrog two days ago."

"What? With the Germans there?"

"Yes. You need not be perplexed or surprised. I went from here to Taganrog and back again, through the German Army, twice. I mingled with the Russian peasants in Taganrog, staying as close to the German soldiers as possible whenever I could find them free to loiter or to walk. I heard them talking, and I listened. First it was mere gossip among the common fighters—gossip of some mysterious wizard in Rostov who gave the Russians away by radio before the Soviet had the slightest chance. Then I crept closer to the actual site of the German command until I saw the officers as they sat before a receiving set, copying down something. I came yet closer to the side of a certain house, and I could hear the dots and dashes."

"Incredible!"

"But it is true, comrade. I heard German officers talking of their friend inside Rostov—of how well he was doing. They said he would be responsible for the downfall of Rostov itself, and perhaps for the defeat of Russia."

THE colonel leaped from his chair, went to stand by the window. He turned his back on Boris Guidenny as he wiped the sweat from his face. With a determined, almost fatalistic air, he inquired: "Well, who did the Germans say the traitor was?"

"They did not say, comrade."

Ivan Blazonny returned to his chair and ran his fingers along the beveled edges of his mustaches. "They did not say?"

"No, comrade. They would call him 'friend' or simply 'he,' but never a name. Probably the men who spoke of him did not even know his name themselves."

"I see. And what is your recommendation?"

"Naturally, comrade, I shall return to Taganrog and see what else I can learn. Perhaps on the next attempt I shall get his name—and while I am gone will you not do something from your side of the front?"

"What can I do?"

"Begin a search all over Rostov for the man with the secret radio. Look in the streets and alleys, the houses and walls and basements, for the transmitter."

The colonel smiled confidently. "Yes, of course. And you will return at once to Taganrog?"

"Yes. The importance of this case is beyond description. If you had heard the officers talking of the information that radio has transmitted! Facts of inconceivable secrecy—location of Russian air units and artillery, troop movements for that day, and even orders for the next."

"Well, we shall catch him in our net. I will hold one end here. You hold the other at Taganrog."

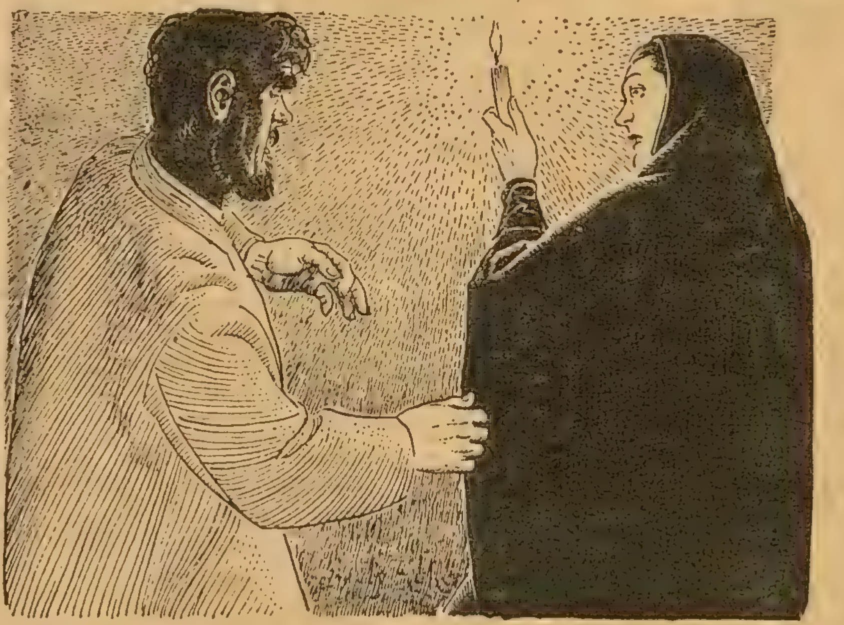
"Good. I'll report to you as often as I can. Now, to work again!"

Boris Guidenny slammed the door behind him, so full was he of the enthusiasm and excitement of the chase. Now he had found a genuine assignment of danger and a specific objective for his keen scent. His giant form seemed to float along the corridors in his exhilaration.

THE snowfall had stopped; the day was clear. There was a Sunday quality about it as the bright cold sun shone on the white glint of earth. For block after block Kaaron Terenski trudged through the snow. Enveloped in her own thoughts, she shut out entirely the first warnings of the air-raid alarm system and went on walking. She noted vaguely that she was near several army headquarters buildings guarded by sentries, and wondered if there was an air-raid shelter near. But she continued her methodical walking pace. When a bomb fell in the next block, she began to hurry along the street, seeking protection in earnest now. Finally she heard the shuddering noise of machine-gun bullets as a lone pilot began to strafe the street not far away. This broke the enchantment and Kaaron Terenski ran for her life.

At a corner she noted some stairs which led down from the street. She leaped down them, saw a door, ran through it and closed it behind her—to find herself in a cellar which could serve as a shelter until the airplanes went away again.

To cheer herself, she lit a cigarette. The flare of the match revealed a bare room. There was a candle in a corner, however, and she put the match to that. She heard only the insistent chatter of the machine guns on a German plane. Time and again it swooped low over the city. Kaaron kept hearing the shots with half her mind until she became aware, with a frightened start, that it was not the machine gun she was hearing now; it must be something else. For the machine gun was a low sound, an even tone, while this was pitched much higher, and it was uneven, some of the shots brief and others seeming to last twice as long.



It required only a few seconds to determine that the disturbance was coming from the other side of the inner wall; it required no longer to know that the sound was that of the dot-and-dash code.

As she held the candle high and explored, she noted that while the other walls were aged with wear, the far wall, which somehow contained the radio sound, was clean and smooth, its bricks unworn, its cement white and new. Soon she heard the dots and dashes stop. This was followed by what seemed the scraping of wood on the floor, the sound of soft quick steps on stairs, the quiet closing of a door, and ultimately the deadest of silence.

Kaaron put her ear close to the wall and listened a long time. She turned about several times in quaking indecision before she saw a nail on the floor. She took it and began to scrape away the cement between two of the bricks of the wall. Heedless and quick, she dug out the cement until she had bored a hole through. Still she could see nothing. She continued her excavation until she had dug away all the cement between the two bricks. Hopefully she lifted her candle to the crack and tried to light enough of the room to see in; but there was only darkness on the other side.

Then it occurred to her that she was using a candle which she had picked off the floor, and that wherever a candle was, there was the habitation of a person. This thought turned her blood to ice—and at that instant she saw that a grotesque, horrible man was in the room with her. She tried to scream, but the sound was not even begun before the creature had leaped across the room and put his hand over her mouth. She kept her eyes open, and she looked at the contorted and ugly thing which held her. Its head lolled on its shoulder in agonizing fashion.

"You have come to see Papushka, no? Papushka loves to have company. Do you like company?"

In spite of his questioning, he did not remove his hand from her mouth so that she might answer. The voice itself grated on her. It was a high and effeminate tone which squeaked and sputtered.

"After all, comrade, we can have no screaming here at a time like this, now, can we? I will remove my hand if you will be so good as to promise not to scream. I must tell you that if you break your promise I will simply dash your brains out against this wall. Do you promise?"

Kaaron did her best to nod. Her captor removed his hand from her mouth.

"You wanted to see me?"

"No, I didn't come to see you. I didn't know this was your home; it looked like a cellar. I was using it for an air-raid shelter. I will go now. I believe the airplanes have all left."

"First tell me what you were doing to that wall."

"Why, nothing. Merely standing against it."

"Did standing against it knock cement out from between bricks?"

Kaaron had to speak under the compulsion of his glance. "I—well, I heard something on the other side of the wall, and I wanted to find out what it was."

"What did you see through the hole you scraped?"

"Nothing but darkness."

"Perhaps you are not very clever. A really clever agent would have discovered more than you did."

"An agent? I am not an agent. I came here because there was an air raid."

"A very likely story."

"It's true; I swear it."

"Yet you found nothing. Our leader will be disappointed to hear of that."

"Our leader?"

"Yes. Heil Hitler!" Papushka said, performing the Nazi salute.

"Mine is a different salute." She raised her arm and folded her fist in the Communist sign.

Papushka seemed overjoyed. "Good!" he cried. "Good! Good! Comrade, I am as Russian as you. But I had to discover whether you were friend or enemy."

HE then retired to a corner as distant from the candle as possible. Papushka went about his business. He straightened his head on his neck again, shaking it from side to side to loosen the tired and stiff muscles. He removed a black sticky substance from his teeth, which now gleamed white. He began feeling about on his head as though groping for something. He peeled some substance away at several points around the edge of his bald skull. Finally, seeming to find what he wanted, he ripped off a wig, and from under it dark hair began to loosen. He straightened out and adjusted his clothing, and came back to Kaaron a comely young man of twenty-five, straight and strong and smiling.

Kaaron gasped at him as if she had just seen a miracle. And when Papushka spoke it was an additional wonder, for his voice was low and soft.

"I hope I didn't frighten you," he said.

"No—no. I—I really wasn't very frightened. But what is all this? What's happening on the other side of this wall?"

"I'm afraid I don't know. I am trying to find out."

"But isn't this a War Department building?"

"Yes, I believe it is."

"It seems very strange that the government should send you to eavesdrop on the doings of the War Department."

"Perhaps it is. But I have talked too much. You must go now, before we are both in serious trouble."

"But I don't want to go. Good heavens, man—what is your name, anyway?"

"Papushka."

"Very well, Papushka. I'm a Russian; you are a Russian. You seem to be doing something important. Let me help you do it. My name is Kaaron Terenski. My husband is a captain in the Red Army, my—"

"Why didn't you tell me, comrade? Very well. Perhaps I will give you something to do. Find the Rostov colonel for me."

"What?"

"The Rostov colonel. That is what the Germans call him. And I have searched throughout the city for some colonel who looks or acts suspicious. Now I have found a strange new wall obviously built across the center of an old cellar. That is all I know."

"Can't you find somebody now?"

"Find somebody? This building is full of colonels. It might be any of them, or it might be any one of thousands of other people. Regardless of my suspicions, I can't just walk into a building and ask every colonel there to submit to an inspection, can I?"

"Why are you looking for him?"

"Because he is sending messages to the Germans."

"But now you have found the suspect, why wait?"

"Don't be so foolhardy. Can I, in my civilian clothes, accuse a Red Army colonel of treason? And that radio code might be regular Russian Army communications, as far as I can say. Suppose I should blast out the wall and walk into the other room—straight into a secret meeting of the Russian High Command?"

"Why don't you listen sometime and find out what it says? Then you will know whether it is friend or foe."

"I am prepared to; but I only found this place myself a few hours ago, just after coming here from Taganrog. I heard none of the radio myself, except the last few dots and dashes. I was out, and came in while you were here. You must have heard it all. What was it saying?"

KAARON smiled. "I do not even know whether it was talking German or Russian."

"I would know; but first I must hear."

Papushka heard, and within the shortest possible time. Almost as he spoke, he heard a slight noise on the other side of the wall. Though he and Kaaron had been whispering, he motioned her to remain silent. Then they held their ears against the wall. There was the slight scraping of a chair as some one sat down; this was followed by the soft snap of a switch being thrown. There was a short pause, then the dots and dashes began.

Papushka required a long time to get his hearing properly attuned to the sounds. Finally he became accustomed to the speed and touch of the sender, and was obviously following the message. The sweat gathered on his brow, and he opened his mouth to form one word: "German!"

Finally the sounds ceased, the chair sounded slightly as it was moved, and there were the little tapping noises of shoes on stair steps fading rapidly away. After a long pause Papushka whispered:

"It was German, all right. He was even giving distances in kilometers instead of versts."

"Why don't you go get the traitor now?"

"Who is he?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Neither do I; and there are hundreds of persons upstairs from whom to choose."

"But surely you can do something! What was he telling the Germans in Taganrog?"

"He located several divisions which had been moved last night. He told them there would be a cavalry attack somewhere near Novocherkassk at three o'clock this afternoon. He said that the Russian Army was discussing plans for military evacuation of the city."

"You must tell the men upstairs that there is a spy among them."

"And have the entire Army laughing at me? If the spy really is an Army colonel, do you think they would take my word against his?"

"Surely you plan to watch longer—to keep an accurate account of his movements?"

"That, too, may prove impossible, comrade."

"Why?"

"Because I must get away to report to Boris Guidenny."

"If Rostov is taken in the meantime, and all of us betrayed, what then?"

"On the other hand, if I try to display my bravery now, and the quarry becomes wise and consequently wary, what will we have gained?"

Kaaron seemed to despair. "Oh, very well; go your way, then. Go to Boris Guidenny, and I will stay here. I only hope that Russia has not fallen by the time you return."

"Russia will not fall, comrade."

He was putting on his wig, and the black substance which covered most of his teeth. He was standing near the closed door as he said, "Good fortune, comrade." Then he opened it, looked in both directions quickly, and was gone, closing the door noiselessly behind him.

Kaaron waited a reasonable time, then walked out and toward her home. She looked back at the door as though to mark it firmly in her mind for the future.

TO the north and east of Rostov the battle continued to go well for the defending Russian arms. It was not that the Soviet forces were actually hurling the enemy back but that for the first time the German blitzkrieg was very nearly stalled. Instead of leaping leagues at a time, it reverted to an inch-by-inch process, exhausting and bewildering to men who had thus far known nothing but speed and success. Papushka and Boris met at the edge of a forest near Taganrog behind the German front, where Boris, in a German infantryman's uniform, had been waiting for several hours, attempting to find a clear space and an odd moment when he might insert himself in the German lines. Papushka's method of travel knew no such complications, for his character of an insane old Russian with a paralyzed neck gave him more freedom of movement.

"What have you learned?" Boris asked.

"I have heard the radio," Papushka said.

"So have I—in Taganrog."

"But I have heard it with my ear not more than ten feet away from the sending key. I spent many days loitering near the various places where colonels work in Rostov, the headquarters and supply houses and the like. And I found one cavalry headquarters which had a strange basement with a new wall. I listened, and I heard noises on the other side—radio code sounds."

"Have you taken him?"

"No. If he is a colonel, I need more authority."

"You should have killed him."

"But I don't know who he is. A wall separated us. How was I to know which colonel to kill?"

"You are too timid, Papushka. You could have blown up the building, comrade. Better to lose a whole headquarters staff than to keep on losing all the men this radio is costing us."

"I am sorry. But had I only known who he was—"

"I know who he is; I will tell you."

"Who?"

"Colonel Ivan Blazonny."

"Who is he?"

"He is an old friend of mine, comrade. I knew him a long time in western Russia, when we worked together in the Army."

"How do you know it is he?"

"Because he alone knew I was returning to Taganrog the last time to listen to the German receiving sets. And when I arrived in Taganrog the Germans were looking for me. They had my name, my whole description. Who else could have told them?"

"No one, of course. And now?"

"When I arrive in Rostov, I will not have to do any searching. I will merely walk into the building and find my friend Ivan Blazonny and shoot him through the head. Give me time and do not trip on my heels. They may wonder what two wanderers are doing together."

Boris left the sheltered trees and went out into the snow on the plain. He walked until he came near a group of marching German infantrymen, and he joined them, merging with the mass to work his way to the front again and ultimately to Rostov.

IT was with the utmost impatience that Kaaron Terenski ordered herself to wait until night came before daring again to enter the basement. She waited a long time, listening at the wall with all her attention. But there was no noise. Kaaron then struck a match and found the partially burned candle on the floor. She stood guard there a long time, listening. Then, satisfied that she was able to breathe and work without great danger, she proceeded.

She took the nail from the floor and began to scrape the mortar from between two other bricks. As soon as it was loosened on all sides, she re-inserted it in its proper place. Then she began working on another brick in the same part of the wall. When it was loose, she sprinkled some of the mortar dust back in its proper place, to keep the thickness about the same, and put the brick back in the wall.

Throughout the night she labored with no interruption. Her hands became blistered. She took every care to keep the wall looking as it had always looked, though the bricks were being loosened. She never had more than one brick out of place at a time. Yet her progress seemed discouragingly slow. Morning came, but she worked on.

She heard a noise somewhere inside. She hurriedly but silently slipped the brick which she had just pried out into place. Then she heard the chair scrape, the switch snap, the radio dots and dashes begin. After a long time the crackling noise ceased, the switch snapped again, the chair scraped as it went back into position, and she heard the fading steps. Then there was silence. Kaaron stood and listened to the silence a long time.

Then she began to work again with her little instrument and her bare hands.

The city of Rostov—what was left of it—celebrated a victory on the next day. In the worst possible straits itself, it was heartened by a decision gained by the Russian armies near by. The obtrusion or "neck" of a German Army thrusting itself into Russia near Novocherkassk was rudely lopped off in a trap.

This Russian trap near Novocherkassk was developed and slipped over the heads of the Germans because Timoshenko outguessed von Kleist in this operation at least. When the German thrust for Novocherkassk began a squadron of dive bombers opened the attack in conjunction with mortar and artillery fire. The planes threw powder and steel at the Russian lines, while the mortars rained explosives. Meantime the heavy field artillery was peppering the earth in front of the Russian lines. After an hour of this, when the Russian defenses were deemed sufficiently "softened up," the tanks began to come.

Immediately, without waiting even for the tanks to make contact with the flank, Timoshenko threw his infantry out of the trenches on the left flank and had thousands of men crossing the bitter fire in the questioned ground to reach German entrenchments, where bloody fighting ensued. The Russians took the first line of Nazi trenches and held them. Meantime the German tanks continued their blows, while the Russian infantry on that side retreated precipitately. But the retreating Russian infantry did not fall back to the rear of the tanks and trucks and armored cars, but to the flanks, running to the sides as fast as it could to escape the murderous tank fire. Now the Russian infantrymen were far to the sides of the tank line.

At an order, they ran forward pell-mell toward the German positions on their side, opposite the Reds who had already breached the other flank's position. The theme of the day was attack, attack; there was little time for thought of defense anywhere. The only defense was to weaken the opponent.

At the rear of the Russian lines, many of the German tanks were simply free to go all the way into Novocherkassk if they wished. Across the snows they went, apparently unopposed. Behind them came the motorized infantry in scores and scores of powerful trucks. They reached the outskirts of the city without other opposition.

Meantime the Russian infantry had swept on past the first trench lines to take over and encircle an entire area of the German task force. The Russians were amazed to discover that the strength of the Nazi line was far less than had been anticipated. It was thin; it had no real depth. There was something of the false front about it. Still, the Russian attackers dug deeper into the German positions, aided by a few tanks of their own and one or two airplanes. They took many prisoners but killed a great many more. And, at about the time the Germans believed they were getting the infantry situation stabilized, a battalion of white-robed Russian ski troops appeared where nothing but snow had been previously seen, and the rout continued.

The German mechanized and motorized divisions all the while continued toward Novocherkassk. They were within sight of its main districts when they were ambushed. From the side of the road they traveled came noises which sounded doom to the ears of the tank drivers and the infantrymen in the trucks. And they faced not a few scraggling Russians but a well equipped division of the Red Army, dressed in invisible white and spread out unseen along two or three miles of the road.

Small antitank units, hidden everywhere, opened fire against tanks and trucks alike, while the German soldiers, rapidly alighting from the trucks and seeking shelter for the fight, were immediately greeted by exploding hand grenades. In ten minutes the entire scene was one of dazzling ugliness, the flames of the burning tanks and trucks reflected unbearably from the white snow. The German soldiers who dismounted so enthusiastically to fight soon hurried back into the trucks which remained, while those whose trucks were destroyed turned and ran, many of them trying unsuccessfully to board one of the tanks.

The rout was declared complete.

KAARON TERENSKI had no interest in the battle, for she was fighting her own battle in a little room far below a building in Rostov. She had leaned against one of the side walls and contrived to get some necessary sleep, but she had had no real rest since entering the basement on the previous night. Her hands were now wet with the blood and broken blisters engendered by her struggle with the brick and the mortar. On and on, endlessly it seemed, she labored to gain entrance to the mysterious chamber next door.

Perhaps her long travail had worn her senses dull; but, whatever the cause, the result came near being disastrous. She heard a noise slightly above her, in the other room—almost immediately above her head, she guessed. The occupant of the other side was entering, and she had not heard him in time. There was not even a moment now, and she had no chance whatever to replace the missing brick. She ceased all noise and movement as quickly as possible, extinguished her candle, and stood at the edge of the wall, sensing the presence on the other side.

Then she heard the chair scrape on the other side. This was followed by the sound of the radio dots and dashes. Once she dared to lower her face for a split second into the aperture where the brick had been. She saw that the gap was to the man's back and a fair distance away, and felt some consolation and relief. She tried to inspect him, but could only see that he had a broad back and was wearing the uniform of the Russian Army. She was looking, she knew, at the Rostov colonel. She did not dare to look at him long.

Finally he rose and walked past her, perhaps a foot and a half away, and she even felt through the hole in the wall the slight breeze stirred by his passing through the still air. She heard him mount the steps, and the sounds diminishing with terrifying slowness until he paused somewhere. Then there was a louder mechanical scraping sound, a pause, another scraping sound, and final silence.

For a long time Kaaron Terenski stood and trembled. Then she struck a match, lit the candle, and went back to her work again. She saw that she had almost completed the task she had set for herself. She had perhaps fifteen bricks loose, and she calculated that another day's work would open up a gap large enough for her or even a large man to go through.

She had seen only the Rostov colonel's back, and even that seemed sinister and despicable. Everything about the man that she knew combined to feed the flames of her hatred. Filled with this thought, she went back to her digging again, despite raw hands and tired eyes. In only a few minutes she had loosened another brick in the wall and had added another link to the chain of the colonel's fate.

THE Russian infantry began to cross the first line of German defenses, and found none of the depth it suspected was there. In the middle of the afternoon Russian soldiers hurtled across the first German stratum, expecting every moment that an enemy counterattack would come to throw them out of the captured positions. The counterattack did not come; there was apparently very little strength behind the farthermost penetration. And while the dazed Russians were seeking some explanation for this phenomenon, the German tank unit which had thrust itself so far to the east began to return. The fact was—and Timoshenko was the first to discover it—that the attack on Novocherkassk this day had been designed primarily as a feint to distract the Russians from the front immediately to the west of Rostov itself. He calculated that von Kleist was actually offering only a slight thrust north of Rostov, hoping to siphon Red power away from Rostov and then to hit it a mortal blow frontally from the west.

It was late in the winter afternoon, past four o'clock, when the movement to the west was noticed. Timoshenko, having anticipated the surrounding movement to the north and east, had actually removed a large body of infantry from the city to meet the attack. He had left only what he considered a holding force to the west of Rostov. This holding force, a conglomerate outfit of infantry and cavalry, began shortly after four to fall back on the city itself, even retreating into the suburbs.

As the attack progressed the strength of the Germans seemed to augment itself, for more troops were tossed in as the miles were passed. Von Kleist appeared to be following the strategy of holding each unit of importance until it was utterly needed, then of throwing it into the battle like a projectile to give added explosiveness and push to the advance. With this constantly renewed impetus, the Germans wheeled solidly into the suburbs of Rostov. It was the first penetration of the municipal area.

Timoshenko and his aides quickly threw together what reserve strength there was accumulated in the city. Yet the Nazis pounded on. They did not take the ground; they absorbed it. They did not seem to march, but came out of the earth like creatures of hell, and rolled on inexorably. They seemed to have no speed at all. It was as if they had been intentionally minimizing their velocity.

It was the Nazi war machine in low gear, concentrating on sure and steady power instead of upon speed. It whipped and lashed at its Russian adversaries. Behind a protective armor of tanks and cars, it walked to another victory. An observer sitting a thousand miles above the earth to enjoy the spectacle would have seen the great black snake in the snow coiling ever so slowly, striking with great deliberateness, continuing to strike, as if deriving a kind of diabolical enjoyment out of delaying each fang thrust.

Timoshenko threw in the Russian cavalry. They rode straight across the city and into the suburbs where the Germans had made their penetration. They did not stop to organize their lines or breathe their horses, but plunged against the German column as quickly as they could reach it. For tanks or trucks or men they did not stop. Through their own defenders and directly into enemy ranks they rode. The German Army was being chopped up, with the cavalry in the middle of it and the infantry hitting sledge-hammer blows from the front. Still, for minutes longer the stubborn Germans maintained the fight in the same general suburban area. But their courage broke under the pressure and they soon began to fall back again.

As they did so, the Russian cavalrymen chopped their way out of the German mass, joined the Russian infantry in front, and helped to keep the attack going. Now it was the Russian advance which was going along inexorably; for the German retreat was quite as precipitate as its advance was deliberate. Once begun, the Nazis fell back with increasing speed. By nightfall they were a mile behind the positions from which they had launched the day's offensive.

Peter Terenski, his arm cut in two places, brought back into formation the survivors of his cavalry troop and allowed them to rest themselves and their horses. He was panting but happy after the exhilaration of the battle. He had known no calm and peace as glorious as the determination which possessed him in combat. Now that the day's struggle was evidently over, a terrible lowering of his mood overcame him. He thought of his wife. He wondered where she was. He thought of her at home, reading or practicing at the piano or preparing a meal.

The actuality was, of course, far different. Kaaron Terenski was still in the basement under the headquarters building, clawing at the brick wall. It was beginning to surrender to her fierce assault. Some twenty-five bricks had now been loosened, and the result amounted almost to a door.

Now she believed that she had taken out enough bricks. Her next move could be performed only at the safest possible time. She calculated that that would be immediately after the colonel had made one of his broadcasts, for then he would be least likely to come into the cellar. Until that time, Kaaron decided, she might as well sleep. And when she once relaxed, she almost collapsed and was soon asleep.

Some hours later she was awakened by the familiar sound of the key operating. She had been so deep asleep that she had heard none of the sounds of his preparation. But now she lay and listened to the dots and dashes throwing out to the German Army the carpet of facts on which it might ride into Rostov. She was immediately entirely awake and straining herself to listen. Then the sound stopped, the occupant of the other room went away, and there was silence.

With tense excitement, Kaaron then took down the bricks which she had loosened. She placed them all on the floor until the aperture loomed large. It was big enough for her now! She peered in all directions with great care; then she stepped nimbly across into the room. She stood there a few minutes, trembling. Then she went to work again.

Behind her she carefully re-erected the wall. She was now sealed in the room where she must meet the spy. She went to the corner farthest from the radio transmitting set and the table where the candle was located. She inspected the wall again, to make certain that it was complete. She blew out her own candle.

Then she sat down to wait.

THE morning came to Taganrog unwillingly. The sun was a long time arriving through the curtain of clouds which barred its path. Ultimately the light of day shed itself on the city and the battle area.

But if the sun was gloomy, there was a glow in the field headquarters of Colonel-General Ewald von Kleist. Defeated yesterday in his attempt to enter Rostov from the west, he had had new optimism brought to him with the revelation by the broadcaster of Rostov that the cavalry division was the last barrier which could have saved the city. Now that that was known, proper preparations could be made.

And he scanned, too, a suggestion of the Rostov colonel that equal attacks be launched simultaneously at Novocherkassk and at Rostov, in order to divide the enemy's strength and make impossible such transfers of forces as had been accomplished yesterday. Von Kleist observed that the Rostov colonel was not only an excellent spy but had apparently had some little military training.

To an aide the general said: "We are going to perform two operations this afternoon—the same two operations we performed yesterday. This time, both operations will be started at precisely the same time; that will certainly prevent any transfer of units behind their lines. We will begin at four o'clock this afternoon."

IN the cold minutes after midnight, Boris Guidenny came to the building where the offices of his friend Colonel Ivan Blazonny were situated. He entered the outer office, where a young man was sitting at a small desk.

"I want to see Colonel Ivan Blazonny."

"I'm very sorry, but the colonel is extremely busy. State your business and I will bring it before him."

"I can assure you that it is of the greatest importance to Russia, but beyond that I cannot go."

"Then beyond that door you cannot go, either."

For a moment Boris Guidenny wanted to tear away from the young man and break in the door. But he thought better of it, and decided to bide his time with such a valuable piece of prey as the Rostov colonel. Reluctantly he sat down in a chair and tried to reconcile himself to the ordeal of waiting. He saw by a wall clock that it was slightly after one o'clock in the morning. He could hear the battle nearing the city.

"Are they getting closer, comrade?"

"It certainly sounds as if they are," the young man said.

The clashes of conflict approached nearer the principal section of the city. Von Kleist was pressing his advantage this morning with everything he had. Having the Russian Army at last retreating at a fair clip, he was resolved that he would keep it moving at that speed and if possible accelerate it. He was pushing his tired troops beyond the previously known limit of their endurance. They moved onward, occasionally being attacked by remaining pockets of Russians hiding in the snow, but always moving forward.

Captain Peter Terenski and his band of cavalrymen rode everywhere. They made no distinction as to functions, and there was no front line. They galloped into sections of the city that had been untouched by the enemy, then cut back behind the Germans, and attacked whole regiments before retiring as wholly as possible. In his experience with Russians and the Russian mind, Terenski remembered no such fantastic heroism as this dark morning produced.

And yet—and yet, for all their thrusts and parries, the Russians had to retreat through the Rostov streets. The German arms pushed on through the outskirts of the city, the superiority of their aviation, their artillery, and their numerical manpower gradually overwhelming the Russians. By two o'clock in the morning the Germans were only a few blocks from the center of the city.

Boris Guidenny still sat and waited for the colonel to emerge from his office.

A panting messenger entered, flung an official order down on the aide's desk, and ran out. The aide read it, and saw that it was an order to evacuate the office. He knocked on the door.

"Colonel! Colonel!" he shouted. There was no response. "Colonel Blazonny! We have orders to evacuate the building and retire to the east! Colonel! Colonel!"

Boris Guidenny joined in the shouting and the pounding on the door, but to no avail. He could hear in the hall the noises of the other officers as they put their coats on and rushed out the front door. He and the aide continued to shout for the colonel. They even attempted to break the door open—but without success.

"Do you want to go?" Boris asked.

"But I must inform the colonel."

"I'll wait. Leave it to me. I will tell the colonel."

"Oh—very well, comrade."

The young man flung his cap and coat on and threw himself out the door. Boris breathed in great relief, knowing that he was now alone in the building. He proceeded to the door and, loosing the strength he had not used before, broke it down with one lunge of his body. He looked about the inner office. There was no Colonel Ivan Blazonny there. Then he remembered what the aide had said—the colonel was locked in and did not wish to be disturbed. That being the case, Blazonny must have made an exit from inside the room somewhere. He sought the means of that exit, but found none. He remained in the room, however, pacing and wondering. He remained, pondering and calculating. Where was Ivan Blazonny?

AT fifteen minutes after midnight Ivan Blazonny had undergone his usual ritual. To his aide outside he had said: "For the next few minutes I will be busy with some very important papers and I don't want to see any one. I will come out when I am finished."

He had a feeling of contentment. The task at which he had spent his labor for so long was nearing completion. Ever since his assignment on the western border years ago, when he had first met the Germans, he had planned this night. He had thought of almost nothing else in the countless months which separated the two high points of his existence. He thought casually of how estimable a character he would be in Berlin's eyes once this conquest was complete, the war was over, and the New Order firmly established in Europe and Asia. It was a very comforting reflection.

As he came down the stairs, the eyes of Kaaron Terenski were focused feverishly upon him. For almost an entire day she had been sitting in a corner of the basement. In the corner were several dark cloth sacks which had apparently been used in hauling building material or radio equipment into the basement. Kaaron Terenski scooted far back into a curving nook, surrounded by these sacks. In her dark clothing she merged into the shadows and was almost invisible.

Now, having been awakened by the sliding of the panel, she cowered without breathing in the corner as Colonel Ivan Blazonny walked slowly down the stairs facing her, and turned toward his transmitting set.

Kaaron uncovered the pistol which had been in her hand all the while, ready to fire. She squeezed the trigger and the shot screamed across the room. The colonel twitched, then turned and stood up. He grasped his neck. The bullet had grazed the side of it.

Now Kaaron Terenski stood and faced him, while he held the chair with one hand, gripping his neck with the other and groaning.

"I want you to know—if you can still hear—that your crime is known; that I am a Russian woman who knows the unspeakably monstrous things you have done, and that I am going to kill you."

He was still conscious and he sprang blindly at her. As he did so, the gun, now firm in her hand, roared again. He was almost upon her when she put another bullet into his chest, a fourth into his shoulder, a fifth into his head. Kaaron Terenski stepped aside to let him slump against the wall. Then, with the butt of the now empty revolver, she beat with all her strength upon his skull.

She stepped back a moment to survey her handiwork. Then, with a burst of nervous power, she ripped down the bricks which she had loosed, rushed through the gap into the outer basement, then out past the loose and banging door. She was outside the building, after three days. She noticed that it was cool, but she did not feel the freezing bite of the wind. She walked to the front of the building. For a long, long time she stood there and looked in all directions as if waiting or fearing something predictable. Then she found the twisted face of Papushka looking into hers.

"HELLO, comrade," Papushka said.

Kaaron Terenski said nothing. She began to cry pitifully. Papushka allowed her to cry a long time.

"What is the matter, comrade? You must tell Papushka. He must know. What is the matter?"

"I killed the Rostov colonel with the radio sender."

"But you—a woman, killing the colonel—"

Kaaron wept. "You need only look inside to find the body."

He left her long enough to go into the basement and examine it. When he returned, Kaaron Terenski had fainted. Papushka rubbed snow on her face to revive her. Then from inside his coat he brought a flask of wine and poured it down her throat. It revived her at once.

"You must go home now," he said.

"Yes; I will go."

Kaaron Terenski, stricken dumb in body and soul, turned toward home. There was only one thought in her mind now; that was the vision of the Rostov colonel as he had turned, his face contorted in pain, to look at her after her first shot. She carried that vision of the colonel to her home, to her bed, to her sleep and to her dreams.

Papushka, after he left her, turned back to the basement. He entered and closed the door behind him. Then he went through the gap which Kaaron had made, and was alone with the body of Colonel Blazonny. He straightened himself now, exercising his head and neck to make them comfortable. He used the candle which Blazonny had lit, and he went to work at disconnecting the radio sending set. He snipped the leading wires in order to make the entire equipment transportable. Boris would find a use for this. He wondered where Boris Guidenny was at this moment—Boris, who had expected to be in Rostov before Papushka arrived.

Boris was at the moment directly above Papushka, still attempting to discover what possible exit the colonel could have made. He noted that the windows were all locked from the inside, and he ceased to worry about them. He turned, finally, to the wall. He tapped rapidly along the panels until he discovered one with a definitely hollow sound to it. This he handled, shoved at, investigated, probed, and pushed until he saw it move. He rolled it all the way, baring the staircase. As he did so, Papushka in the cellar, hearing the noise, blew out his candle quickly and retreated to a corner.

Boris found a stump of a candle near the head of the stairs and lit it. Then slowly he started down the stairs. As he did so, Papushka stood almost flat against the wall, wildly groping in his mind for some possible move. But he found none.

Guidenny now was at the bottom, throwing the candle's beam in all directions, when Papushka saw the face lighted by the flame. Calmly and quietly Papushka said: "Hello, Boris Guidenny."

Boris stood paralyzed and he neither moved nor spoke. It was Papushka who broke the long silence.

"The body of Ivan Blazonny is lying not two feet behind you!"

Boris, dumfounded, turned and saw. His amazement was almost instantaneously replaced by an envious anger. "But, comrade," he said, "this was to be my contribution. You have stolen it from me!"

Papushka smiled and laughed again. "You are mistaken. I did not kill him. He got those wounds out of the pistol of Kaaron Terenski."

"A woman killed him?"

"None other."

"I salute her."

"She was here for days. There is an outside entrance. Then there is a wall. She tore down a part of the wall, brick by brick, entered, sealed the wall again, and waited here for her chance. It came an hour or so ago. I salute her, too," Papushka said.

A HAGGARD dawn arose. It seemed to peer with dreadful curiosity at the havoc the night had wrought. In almost every sector of the ancient city of Rostov there were evidences of shell and flame and sword. There were blocks of gutted buildings, many of them still in flames; others went on smoldering. And everywhere were the dead and dying. But the battle itself was still raging in full vigor.

Colonel-General Ewald von Kleist was not one to pause while he held the superior hand. When the German force gained its initial advantage at Rostov, he flailed it unmercifully to supreme efforts. When the first breach was opened, he poured not a mere regiment or two but the entire strength of the southern Nazi Army into it. From the north his forces near Novocherkassk now descended upon Rostov even as the Army from the west was absorbing the city. This forced a constant two-pronged retreat by the Russians to the east and to the south. Timoshenko's plans for evacuation of the city, however, were carried out *in toto,* and the still intact Russian Army left Rostov in excellent order.

Within the city itself, Boris Guidenny, now at the head of the guerrillas, had little concern for the military situation. He was wholly enveloped in a project of his own. By the middle of the morning he had gone a half dozen times from Kaaron Terenski's home to the cathedral and back again.

"Why don't you sit down a few minutes?" Kaaron asked him. "Is there anything else at all that you can do at the cathedral?"

"Not that I can think of."

"Then why do you keep getting up and going over there to look at it?"

"I want to be sure that everything is going according to plan."

"This isn't like you, Boris."

Before Kaaron could speak again, he was gone, almost at a run. Josef Balenkov entered from the next room, and Kaaron asked him, "Just what is it that you are going to do this afternoon, Josef?"

"What I have been wanting to do ever since I remember—play the organ in Rostov Cathedral. There is to be a memorial service there this afternoon."

"Are you sure that is all?"

"I have no other duty."

"I don't understand, Josef. Boris talked as if you had an extremely important role to perform."

"You will understand this afternoon. I am going to play the organ. Wait and see."

It was at one thirty in the afternoon that Colonel Adrian Pfeiffer and Gruska Palyavitch set out for Rostov Cathedral. The colonel condescendingly explained to Gruska.

"We must adapt ourselves to the ways of the occupied territories," he said. "It makes administration so much easier."

"Does it?"

"That is the theory at least, my dear lady. The experiment is still going on. Anyhow, we will make the test here and see."

They rode in silence. Colonel Pfeiffer, besides notifying many German officers and soldiers of the reopening of the cathedral, had formed a large group of his own officers and friends. They arrived shortly before two o'clock in front of the cathedral. There was a large crowd gathered, despite cold and murky weather. German guards stood at the entrance and were prominent in the worship chamber.

Inside the lights were soft, diffused over the walls and ceiling. Instantly the eyes of the colonel gleamed with delight as he took in the ornaments, the furniture, and the costumes. All thoughts of the war, of Gruska, of the men beside him, were gone as Adrian Pfeiffer gloated over the richness of the cathedral's principal hall.

He continued his course downward to the front of the chamber. The first five rows had been marked off for the Germans. They were rapidly filling up, principally with high officers. A priest and his helpers were in place. The cathedral was almost full. At two o'clock the service opened.

Josef Balenkov at the organ drowned himself in the flood of music. It was for this, he knew, that he had been born. He was Josef Balenkov and he was playing the organ in Rostov Cathedral. As the priest retreated and the music began, he steeled himself not to think about what would happen in the next ten minutes. He put far from his thought the arrangements which Boris Guidenny had made two days before—the connection which tied the top key of the organ's console to machine guns hidden behind the pipes.

Josef thrust out of his mind any consideration of reality, so that he might devote himself without stint to the music. He was a god, and the organ was his agent, as he built a universe of ecstatic sound. And as he built it he knew: "Tomorrow they will catch me. Tomorrow or the next day. And that will be the end, for they will kill me. But, in the meantime, I must make the music, finish the structure. I am organist at Rostov Cathedral now."

And it seemed to him that the organ and he spoke to each other of the things they loved. He was immersed, bathed in the magic tones. What did it matter now about the guns planted above and aimed carefully to strafe the first five rows of the cathedral seats? What could it matter now that he had only to touch the top key with his little finger to trip the switch and set the guns electrically muttering, hiccuping a nasty chatter of death at the German visitors?

His hands seemed detached things moving over the console to find the chords which would please him most. With the rising tide in him, he raised the volume of the organ so that it began to speak, whereas it had been whispering, the things he wanted to hear. Slowly, slowly its voice grew.

Colonel Pfeiffer said: "Well, Gruska, do you think you have heard enough of the service for one day? Come, we will take a tour of the building."

IT was not now a hymn which Josef Balenkov was playing. It was the old Russian anthem, the music which had for so long meant, to every Russian, the grandeur and glory of the steppes, rivers, and seas.

In the last bars of the anthem he advanced into the highest notes with his right hand, still carrying a grumbling, devout bass with his left. And, at the time when he felt he had toppled the very earth from its orbit and had stood among the stars, his little finger touched the top note of the console.

Josef Balenkov scarcely heard the machine guns as they began their terrifying stutter, sweeping over the front part of the cathedral. He heard from far off. He heard through a dozen walls of music which he had built around himself and which seemed impervious to everything. He brought the anthem then to its shattering close. By the time he had allowed the final notes to fade, the machine guns had completed their task and had relaxed into silence.

He wiped the tears from his face and sat still a moment, hearing nothing. Then he turned to face the congregation.

At least fifty Germans, most of them high-ranking officers, were dead or dying. Many more of them were wounded.

Colonel Adrian Pfeiffer, who had been at the rear of the chamber when the shooting began, tried to minister to the wounded soldiers. Josef Balenkov looked for his friends but could find none of them, and so presumed they must have gone before the note was struck.

He shook off his rapt state in time to think of escaping. But he was arrested before he could take a step from the organ. Josef Balenkov did not seem to care; he offered no protest.

UPON his arrival in Rostov, a German general chose for his headquarters one of the finest buildings in the city. Somehow in the battering tides of the war this edifice had escaped. Settling into it comfortably, the general found it quite to his taste. He moved his entire staff in with him.

A heavy guard was, as a matter of course, thrown about the residence. Into fine beds instead of the usual cots the officers threw themselves early on their first evening in the structure. Shortly after two o'clock in the morning the house was dynamited and shattered to bits and every man in it was killed. No one knew how the explosion could have occurred. The Germans, impotent, executed hostages and hoped the deaths would discourage other such guerrilla tactics.

The colonel of a tank corps was also happy to reach Rostov. For months he had been working under the most severe handicaps, lacking a thousand things he needed in his headquarters regiment. In Rostov everything was to be found: electric power, telephone system, street railway, highways. Now his work would proceed smoothly and with the stiff efficiency he loved.

The second night he was in Rostov, he picked up the ornate telephone on his desk to give instructions to some of his men at another location in the city. Two minutes later his aides found him dead. The telephone had not been connected to the telephone line but to a deadly high-power transmission line. German engineers immediately found the difficulty and corrected it. The following night another officer was killed on the same telephone. Every night thereafter, Russian operatives connected the telephone line to the power line; every day German engineers ran down the entire system to find the flaw and eradicate it. German officers stopped using telephones. Even on urgent military business, they used slower methods of transmitting orders.

A locomotive, its steam up, stood on a main-line track at Rostov, waiting for German Army use. Russian civilians overwhelmed the Nazi guards and stole the locomotive. They pointed it westward along the principal route at top speed. Coming eastward on the same line was a full trainload of German troops. Leaping from their machine at the last possible moment, the Russians smashed the locomotive head-on into the German troop train.

An estimated three hundred German soldiers were killed outright and at least as many were wounded. When the survivors began to crawl from the wreckage, Russian snippers hidden in heavy brush near the tracks killed them. It was not until German officers organized a fighting unit of the survivors that the guerrillas retreated. The German occupying authorities killed more hostages, but the Nazi armies were still somewhat timid about riding on trains.

After the Germans had taken Rostov, and the Russian armies had retreated to the east and south, the Nazis chose a broad highway to bring up most of their supplies and reinforcements. They had suffered particularly heavy losses in tanks and it was necessary to roll up many of the mechanical monsters along that highway. Not many of them reached the fighting front.

For Russian guerrillas devised a flat land mine which could be buried flush with the surface of the ground and thus be all but invisible. Time after time German tanks were blown to hulks when they rumbled over these caches of high explosives. Day after day German patrols scoured the road for the mines, removing those they could find. Night after night Russians filled it with mines again. The Germans executed hostages in Rostov, but the tanks continued to speed to their doom.

At one of the tank parks in Rostov German soldiers became intimate with a kindly white-bearded Russian peasant. Daily he would bring in food. On the fifth day of German occupation he drove into the tank park as usual in his wagon. He dismounted and pointed to some sacks in the vehicle.

"Where," he asked the soldiers, "is the mess sergeant? These are the potatoes he requisitioned."

The soldiers pointed out the mess sergeant's door and the peasant walked toward it. A moment later the "potatoes" exploded, killing several soldiers and destroying three German tanks. The Germans shot hostages, but soldiers thereafter had reason to be afraid of potatoes.

The city of Rostov was strewn with high explosives. Bombs would explode when a curtain was raised, when a light switch was flipped, when a toilet was flushed. They would blow up when a fire was lit, when a doorknob was twisted, when a radio receiver was turned on, when a faucet was touched, or even when a window was closed.

German engineering detachments worked sleeplessly against impossible odds. There were not enough of them to attend to the entire town. They did what they could, but it was not enough. Even from the first day of occupation, the mines were heard blasting. And every day thereafter heard the sounds multiply as the time bombs began to reach their dead lines and more and more Germans poured in to occupy more houses, close more windows, touch more light switches. It was in the thousands and the tens of thousands that the Germans had to figure their Rostov casualties.

For a day or two, most of the people of Rostov were sullen and silent toward the conquerors. By the third day their opposition was obvious and open. By the fourth day the Germans were fighting not only the Russian Army but the people of Rostov as well. The people grew bolder every hour.

The German soldier was famed for his skill and morale, and rightly so. He was as heedless of death as any soldier ever made. He had been seasoned in campaign after campaign. But the simple fact is that the German soldier was this day faced with an enemy the like of which he had never seen before, and he became uneasy, then uncertain, and finally afraid.

He was afraid to go to bed, for there might be a bomb under his cot, or buried in the ground beside him, or hanging from the light, or stuck in the attic. He was not afraid to fight and not afraid to die; but he was afraid of the mystery and the threat which surrounded him everywhere in Rostov.

Reprisals in Rostov continued until even the most hardened of German commanders grew sick of the blood, and yet the sabotage of the Army by the people of Rostov went on. Colonel-General Ewald von Kleist, meanwhile, was striving fiercely to maintain an Army in front of

Rostov capable of using the city as a base and chasing the fleeing Russians toward the east and to the south into the Caucasus. Rostov should have been the swivel on which he could hinge a great sweep by his Army; but it was such an uneasy swivel that even the bravest and most veteran soldier found it altogether too bewildering.

Nazi nerves were frayed and sleep was shattered. The Army attempting to push forward from Rostov could get no support from the rear; the Army remaining in Rostov could get no reinforcement from the Fatherland. After throwing themselves like hungry beasts at Rostov, the Germans tried to rest and store up enough energy to continue the fight against the fleeing Timoshenko. But they could not rest or acquire new energy. There was no rest in an exploding bed, no surcease in burning houses. Von Kleist, an organizing genius, was ideally suited to bring order out of the confusion, but even he felt impotent before what he saw and felt and heard daily.

Thus on November 29 began the first major defeat ever inflicted on the armies of Adolf Hitler. At the height of the confusion inside Rostov, Marshal Timoshenko threw the strength of his forces at the harassed Nazis. To the pressure from within he added a new and potent pressure from without.

In company with his cavalry unit, Captain Terenski had just recrossed the Don River. He looked back of him for a moment. His horsemen were far in the lead of all the advancing Russian forces, and he was ahead of his men, pushing their way back into the city. There was heavy skirmishing in the region of the docks just after the crossing had been effected, but the strength of the Nazi garrison there had been sapped by the guerrillas within the city and the engagement was quickly over.

Peter Terenski and his troops, clad in the white uniforms which the Russian cavalry used for snow fighting, now penetrated deep into the German lines, and then drew back when they saw themselves almost surrounded. They drove ahead, however, time and again—each time making more progress, each time coming closer to the center of the city.

Behind them came the stolid Russian infantry to hold and make secure the bloody ground won by the cavalry. It plodded ahead through the late afternoon across the white field which was the city; it pushed on like the relentless machine which the Soviet had made it.

THE snow had ceased, but the cold had increased. The preceding night had seen scores of Germans, on the Rostov fringes or on the plain between the two cities, fall and freeze. But the vast Army's hulk was falling from one position after another as the Reds relentlessly carried forward their counteroffensive. And the focal point of this mass retreat was today Taganrog.

The Nazis came to Taganrog wounded and limping, tired and cursing, snow in their hair and frostbite on their fingers and toes. They came to Taganrog creeping in humiliation or running from the pursuing foe. They came in pain, in cold, in undeniable but inexplicable retreat. They were dazed by their first beating. They did not recognize themselves, nor could they understand precisely what had happened to them. For the most part, they did not wonder.

The tens of thousands fell back upon Taganrog for their lives.

"We are seeing historic things again, Gruska," Colonel Pfeiffer said in Taganrog.

"What things do you mean?" Gruska asked warily.

"The retreat, Gruska! What else could I mean?"

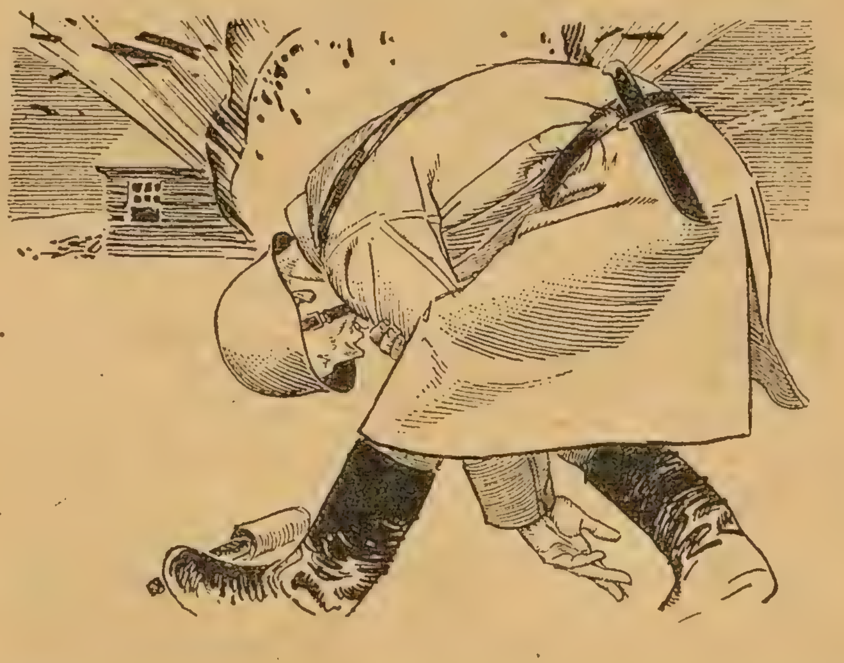
"Do you like it?"

"Oh, don't be so cheap! It isn't a question of liking it—it's a matter of seeing it, feeling it. Do you think it has to be triumphant to be beautiful? Oh, how wrong you are! What could be more—more colossal than this heartbreaking scene?"

He pointed out the window. Gruska looked. Across the snow from Rostov, as far as they could see, the Germans were walking into Taganrog—walking slowly.

"Here it is, Gruska—the greatest Army the world ever saw—enduring its first defeat. What could be more impressive? What could twist our hearts more than this? Confound it, woman, can you watch it and not feel anything?"

Gruska Palyavitch sat back calmly in her chair. "I can feel one thing. Your Army is retreating from Rostov, Colonel Pfeiffer. And you too, in your own way—you are going to retreat, too. You are just like the rest of us, Colonel Pfeiffer. You are no more invincible than I am. You won one time. Maybe Poland will win the next. You like to think of wars—and of people and their lives—merely as games, merely as sensations. Very well. The next time perhaps the game will go to the other team Then you will have to get your sensations from the other side. I am not afraid of you any more. You have your cheap little feelings to live for. Well, I have the memory of a Polish soldier you helped to kill. I don't envy you—not a bit."



"You are perfectly mad, Gruska. Get out!"

"I am not going; not for a while, anyway. I want to stay and see how well you stand the strain of the next few days."

"Leave me!"

"If you want me to leave, you will have to put me out with your hands. If you want to have power, you will build it for yourself, for you cannot make it out of words any more. You can't control me with your words any longer."

"You Polish slut! I should have known better! I should have remembered long ago what the Führer himself said about the inferior races."

He slapped her across the face and sent her reeling backward. Repeatedly he hit her, backward and forward across the cheeks and mouth, with the palm and back of his right hand. until her lips were bleeding and her cheeks red.

"Some day you will learn, Adrian Pfeiffer, from as ignorant a person as a Polish whore, that other people, men and women and children, the little things and the unimportant things, are the only things worth thinking about. You will learn that we are not slaves, but our own masters, no matter how you talk!"

While he continued to curse her, her hand slipped to his holster and grasped the gun. She drew it out quickly. He wrenched one hand free and grabbed for the weapon. As he did so, Gruska shook away from him and ran to the other side of the room. He began to retreat, inching toward the door. When he had his hand on the knob. Gruska raised the gun and shouted:

"Stop there!"

The colonel paused a second; then he leaped through the door and closed it behind him. At that instant Gruska pulled the trigger. She saw the wood splinter. She ran and opened the door. On the other side was Colonel Pfeiffer, crumpled on the floor. It required only an instant to examine him and see that the shot had caught him in the side of the head. Then she rushed past him and down the street, weaving in and out among the houses and buildings. . . .

It was late in the afternoon that a skirmish occurred near a ruined farmhouse between Rostov and Taganrog. A young guerrilla ran up and reported: "German soldiers, Boris Guidenny! A company of them in the barn. We're watching them until you come."

The young man ran away. Boris gathered another two dozen of his men and they were off to the barn. Boris saw that the Russians were on all sides, peppering shots at the barn, and that occasionally there was a return fusillade from inside the barn.

Boris Guidenny considered himself a direct actionist and restraint galled him. To one of his lieutenants he said:

"This may be very tedious. I don't want this to take all night."

"We might try a hand grenade on the barn, but there's no way of getting close enough to throw one. There's no cover anywhere around here, so I suppose we'll have to stick it out."

Boris Guidenny lay still. Every few minutes he would take methodical aim and fire into the barn, and every few minutes there would be sporadic fire from the Germans inside. This endured for about thirty minutes, which was all that Boris Guidenny could stand.

"I am going in from the right," he said. "Do some heavy firing at the left. That will distract their attention enough to let me slip in close."

"Yes, Boris, I understand."

"Very well. And when you see that barn go up into the air you'll know that my arm is as good as ever. Now, where are those grenades?"

Boris took three of them. He walked back far from the firing line, and circled around until he was on the other side of the barn. Then, lying flat, he wormed forward slowly toward the barn. As he did so he heard the firing from the other side increase sharply. Then he heard mad shouting on the other side and knew that the little diversion had begun. The sound gave evidence that the Germans had concentrated their attention on the other side.

Encouraged by this, he leaped to his feet and began to run toward the barn at full speed.

He ran from side to side in great jerky strides. He was now within throwing range, but he ran on for several more yards before he pulled the catch on the first grenade and lifted his right hand to throw it. As he did so he stopped running, and a German bullet caught him sharply in the left shoulder, tearing through flesh and bone with a ripping, cracking sound. But Boris delivered the grenade into the barn.

Then he was thrown to the ground by the pain in his shoulder. As he looked up, he saw that the grenade had taken effect but had not been a square hit. It had struck a corner of the barn, blowing a hole in it. The Nazis were still firing, most of them at him, now a dark target on the white ground.

BORIS GUIDENNY jerked the catch from the second grenade, crawled to his feet, and hurled it into the barn. Two or three more bullets bit into him, in his legs and thigh, and he pitched forward again. The grenade, he was able to see, had almost shattered the barn; but in the wreckage a few more Germans continued their resistance. On the other side the Russian sharpshooters were beginning to advance, while the surviving Nazis were firing at the form of Boris Guidenny. Boris could not rise, but he inched his way a foot or two nearer the building. He felt, almost subconsciously, that he had been hit again, but he released the time mechanism of his last grenade, leaned on his elbow, and pitched it squarely into the barn's ruins. There was a terrific detonation and what was left of the barn seemed to rise in the air and then fall to the earth. The guerrillas ran forward to take possession of the smoking wreckage.

Boris Guidenny was carried to a cot in one of the camp's tents. Many of the guerrillas were standing near him, and one of them tried to treat his wounds.

Seeing his eyes open, one of his lieutenants stepped forward and whispered into his ear: "You did fine, Boris Guidenny. You blew the barn to hell."

Boris Guidenny smiled slightly but otherwise did not seem to understand. The medical attendant drew the speaker back from the cot. "Do not speak to him now," he said. "He is in a bad way. I don't guarantee anything about Boris Guidenny this time."

This news passed rapidly all over the camp, and the entire guerrilla band was soon assembled inside the tent or near its entrance. Some of the sub-leaders, fearful that he would die soon, wanted him to name a successor. Others believed there were many instructions which remained for Boris to give, and they wanted him to give them while he could still talk.

Finally the attendant allowed Boris Guidenny's three highest subordinates to stand by the bedside and talk to him. They gathered around but for a long time could think of nothing to say to him or ask him. Each looked at the other. One of them finally leaned over the wounded giant. After a long silence he said: "Wake up for a moment, Boris. Give us our instructions. Say something to us, please!"

Boris Guidenny opened his eyes wide and said in a clear voice: "I have nothing to say."

Then Boris Guidenny was dead.

IT was without any manifestation of emotion that a Russian officer rode slowly through the late afternoon twilight to the front of the house. Carefully he dismounted and tied his horse. Then he stood for a moment examining the building. Finally he shook his head from side to side, as if to clear his brain, and began to walk toward the door.

After a pause before the entrance, he tapped lightly. Peter Terenski had come home.

Kaaron opened the door to him, and for a moment they stood—two tired, worn creatures facing each other—before a flicker of a smile reached their lips.

"You are home," Kaaron said at last. "Well, come in, Peter."

He walked in before her and threw himself on the divan in the front room. Kaaron sat opposite and watched him. "You are tired. Are you hungry too, Peter?"

"Yes, tired. And hungry, too."

"I'll find you something. Perhaps you can sleep while I get it."

Peter lay on the divan but he could not sleep. He stirred from one side to the other, and finally got up and walked up and down the room.

From the adjoining room Kaaron called, "Peter!"

He went in to her.

"Perhaps you would rather sit here."

Peter sat near her and wondered what was wrong with them, that they could find nothing to talk about. A husband had ridden away from his wife, and then a strange man had come home to a strange woman.

"I have heard," he said at last, "about the Rostov colonel. How did you find the strength to do it?"

"I don't know, Peter. I—I knew it had to be done."

"I wonder," he said, as though to himself, "if it is that which has changed you. Something has happened to you, and I'm afraid I shall never discover what it is."

"Maybe something has happened to you too, Peter."

"We are almost strangers to each other, eh?"

"We have been going our own ways these last few days, Peter, and that's what makes us seem so far apart. If the paths can converge for a while, it will be the same again."

"Is it only that?"

"No, Peter. There is more, I suppose. There is what I have seen of war—of Russia—of Rostov and the people of Rostov. There is something big besides us—something that keeps us from being important. I must think about it, and bring it in with our lives. Or focus our lives in it. Do you understand, Peter?"

"I'm trying to understand, Kaaron. I am trying so that I too may feel and know all you are talking about. Go ahead, Kaaron. Tell me everything."

"Well, Peter, I had always thought that I loved Rostov. Even when I was alone and bored and waiting. That is why I wanted you to let me stay. But now—I know more. I know that I am Rostov—and that Rostov is us. That we are part of it, and that it is bigger than us, and so we are bigger, too.

"Now I know that this is my country and this is my time, and nothing is ever going to rob me of either of them. Rostov is mine, and I would live or die for it. The years are mine, too, and whatever they need I will give them. And you were in all this, too, Peter. It was the two of us I saw together. And our children were with us, Peter, many children, the—the soldiers we bred to fight our battle for us after we could no longer fight; the new and growing roots we had sent down into the earth of Rostov to fasten ourselves more firmly into our own land.

"These are the things I have felt, and that I have wanted to say and could not say. But there is nothing else to be said now, even from wife to husband or husband to wife. Perhaps, Peter, you will understand, you who have known my body and my thoughts."

Peter was silent.

"Do you understand? Do you think me a fool?"

"Understand, Kaaron? Understand? Of course I understand. I never understood anything so clearly before!"

"Oh, I am so glad!"

"What do you think was in my mind out there, and when we were across the river at Bataisk? Do you think I merely obeyed orders from somewhere? Or fought because it was the best strategy? Or because I hated the Germans? Oh, no. There were those things, of course, but they were not the real motives.

"They had my town, Kaaron, and they had my wife in it. They were trying to cut away the foundations of my life, and I was selfish enough to want to keep them. And—well, there was even more than that in it, once you looked down into me. At times it didn't really seem to matter whether they had my town or not, or really—if you will understand—whether they actually had my wife or not. It was the fact of having a town of my own that counted. It was the fact of having a wife of my own that counted."

"I am so happy," Kaaron said.

"So am I."

Now they were smiling at each other. Their hands touched without groping, and their lips met.

Somewhere to the west was the battle. Out there under the snow thousands slept forever. Out there were the stragglers, the lost, the forgotten, the wounded.

It grew darker and darker. Finally, as they looked, the world seemed to contract, so that there was nothing remaining except the simple silence and peace of the dusk, the inexorable coming of night, the snow of Russia and the silhouettes of Rostov-on-the-Don.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By ELSIE CHRISTIE

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK left the desk liberally sprinkled with books too good to pass over. Not all got into the first children's book review column, so here goes another.

First for this week is **The Climbing Book,** by **Charlotte Steiner** and **Mary Burlingham,** a play book for the youngest readers—up to six years, we'd say. Its pages, bright with Christmas colors, are arranged so that a child can "climb" hand over hand with Bobby up a well laden Christmas tree, passing all sorts of interesting things, to see finally what is at the top. Then down again after a thrilling encounter with Santa, who happened by and entrusted him with a surprise.

For a slightly older child, **Pogo's Sky Ride,** by **Jo Norling,** illustrated by Ernest Norling, should be sure-fire. Its hero, John, took his dog Pogo along on a visit to Mr. Brown, who owned an airplane factory. He showed his two guests through it. The excellent text and pictures tell what they saw. Pogo was as keen about it all as John; in fact, he made a discovery which created a furor and led to high adventure for them both.

James Thurber, favorite author of many a grown-up, has spun a lovely whimsey titled **Many Moons.** It is a fairy tale sparkling with fun and sly smiles at the king and his learned counselors who never can think of the right answer to questions that seem perfectly simple to the little princess, to whom they always have to appeal. Louis Slobodkin has done the drawings, an added delight.

One of the survivors of the Lexington is Admiral Wags, a black cocker spaniel who accompanied Rear Admiral Sherman, who was then captain of the ship. Through **Mrs. Sherman,** the admiral's wife, Wags tells the story of his life with the Shermans ashore and in service with the admiral at sea. When the Lexington went down, Wags carried on in true Navy style and awaited with dignity his turn to leave. He also proved himself a valuable member of the crew by aiding in the rescue work. His story is called **Admiral Wags of the U. S. S. Lexington** and is one of those good dog stories that almost any age will enjoy.

For girls near their teens, or just in, there is **Along Comes Judy Jo,** by **Mabel Betsy Hill.** This latest adventure of Judy Jo (she has appeared in the author's previous Apple Market Street stories) is enhanced by the illustrations her creator has made.

Both boys and girls a little older than Judy Jo's devourers will welcome **Anne Merriman Peck's Young Canada.** It introduces to them their young cousins across the border, describes that spacious land and, with an easy vividness, interprets the personality which history and customs have combined to produce. No need to prove the timeliness of such a book or its usefulness.

A prime salt-water story for older boys is **Subchaser Jim,** by **Josef Berger.** Jim, only eighteen but skipper of a crack Gloucester schooner, does a brave job as a naval intelligence officer sent out to destroy enemy submarines. We predict that Dad will be caught appropriating this one as soon as Junior lays it down.

Another favorite scene for adventure is early California, where **Merritt Parmelee Allen** has laid his new Western, **The Sun Trail.** History comes alive in this novel for young people; there is humor in it, and a trail of danger and hardship through which Bob Evans came to know what courage means.

DESTINATION TOKYO—

Continued from Page 30

She knew nothing of Paris, but she suggested perhaps his estimates of living costs had been optimistic, and that he had known that, but had deliberately made it sound reasonable, exaggerating the true picture, simply because during the moments while he wrote he so honestly and desperately wanted her to come over. Well, she *wanted* to come over and be near him, more than anything in the world! Her anguish was as much as his. But he was impulsive, heartstrong. She wanted him to be absolutely sure that it was right. She begged him to think everything over coolly and clearly, then, if in two or three months he still wanted her, she would come over, ask no more questions. She was on stock contract at a major studio (sixty-six dollars a week), trying to save what money she could (there was wardrobe to buy, and living expenses), but she could manage in a few weeks to save enough for her fare third class. It was a long letter and as a postscript she mentioned she had been cast in a very good part in a new picture, which was a break, and that she was working hard.

He read the letter several times, and he cooled off. He knew that she was right about everything, absolutely right; yet her sound feminine logic irritated him. He abhorred the thought of ever having to live rationally or sanely, there was no kick in it. He wanted to live on emotion, on a constant bubble of emotion; he wanted to squeeze from each hour of his life all the sweetness that was in it. Waiting was for cattle, for (the word was popular that year) the bourgeois; if ever his life collapsed down to the commonplace rut-level sameness in which most of the world drably existed, he thought he would want to die.

BUT he did not write her about this at once; then he never wrote it at all. He concentrated on his work, which got him nothing; and then, in his second year alone in Paris, he thought he could stand it no longer. He had a raise in pay, and Betty had written she was in good parts in pictures, making more money, and saving some, and one night, dead drunk, he wrote again begging her to come over.

He mailed the letter. still drunk, and the next morning could not remember what he had written, but he knew she would discern from the scrawl of his hand that he had been drunk; and certainly she was sensible. But then when a month passed and he did not hear from her (she always answered promptly) he was sure she had not received the letter at all. He vaguely remembered there had been some confusion in mailing it.

And then Stella Yarnell came into the picture. Stella . . . haughty, brunette, quite buxom. The only daughter of one of the most important men in America. She showed up in Paris, and he met her, a woman who was ten years older than himself and not yet married; a woman who, if he married her, could get him automatically and at once a diplomatic post of such importance that even the thought of it made him stagger. He became so feverishly ambitious that there was no other thought in his mind. He was wild at the chance! He considered it very likely that such an opportunity might never come again as long as he lived. Exactly ten days after

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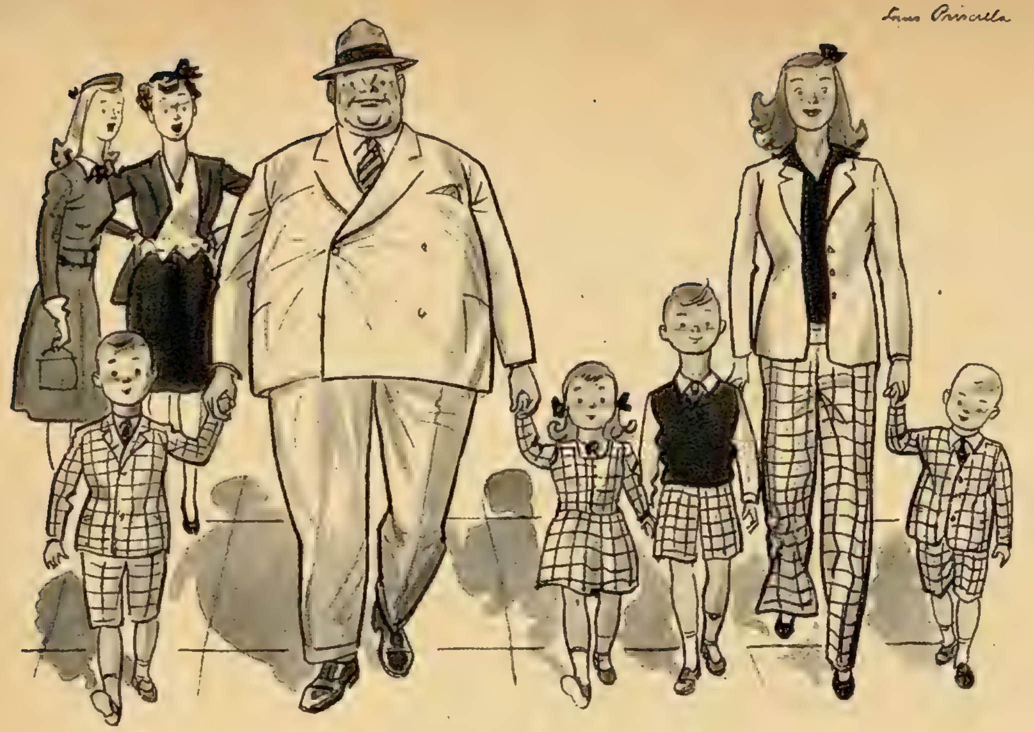


"There goes Turner's old and new suit."

he met Stella they were married. They were married on a Saturday. On Monday Betty arrived in the boat train from Cherbourg.

She had intended surprising him, but at the last minute she'd radioed from the boat. He was sick! Never in his life would he forget that night in the Gare St. Lazare when the boat train came in. Crowds of people, flickering neon lights, a dozen engines on a dozen different tracks, bells clanging, the hiss of steam, talk, shouting, shoving—reporters from the Paris Soir and the Matin with flashlight bulbs packed in around a celebrity.

When he looked and saw that the celebrity was Betty, he was shocked, stunned! He'd never dreamed the parts she'd played had made her this well known, or realized even faintly that she was who she was; he'd remembered her only as the girl in the bus, face pressed to the window, crying. Now she was on the bottom step of a railway car, bedecked with flowers, smiling, as the flashlight bulbs went off, and the reporters chattered, and the photographers asked her please—just one more!

THEN she saw him, and all at once she was crying, was down off the step and pushing her way toward him, and then she was in his arms, laughing and crying and kissing him, and there were pictures of that, too, though his face was turned. (Stella, looking at the picture in the papers, never knew who the man was, but spoke enthusiastically of Betty, "My, isn't she lovely, though! And so young!") Betty, there in the station, kept kissing him, and couldn't talk for a long time; then, when she did talk, the noise of the engines and the voices of the people almost drowned out her words.

"Russ—*darling!*" Then: "You look pale!"

"It's because I haven't seen you for so long," he said.

She laughed. "Darling, is that apartment on the South Bank still available? And can we have our honeymoon dinner in that little café in Bougival-on-the-Seine where you said you always watched the barges go by?" She was crying again then. "Oh, darling, I've never been so happy in all my life!"

"Me either," he said.

"Kiss me, darling! Once more!"

He kissed her, and the French people around them applauded; and then he got her out of there, after collecting her luggage (he was an expert at that), and into the cab, with all the neon lights of Paris going past the window. She settled back, exhausted from the trip and so excited she could scarcely breathe.

"Paris looks lovely, even from a cab window."

"Paris is lovely," he said.

"Darling, you sound so *sad!*"

"It's because I don't know what to say."

"Then don't say anything, darling! Oh, Lord, Russ—I'm so happy to be here, I'm crazy!" She caught her breath. "I had to come over—you know that, don't you? When I got that last letter—your handwriting all so big and clumsy—you drunk—I thought: You poor baby, I can't stay away any longer! I knew you needed me, darling, and wanted me, or you wouldn't have written like that."

"That's right," he whispered.

"So I thought I'd—just quietly make arrangements and come on over. I was afraid if I wrote and told you—you'd feel guilty that you'd urged me, because you'd done it while you were drunk, and—I didn't want you to feel that. I just wanted to show up one day in your arms like this . . . Russ, it's all I've worked for, it's all I've ever prayed for!"

He was choking, and she didn't know why. She thought it was because he was so glad, and she held him in her arms like a baby, laughing a little, kissing his hair, while the tires of the cab hummed on the street and the lights kept flashing past.

He told her, oddly enough, in the place where he had written all the letters, in Johnny's Bar; he checked her in at the hotel upstairs, the Chateau Frontenac, and then brought her down here for a drink. It was past midnight and she was dead tired. But she looked very lovely, her face oval and beautiful. The piano played, and the patrons in Johnny's Bar looked at her. There was cigarette smoke, laughter, a drunken voice singing a snatch of a song from time to time, and always the tinkling piano, a big shining, sweaty Pole playing it. There were cocottes in the place, and American males, but very few tourists. He and Betty drank champagne, and Betty's face flushed with it.

"Russ, ever since I arrived, it's been so much hurry and all that . . . and you seem so—strained and tense. Let's relax, darling! Let's relax and you tell me everything. Will you relax? Just sit back. That's right. Let me look at you for a minute. Darling, you look so *haggard*, and so—sort of frightened! One would think *you'd* made this trip. *I* made the trip, darling. Remember?" She laughed. "I'm talking too much! This champagne certainly makes you talk. Except you. It doesn't make you talk. Why so silent, Russ? You're so silent and glum!"

He tried to smile.

"Oh, but I love you, darling!" she said.

"I love you, too."

"Spoken like a death sentence."

"Maybe it is."

"What?"

"I said maybe it is." He wasn't looking at her.

"What do you mean?"

"Maybe it *is* a death sentence. Maybe it's my death. Maybe it's the death of a lot of things. Maybe it's the end of the world."

"Tell me what you mean." There was still no fear in her.

"What I'm going to do is this," he said. "I've already left my job, and we're going to go away to Belgium or somewhere—anywhere until this thing blows over—and we'll be together just like you said—and I'll let *her* get a Paris divorce. She will. I know she'll do it if I ask her to, because—well, she's got lots of money, and—*Betty!*"

Her eyes had dilated; she had fainted.

IN her room they had had a doctor. Now the doctor was gone, and she was propped up in bed, wearing a silk bed jacket and looking very weak and pale. She had asked him to tell her about it, and he sat in a straight wooden chair, his hands clasped between his knees, and told her everything, confessed miserably, humiliated and ashamed. Behind him it was getting light outside and all the birds that always sing just before dawn, the fat robins and the sparrows, were singing quite loudly, and down on the street a horse-drawn bakery wagon clattered past on the fog-wet pavement, and that was the only traffic.

"But I tell you, Betty, it was all a mistake! I didn't *dream* you were really coming! If I had known—if I'd thought there was a chance—don't you see? Oh, I *know* . . . I'm a stupid, unthinking . . . I ought to be whipped. I ought to be *crucified!*" His voice sounded flat and carried no conviction. The room was cold. "But if you just give me this one chance! Just this *once*, Betty—why, I'll do anything you say—*anything*—the rest of my life."

And, then when she would not listen, would not go to Belgium with him or anywhere else, he got down on his knees on the floor beside the bed, and wept, or tried to, and he talked sheer gibberish.

"Listen. I'm supposed to leave with Stella for Moscow this afternoon. Why don't you come with me? I mean on the same train? Then, once we get there—"

"I can be your geisha."

"Don't say that!"

"I can. I can be your geisha."

"Please, Betty!"

"Wouldn't I make a nice geisha? That's what I came here for, across the world, to be your geisha!"

"Betty, please!" His temples throbbed.

"You're a white Jap. You have a Jap heart! Sometimes I think you're really all Jap, except that you have white skin."

"Betty, for God's sake—"

"A Jap and his geisha in Moscow! Did you ever stop to consider how really Jap you are?"

"If I'm so Jap, why did you come here?"

"I don't know!" She began to sob. She put her head in her hands. She could not stop her sobbing. He was beside himself. He tried to console her, but she wouldn't let him. She wouldn't talk, and he thought it wildly possible that she might listen. So he talked. The sun was up, and he was still talking, begging; he felt hollow inside, and the whole room, the whole scene was unreal; it was all agony.

"Please go, Russ!"

"No—I won't—please, Betty! I won't leave the room."

"Go. I want to think. I *have* to think!"

He left her on her promise to see him before noon. She even smiled faintly for him, and when he asked her again to consider Belgium, she nodded and said maybe; so he left. When he returned at eleven o'clock the room was empty. She had checked out! He raced to the station. A boat train had just departed for Le Havre. There were no other trains that would get him there in time. He tried to make it by car, but it was useless. The boat sailed, and she on it.

He did not leave for Moscow that day, but he did go the following week. He and Stella had a compartment, and the train was very fast.

IT was dawn, the sun was rising, and through the field of the periscope Cassidy saw the snowy peak of Fujiyama. He drew a quick breath. For a moment he was cold all over; that first look at enemy coast line. *This is it!* The big job lay ahead now. They could waste no time out here. They had to get inside! Somehow they had to get through the submarine net and into Tokyo Bay itself. It was going to take considerable doing, Cassidy thought. For a moment he hung onto the scope watching, thinking. He heard Tex's voice:

"How's my navigation?"

"Smack on the schnozzola!" Cassidy said. "I'm looking right down Fujiyama's throat!" He took a fast 360-degree turn of the scope. "Take over, get your tangents, and we'll pull the cork!"

Tex took over quickly, checking his tangents. Cassidy stood by. Suddenly the sound man's voice came through the speakers:

"Picking up something directly aft, captain! Sounds like a heavy cruiser limping. Two destroyers escorting."

Tex stood aside, and Cassidy grabbed the scope. He trained it until he picked up the ships. He saw them then quite clearly. He did some fast calculating.

"She's a heavy cruiser, all right," he reported, "deep in the water, coming home sick. Probably tangled with Yanks somewhere. She's moving very slowly." He looked up. "Down scope!"

The periscope began sliding down.

Tex glanced over. He was rubbing his hands. "Dead duck, skipper? You say she was moving slowly. How about giving her three nice kicks in the belly with our fish—finish her off?"

Cassidy shook his head. "She's a live duck." He paused. "And a live duck may be our ticket to the feeding grounds!" He moved toward the chart table. "Let's have a look at the probable mine fields."

Below, in the control room, the sound man was listening intently through his earphones, directing the 360-degree wheel carefully toward the sound of the greatest amplitude. The sound of the cruiser's screws laboring through the water were quite loud. The destroyer screws made a quicker, cleaner sound. The captain's voice came through the speaker from the conning tower directly above.

"What's the estimated distance from the cruiser, sound man?"

"Thirty-eight hundred yards, as near as I can make it, sir," the sound man said.

The captain's voice continued: "There should be tugs coming out to help her in. Con the entrance to Tokyo Bay."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

He turned the overhead wheel a half turn, listened forward. Barely distinguishable, there was a churning commotion ahead. The sailors in the control room watched the sound man as he waited, listening. Then he reported:

"Picking up several ships, sir—confused sound. Maybe three, maybe four."

"Tugboats?" inquired the captain's voice.

"Could be, sir."

He listened intently, eyes closed, his hands cupped over the earphones.

In the conning tower, Cassidy looked up from the charted mine field.

"Take her down to one fifty feet."

"One hundred and fifty feet, sir," the loud-speaker echoed. In a moment Cassidy heard Lieutenant Baker's voice through the speaker, giving orders: "Main vents closed! Blow negative." Cassidy turned to Tex.

"It's better to get under. That cruiser'll be picking up an air cover about now —and one of the planes might spot us."

From below, the voice was still coming through the speaker: "Negative dry, sir. Close negative flood. . . . Negative flood closed. Zero angle. . . ."

Cassidy and Tex bent over the chart. Cassidy put a pencil point in it. "You figure we're right here?"

"Exactly," Tex said.

"And the mine fields would start about here." He moved the pencil.

Tex nodded.

Cassidy was thoughtful. "They're a cinch to have a sounding device detect us by signature." He turned to the speaker. "Where are those tugs now, sound man?"

"Coming right down the track, captain," the sound man said, "due over us soon!"

Cassidy listened. Faintly he could hear a muffled disturbance overhead. Now it began to recede.

"Passing over us, sir," said the sound man.

CASSIDY grinned. "And making so much noise they can't hear *us*—that is, if they're listening! Tokyo Rose seemed pretty sure last night we wouldn't even be here."

In the forward room Tin Can was lying in his bunk. Wolf and the Kid sat listening to the exchange through the loud-speaker.

"You guys hear the skipper say we're not firing any torpedoes?" Tin Can said. No one answered. Tin Can whined, "What the *hell* are we here for?" There was still no response. He looked at them, then went on, "Great stuff, the pigboat Navy! Lying right off Tokyo Bay—we pick up a heavy cruiser—destroyers—tugboats—and we don't feed 'em any torpedoes! Maybe I'm dumb—but I still say if we was on a *destroyer* we'd be driving in for the kill right now!"

Browski had come in while he was talking. The chief's face looked gray. Breathing heavily, he sat down on a bunk. He looked at Tin Can.

"You still popping off?"

Tin Can stared at him. "What are *you* doing here? How come you're not on the air manifold?"

"They relieved me," Browski said.

"Why?" Wolf asked. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter," Browski said.

The Kid looked over. "You sick?"

"No, I'm all right," Browski said.

"Maybe the thought of all that company sitting over our heads makes him unhappy," Yoyo suggested.

Browski didn't answer. He stretched out on the bunk.

Through the speakers the sound man said, "Tugboats have contacted cruiser and destroyers, sir!"

Tin Can sighed, exasperated. "There you go! We couldn't miss! Periscope depth—up periscope—get a bead on 'em—there they are in a huddle—blow 'em *all* out of the water! It's a set-up! It's a dream! What *are* we—an observation balloon in reverse?"

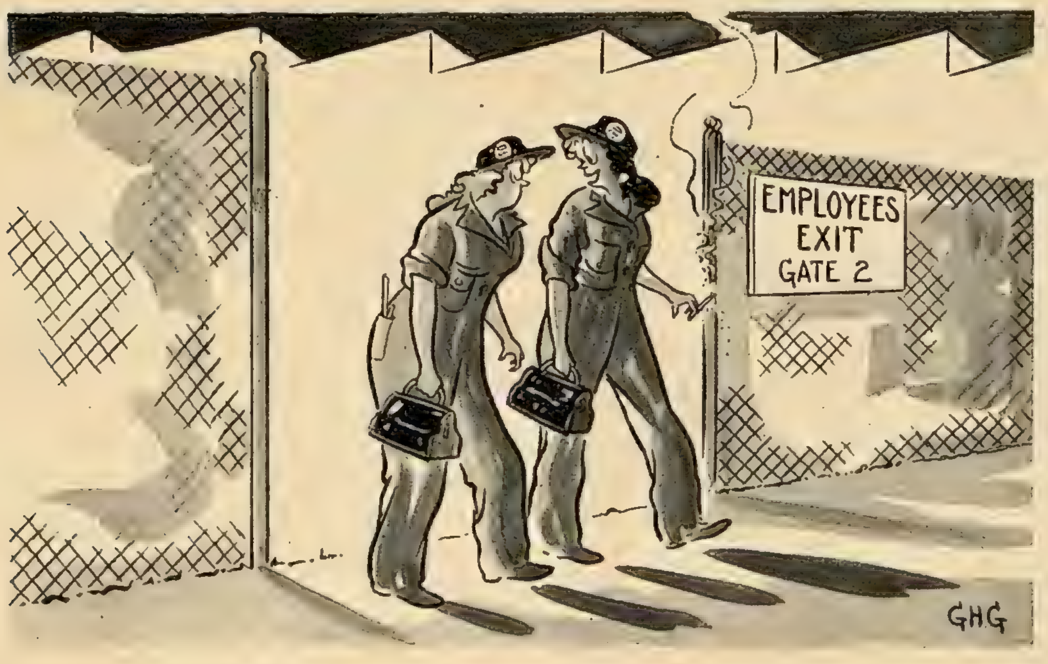
Wolf turned viciously. "Just another three inches of your lip and you die in bed—*that* bed!"

Tin Can shrugged. "It's a free country."

Wolf grinned. "Not where we are, pal! We're sitting down here right in the Nips' bird bath."

The captain's voice boomed through the speakers:

"Attention, all hands!" They all looked up. "We're going to take a chance following this cruiser right through the mine fields! From now on normal talking is O. K.—but be careful of striking metal on metal. You all know sound travels far and clear when it's being



"I tried to bake a cake the other day. What a mess!"

sucked in by a Japanese listening device." There was a pause. Then:

"It's essential to our mission that we get in as close to Tokyo as possible. In addition to the mines there's probably a submarine net ahead—just waiting for screwballs like us."

The men laughed. Browski, on the bunk, smiled.

"The heavy cruiser is damaged," the captain's voice went on, "and deep in the water. They're lowering the gate of the submarine net to let her through. I'm banking on the confusion stirred up by the tugs and tin cans to keep our sound from being picked up. From now on we'll stick to battle stations—*be ready for anything!*" There was another pause, and after it: "Where's that cruiser now, sound man?"

"About nine hundred yards astern, sir," the sound man's voice echoed.

"What speed they making?"

"About eight knots, sir."

"Good. We'll get on her tail as she passes over."

"Holy hell!" Tin Can yelled suddenly, sitting up. *"We're going into Tokyo Bay!"*

In the control room the sound man was listening intently, earphones on his head, eyes on the wheel. Now he maneuvered the wheel slightly to keep on the sound. Behind him, the men at their stations watched. Presently Cassidy came down the ladder from the conning tower. He was followed by Tex, with his coast pilot book. Tex moved toward the depth oscillator device. Cassidy watched the sound man. All eyes were on Cassidy, awaiting orders.

"Where are they now, sound man?"

"Five hundred yards, sir."

Cassidy glanced over at Tex: "What's our current?"

"One knot against us," Tex replied.

The sound man said, "Four hundred yards, sir!"

"One third ahead," Cassidy ordered. "Rudder amidships!"

"One third ahead," the helmsman repeated, "rudder amidships."

Cassidy gazed at the sound wheel which was directed directly aft. The sound man turned it a few degrees, nodded to him.

"A little left," Cassidy said.

THE sound man redirected the wheel so that it lined up fore and aft with the sound of the approaching cruiser. The noise of the pounding screws upstairs was distinguishable now to every one. All eyes looked up, following the sound overhead.

Underwater the submarine was moving slowly. Overhead were the barnacle-covered bottoms of the tugs: and now the sleek smooth bottoms of the destroyers, screws whirring, passed. The submarine moved slowly, letting the craft upstairs continue over. But presently, as the cruiser's fat belly wallowed through the water above them, the Copperfin picked up speed, taking a position directly beneath the thrashing screws on the fantail of the cruiser.

Ahead of them, which no one in the submarine could see or detect, were low-hanging underwater mines, deep enough to permit the cruiser safe passage, but not deep enough to let the submarine through. Yet the Copperfin moved inexorably toward them, her steel bow planes extended, balancing under the water as a plane does in the sky. The cruiser was still directly above, sick and damaged, shell holes in her side, going in. The submarine moved in closer to the deadly mines. If it rammed one it would be destroyed.

In a moment they reached the mine area, the cruiser still churning over their heads. Suddenly a mine cable leading up from the ocean floor slid against the side of the Copperfin's iron hull.

In the control room, the sound of the mine cable was loud. The men's faces were strained tense.

They listened. The sound was approaching the control room rapidly.

Underwater the cable was now bowed by the submarine's rounded hull, and the mine itself was being pulled dangerously closer and closer to the Copperfin's superstructure. Now the horned mine was immediately alongside!

* * *

Theodore Roosevelt prided himself on his memory of names and faces. At a White House reception, he stood shaking hands with a long line of visitors. At length there stood before him a little man from New York, a haberdasher who specialized in making shirts to order.

"Do you remember me, Mr. President?" asked the visitor. "I made your shirts."

"Major Schurtz? Why, of course I remember, major," boomed the great man heartily. "And how are all the boys of the old regiment?"

—*Milton Wright.*

* * *

Its prongs passed within inches of the bridge—missed!

The cable was going slowly more erect as it tapered toward the stern of the ship, scraping along the ship's curve.

"Wow!" Wolf breathed.

Browski looked up from the bunk on which he was lying. "What was that?"

"We almost got conked off by a mine!" Wolf said.

In the control room all present, including Cassidy, were grinning, tremendously relieved. The squeaky *beep-beep* of the oscillator sounded steadily now. All looked at the gauge. Quade entered. He seemed shaken.

"From the sound of the oscillator," Cassidy said, "the bottom is moving up fast!"

Quade looked over. "Anything I can do, sir?"

Cassidy smiled grimly. "You can join us in crossing our fingers."

Quade looked around at the oscillator. *Beep-beep. Beep-beep.*

"If those beeps get *much* closer together," Cassidy said, "we'll be sucking the bottom."

Quade asked, "Can't we go up?"

"A little," Cassidy said; "not much. That cruiser is low in the water. If we scrape *her* we get an ash can right down our neck!" He turned to Lieutenant Baker. "Plane up a hundred feet." Now he glanced at the sound man. "Keep your ears sharp!"

Underwater the submarine started up; but the ocean's bottom was moving up too, very rapidly, closing the space between the ocean floor and the bottom of the cruiser. The Copperfin eased painstakingly upward, closer to the tail of the giant cruiser. More mines were directly below, and the submarine, by planing up, passed over a mine it would have hit.

In the control room the sound man kept his hands pressed against the earphones on his head.

"Cruiser down to four knots, sir!"

"Cut her to four," Cassidy told the helmsman. Then he looked at the others. "That means we're approaching the gate." He paused. "Sound man, can we hug the cruiser any closer?"

"We're just about kissing her now, sir," the sound man said.

Quade was wide-eyed. Cassidy smiled at him. "Mr. Quade."

"Yes, sir?"

"You may take a deep breath and hold it, if you wish."

Quade grinned shakily. The other men smiled too. Cassidy was a good skipper. He knew just when to make a crack—to relieve the tension.

Underwater the submarine was up so close to the cruiser that there was but a scant few feet between them. But there were even fewer feet between the sub's hull and the ocean bottom. Mud was churning up everywhere. Just ahead was the submarine net of great rings linked together. The cruiser moved through the slowly parting gate.

In the control room of the submarine the *beep-beep* was very rapid. The sound man looked up.

"Metal structure dead ahead, sir!"

Cassidy turned suddenly to Lieutenant Baker. "We've got to take a chance! Plane up to ninety!"

Underwater the submarine planed up just in time, the bow rising enough to clear the bottom of the gate. The thrashing screws of the cruiser and the destroyers were still boiling the water overhead. The Copperfin moved through the gate, her keel barely clearing. Even as she slipped in, the heavy ringed gate began closing stolidly behind her, sealing her inside Tokyo Bay.

IT was night on the surface. Two hundred feet down, the Copperfin lay on the bottom, just off Kannon Saki. The hard sand made a slope, so that the submarine was listing slightly. All was deathly still. Wolf made his way to the bunk on which Browski still lay, feverish and restless. Wolf's voice was quiet. Down here every one spoke quietly.

"How's now, chief?"

"O. K.," Browski whispered.

"Sure?"

"Sure!" Browski said hoarsely. "Hell! You don't think I'd get sick on the bottom of Tokyo Bay, do you?" His fat face was white.

Wolf patted his shoulder. "We'll be surfacing pretty quick to charge batteries. I'll ask the skipper if you can get some fresh air on the bridge when we do."

"No, don't," Browski said. "I'm O. K.! I'm fine. I just want to lie here a little longer." He was sweating. "It's that indigestion. *You* know how I get indigestion. Well, that's what it is. Only it's worse this time."

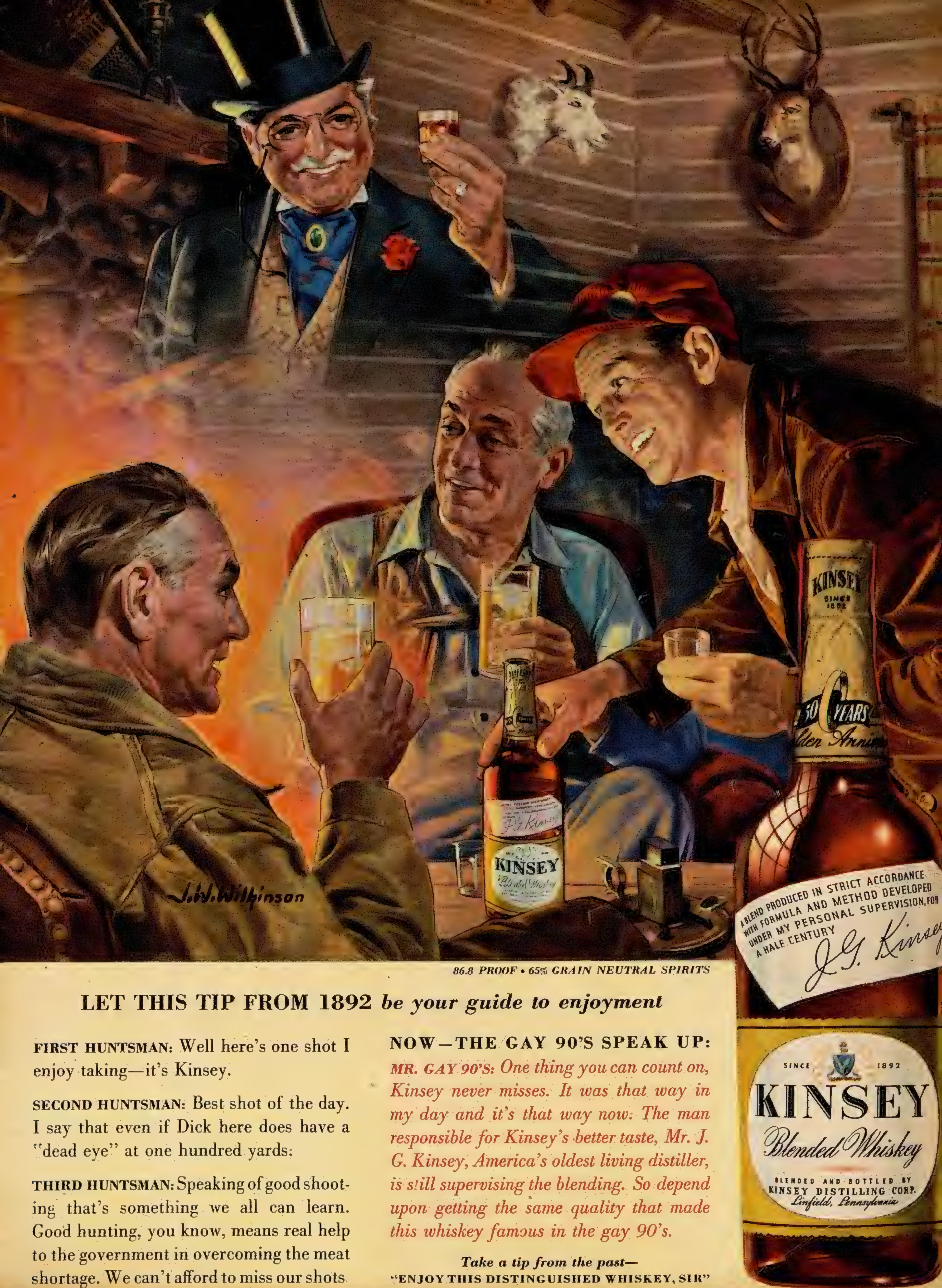
The captain's voice sounded through the speaker:

"Battle stations! Prepare to surface."

Browski looked over at the speaker, then he began rolling out of the bunk. Standing, he seemed weak on his legs. The floor level of the submarine was already changing, and Browski braced himself against the rise of the sub's nose. He started out, groping and helping himself along the bulkheads, going to his station.

In the conning tower, Quade sat waiting. The trunk which had been delivered aboard for him was at his side and open.

What is Quade's mission? And can Captain Cassidy get out from under that Jap submarine net? Another exciting installment in next week's Liberty!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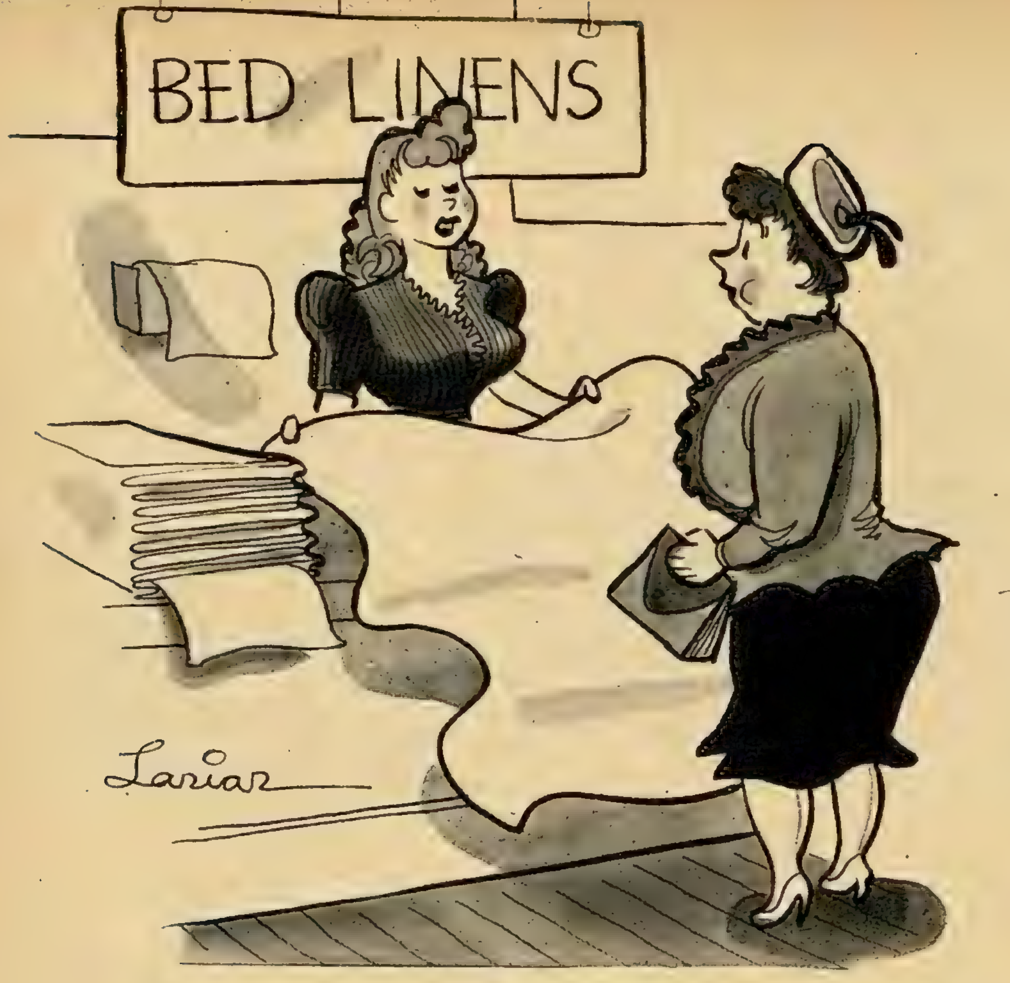
MR. GAY 90'S: *One thing you can count on, Kinsey never misses. It was that way in my day and it's that way now. The man responsible for Kinsey's better taste, Mr. J. G. Kinsey, America's oldest living distiller, is still supervising the blending. So depend upon getting the same quality that made this whiskey famous in the gay 90's.*

Take a tip from the past—
"ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR"

THE HOME FRONT



"Certainly you have a choice, madam—you take this or none at all!"

THE FOLKS BACK HOME—Continued from Page 17

kind of work. Hell, he retired years ago! They must've brought him back.

Seth handled the trunk roughly. He pressed his hand against the small of his back—hard. Then he wiped his sweaty face. He no longer had the strength to do things easily.

Seth stared briefly, then exclaimed, "Hank! Where'd you drop from?" His face took on a fine deep warmth. "Boy, I'm glad to see you! And mighty proud, too. They told about you over the radio. So them's the ribbons for the medals? I guess you don't get *them* kind loafin' round suckin' your finger."

"I was lucky." Hank was uncomfortable. This was one of the things he wanted to avoid—hero worship. "Where's Tim Long's taxi?" he asked.

"Tim joined the Navy and his wife's runnin' the taxi. She pulled out a couple of minutes ago, Hank. Nobody knowed you was comin'," Seth said. "If they had, the whole town would've been down." There was reproach in his voice. He thought a moment. "Doc Trent's goin' out your way in a half hour. He might drop you off. Goin' out to the Kessler place. She's expectin', but he's got an emergency operation in the hospital, and he can't be in two places at once, though he tries to be seems as though."

"Doc Trent? He turned his practice over to Fred Sherwin about three years ago."

"The Marines needed Fred, so Old Doc got back into harness again," Seth said. "I'll ask him." He glanced at Hank's right leg and seemed surprised to see that the trousers fitted nicely and a good G. I. shoe stood on the platform.

Hank called the ranch and he heard his mother's voice: "Hello!"

"Hello, mom. It's Hank. Mom! Can't you hear me? . . . Oh, I understand. But you shouldn't cry. I'm O. K. I'm in the pink. I'm home—for good."

"I . . . I . . . can't talk. . . . Henry, come here. It's Hank!"

Hank knew that his father was already there, because he coughed a couple of times and managed to say, "Hello, son."

"Hello, dad." There was a short silence. Then Hank cleared his throat and said, "I wrote you about the leg. Well, it will mean a lot of changes, but we'll go into all that later."

"Sure! Sure, son."

"It'll be easier if some things are put off until I can get hold of myself. I guess I can't take it—not yet, anyway."

"Give yourself time, son," the old man said. "As you say, we'll go into that later. What you want me to do?"

"I don't want to see Vivian, yet. She don't need to be told I'm home."

"If that's the way you want it," his father agreed. "She's packing fruit tonight, so she'll not hear right away."

"I thought she worked in the bank."

"She does, but lots of us have two jobs these days. Anything else?"

"Yes. I don't want to see Lady," Hank said bluntly. "She'll stir up old memories too much."

Again there was a silence, then Henry Ballard said, "O. K., son."

OLD Doc Trent looked as if he might blow away any moment. Often his outer front wheel would be kicking stones over the grade before he realized he was on a curve. When he met oncoming cars the glare blinded him.

"It's go, go, go!" he told Hank. "I haven't had a good night's sleep in months. A young doctor can stand that sort of thing, but an old ruin like me . . ."

Doc stopped at the crossroads and said, "I was going to take you all the way, but I can't take the time now. Got to get to Kesslers'. If you want to go along and wait," Doc suggested, "it'll be easier than walking."

"I'll go along with you," Hank said.

The Kessler door flew open as doc's car stopped and a woman ran out and said, "Hurry!" The slight old figure bounced to the ground and ran. It seemed but a few minutes when Hank heard a cry that stirred him deeply.

Kessler came out and pumped Hank's hand. "It's a boy, Hank. Glad to see you back. It's a boy—my first. Mighty glad to see you back. Doc says he'll be right out."

Doc came out, dog-tired. "S'long, Kessler," he said. "Mother and son are just fine." He got into the car and sat back for a few moments, pulling himself together. "I'd better drop you off, Hank, and then look in on Mrs. Dilling."

MOM BALLARD opened the door before Hank was up the steps, and she held him a long time while his father swallowed hard and kept saying, "Well! Well! So you're back! Well! Well!"

They went inside and sat down. Mom brought coffee and deep apple pie gasping under a mountain of whipped cream. "*Now* I know I'm home again," Hank said. "Things look about the same, and that's important. You see, a man takes a picture with him, and he holds it, and he wants it that way when he comes back. He doesn't want to come back and find somebody has moved the piano or cut down the old pine tree."

There was a hardness about him that disturbed his mother and father.

"Most of us have been too busy to give much thought to change," his father ventured uncertainly.

Hank got up, caught by a driving surge of restlessness, and wandered about. He noticed the gun case, containing his rifles, shotguns, and boxes of ammunition, was gone. Mom's broom had failed to entirely erase the dust mark where it had stood.

His skis were gone, too, as were the light-weight hip-length rubber boots they had given him for Christmas. No sign of fishing tackle, either.

Everything had been done hastily. His hand dropped to the foot of his bed. It was warm. So that's where they had let Lady sleep while he was away. She must've missed me, he thought. She must've missed me like hell.

He rejoined mom and dad, saying, "The old place looks good." He lit a cigarette and walked around, their eyes on him. What they saw brought aches to their hearts, but their faces were gentle, smiling, and understanding. Somewhere he heard a Chink rooster cackle, and he noticed a streak of light in the east. "I guess we might as well turn in," he said.

He went to his room and undressed slowly. In the adjoining room he could hear the hushed voices of mom and dad as they retired. They're taking this chins up, he thought; thanking God I'm back, even if I'm not all here. Dad's beginning to crack under the strain; no help, and it's a big ranch. We'll sell the damned place.

The sun was high when he awakened, and he heard his mother moving quietly about. When he went downstairs there was coffee ready and mom was getting one of her famous breakfasts. Dad came in almost immediately, saying something about "going for a second breakfast."

Later, his mother said, "Vivian called. The word got around that you're home, and she heard."

"I'm breaking our engagement,"

(*Continued on page 54*)

"VITAMIN LACK CAN CAUSE HAIR TO TURN GRAY" SAYS MODERN SCIENCE

Can this 2-Way VITAMIN DISCOVERY RESTORE NATURAL COLOR *to Your* GRAY *or* GRAYING HAIR?

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Is you gray or graying hair due to deficiency in the very vitamins in Panates? We bring you a very fair money-back coupon offer that certainly makes it easy for you to test the Panates treatment yourself to see what Panates two vitamins may do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely-looking, natural hair color beauty. You take no chances. You can test Panates in the confidence these vitamins are taken daily by countless thousands the nation over. Our money-back guarantee is your protection against loss of a single penny. Now, today, mail the coupon. Who knows . . . perhaps your hair is gray or graying because of vitamin deficiency and perhaps gloriously soon your hair will show first signs of being restored to its original, youthful color. It's up to you.

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Send coupon for your trial Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival on the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Or you are invited to check the coupon for a wonderful free booklet that tells much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever you do, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what the original Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with the Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double-action vitamin treatment, may do for you. Mail the coupon today, sure.

No Matter What Shade Your Natural Hair Color May Be..Black, Brown, Auburn or Blonde . . .

Make This Convincing Test

A Few of the Scores of Letters from Panates Users

Panates, different from other treatments, gives you Vitamin E, Wheat Germ Oil, in addition to Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Thousands of women and men the nation over are now taking PANATES. The following are but a few of the many letters we have received:

FREE BOOKLET **"Vitamins and Gray Hair"**

What are the amazing new Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins? Whether you order PANATES now or not, check coupon and mail it for a most interesting and valuable booklet. It's yours, free. This booklet tells about the years of experiments and scientific tests that have proved conclusively gray hair can result from lack of certain vitamins. It also tells why the Panates 2-Vitamin method is different from any other anti-gray hair vitamin treatment and includes many more of the scores of testimonials Panates has received from delighted users. Send for your free booklet today.

SEND NO MONEY...

TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. C. E., of Michigan, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly . . . My hair is beginning to darken at the roots . . . This began about three weeks after I started taking PANATES . . . My complexion is much smoother . . . "

Mrs. W. H. S., of Pennsylvania, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly . . . The white hair is much darker than it was . . . My friends have also seen that my hair is much darker . . . "

Mr. C. A. T., of Ohio, says: "I noticed results within 20 days, mostly my eyebrows and at the hair line . . . The hair at the temples has changed . . . "

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DEPT. 235
310 S. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS

Send your new PANATES 2-VITAMINS as checked in square opposite. I will pay postman, plus postage, on arrival on your money-back guarantee. (If you send money with your order, PANATES pays all postage charges.)

☐ One Month's Supply, Special $1.79
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ADDRESS ....
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☐ **SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET "Vitamins and Gray Hair"**

(*Continued from page 52*)

Hank said, and the old hardness was there again. "We might as well get it over with. I'll call her at the bank."

When Hank called Vivian, mom found business out in the back yard. Vivian's voice was low, breathless, and an exquisite tenderness drained some of his resolve. She said, "I heard you were back. Oh, darling, I'm so glad. So glad." He heard her catch her breath, then she asked, "Let me see you soon, darling?"

"Have you gas enough to pick me up tonight?

"I've been saving every ounce I could," she answered. "I'll be out at ten. We pack apples until nine thirty."

He was waiting for her when she drove up that night, and he got into her coupé with difficulty. "This damned phony leg," he grumbled, then noticed she looked dog-tired.

"But you're looking grand, Hank, just grand. And what's a leg, when you come right down to it? It's the man inside who counts," she said. He failed to detect the desperate note in her voice and the pathetic attempt to explain, with a certain dignity, that it was the man inside that she had always loved.

He hadn't faltered at any time on the battlefield, but he faltered now. "I had hoped you might find some one else while I was gone," he said at last.

"Do you think a girl could love a man who stayed behind and tried to win her while you were over there?"

"It's been done," he said, and the bitterness was there again; "but your kind wouldn't take a second look at such a guy. I was only hoping. I'm afraid I've lost my nerve and dodged issues. It's this way, Vivian. There's a nurse in Australia. She helped me over the hump, and . . . well, it's one of those things, I guess. Can you understand how that could happen?"

She was quiet for long seconds, and he only heard the cry of a night bird and the cold wind sighing down the near-by coulee. "I guess it is a girl's business to understand," she answered.

She drove slowly back to the ranch. When he got out of the car, she put her hands on his cheeks, pulled him close and kissed his lips. "Of course I understand, darling," she said. "Good night."

She drove slowly away.

"Tomorrow," he heard his father say, "is the opening day of the hunting season. We'd better keep the stock close or we'll be digging bird shot out of their hides."

Tomorrow, Hank thought, is going to be another tough hurdle.

HE awakened to the *crump! crump!* of guns. He heard a Chink rooster's defiant cackle, then a third shot. He quoted, "'One shot—one buck! Two shots—maybe one buck! Three shots—no buck.'"

He hopped to the window, leaning against the sill, his eyes on the Adams field. A setter pointed and a man ran forward and fired twice. "A double!" Hank exclaimed. "A beautiful piece of work!"

He watched the hunter crawl through a fence, then cross a field to his waiting car. "Old Doc!" Hank exclaimed. "*That's* different. *He* rates." He went down to breakfast and said, "Doc got a double. I wonder how he got away from his patients."

"The patients agreed among themselves to suffer in silence and give doc the morning off," mom said. "He has to have some fun."

By nine o'clock the hunting had stopped. At nine thirty a bundle of love and affection burst through the screen door and leaped into Hank's lap. "Lady! Lady!" he exclaimed. He hugged the setter while she whimpered and trembled in her gladness and kissed his face. "Girl! I'm glad to see you."

"It looks like she'd chewed her rope in two," mom said. "We had her tied up over in the Adams barn."

For ten minutes the dog lay in Hank's arms, trembling with happiness. Then some one in the distance fired a gun and she bounded over to the corner and stopped in bewilderment. The gun cabinet was missing.

"That's all behind us now, girl," Hank said. "No hunting today." He shook his head.

Mom pretended to be busy, but her own hands were shaking and her heart was pounding. She knew that Hank was at the crossroads. Several times she started to speak, then was afraid. She drew a long breath and said, "Hank, there is so much disappointment in the world, let's not disappoint Lady. You *could* skirt the spud patch and she might put up a bird."

"I'd never get it, mom," he said. "If a fellow misses a couple of birds, Lady will leave him in disgust."

"Lady would never leave you, Hank," she said quietly. Her face grew strong with resolution. "I'll get the gun." A moment later she brought it to him, clean, oiled, and ready. She dropped a half dozen shells into his pocket. That was all he ever used. He rarely missed. He ran his hands lovingly over the gun and something within him broke. He brushed a hand across his eyes and looked at the dog. She stood at the door, alert, waiting for him to open it.

He walked slowly outside, and she was gone like a flash. She came to a point and, when he wasn't there, looked over her shoulder. The bird took off with explosive wings, set them, soared far, and dropped into a thicket. Lady started to go, but Hank called her and she stopped. He caught up and she moved on ahead. Again she flushed birds and they were gone before Hank could get up.

"They're nervous," he said; "they've been shot at. Even so, in the old days . . ." He had never felt so beaten.

LADY was watching him, puzzled. She couldn't seem to understand why he moved so slowly. Then she began quartering the lower end of the spud patch. She looked over her shoulder several times, as if to say, "If you want to poke along, O. K. The main idea, with me, is to hunt with you."

She pointed suddenly and he said, "Put 'em up." Two roosters took off. One was within nice range, and it dropped. The other strained a gun barrel, but it dropped also. Lady marked the places, then brought them in. Hank stuffed them into his pockets, walked over to the fence, and leaned on the rail.

But for the moment he was thinking, Hell, a lot of things can be managed. I could drive a tractor, with practice. I might ride a horse, too.

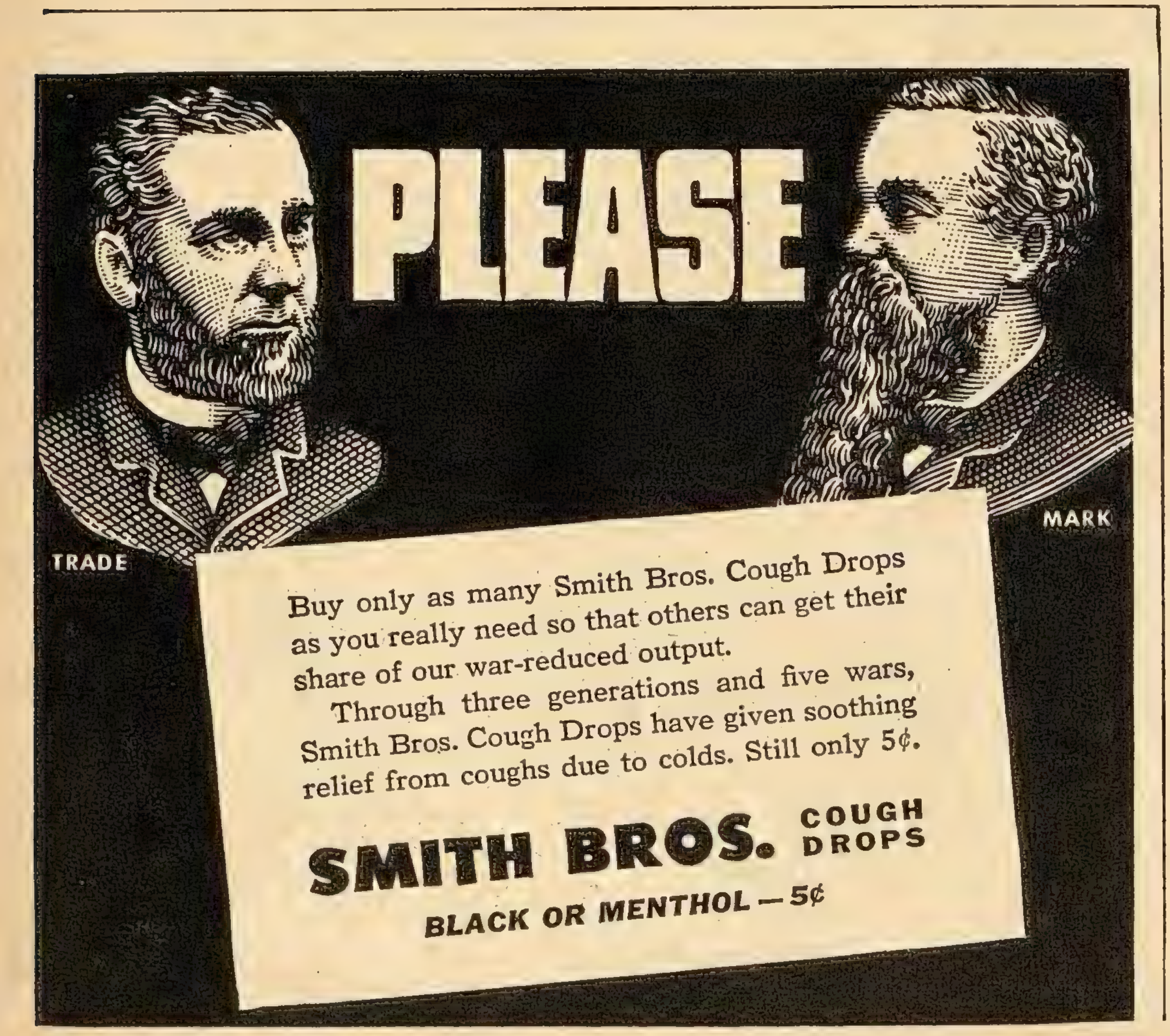
He looked across the golden fields and the green of the apple orchards. The folks back home, he reflected. I guess I got 'em wrong.

The folks back home were Seth Bamford, down at the station; Old Doc; Vivian and girls like her who worked on one job daytimes and another at night. They were mom and dad and millions of others. "And I'm one of them," he said. "I'm one of 'em from here on in."

Vivian watched him from over by the Adams barn. She was pale. It was she who had cut Lady's rope.

She wanted to join him at the fence and feel his arms about her and hear his voice plan their future, but she remained in the barn, watching. After all, life stretched ahead of them. In a few minutes Hank's own course was permanently set. He crawled through the fence and went on. There were birds in the next field.

THE END



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**Schlitz pioneered Pure Culture Yeast; famous Brown Bottle; Precise Control; exclusion of air from bottle; Just the Kiss of the Hops.*

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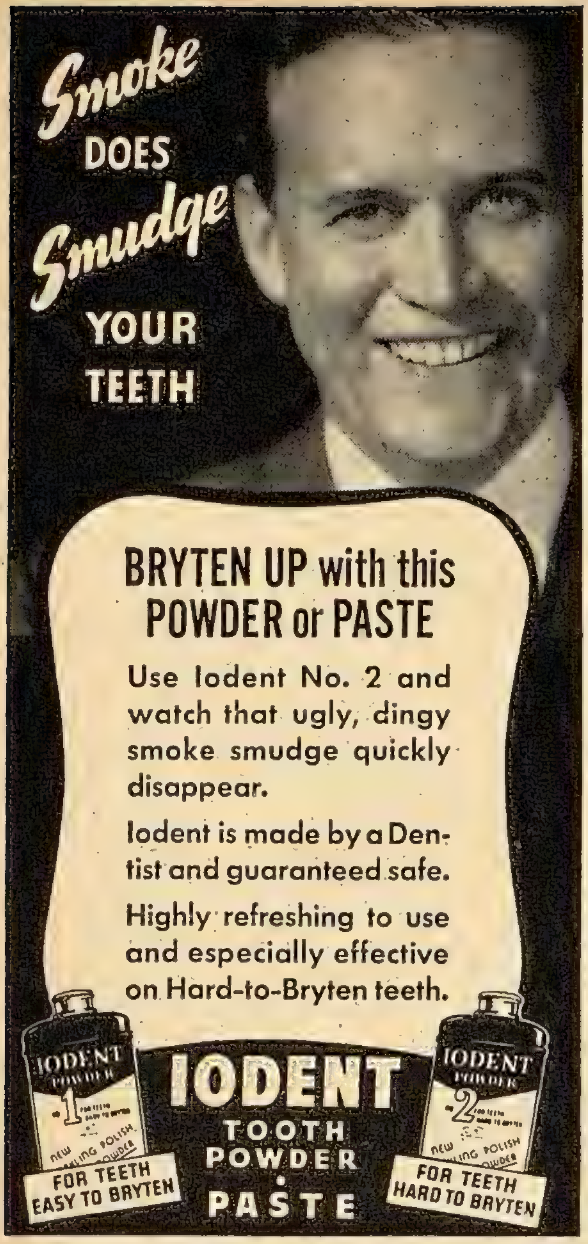
JUST THE *kiss* **OF THE HOPS**

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



BRYTEN UP with this POWDER or PASTE

Use Iodent No. 2 and watch that ugly, dingy smoke smudge quickly disappear.

Iodent is made by a Dentist and guaranteed safe.

Highly refreshing to use and especially effective on Hard-to-Bryten teeth.

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There's a simple way to relieve the distressing, itching, burning and soreness of simple piles or hemorrhoids.

Try *Unguentine Rectal Cones*—made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE. Millions of these soothing rectal cones have been sold . . . because they relieve pain—help guard against infection and promote healing. If you do not get the prompt relief you seek, consult your physician.

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By the Makers of *Unguentine

IS AIR VICTORY ENOUGH?

Continued from Page 19

advantage over the enemy in total planes at our base. But we did not have that advantage then, and we are unlikely ever to have it so long as we continue to fight for jungle islands—which means all the way up to Japan.

We counted on only a partial victory in the air over New Georgia. We expected to yield a certain percentage of ships and men to the Jap air force. The extent of our victory in the air surprised our amphibious command, and, I believe—although those cocky lads will not admit it—surprised even our air command.

The struggle began with a bad break for us. Early in the operation the weather closed in between Guadalcanal and New Georgia and remained open between New Georgia and Bougainville.

The Japs could get through and we could not, and the Japs did get through and inflicted losses on us—not grievous losses, only the kind we had expected.

That was the only time the Japs managed to collect what we were prepared to pay. From the point of view of air attack, the ground on New Georgia in July was as restful for Americans as it had been on Guadalcanal in June. Our ships unloaded fully day after day.

Small slow defenseless landing barges maintained without loss a shrilly put-putting shuttle service across the seven miles of open water between Rendova—our main New Georgia storehouse—and the front lines around Munda airport.

Too seldom to count materially (except to the individuals concerned) did red rain come through the air umbrella overhead.

The Japs lost well over 250 planes in two weeks in a series of mass assaults, and sank only two ships. Thereafter they all but conceded the game, sticking to sneak raids by token forces of planes at dawn or dusk when poor visibility allowed a hit-and-runner a chance to grab an occasional dividend.

While scoring this remarkable victory, our air force was also contributing substantially to the Navy's efforts to cut the Japanese supply line from Bougainville to New Georgia. The Navy's surface force operated at night and air power worked by day, and together they all but emptied Bougainville of Japanese shipping.

HOWEVER, the battle is the pay-off and the Japs do not seem willing to pay off on air power. Our airmen's great victories, it will be noted, were all scored on the outer peripheries of the battle.

Without them, the infantry had small chance of winning. But without the infantry, the airplane had *no* chance of winning.

And when the airplane plunged into the center of the battle and sought to function there as mobile artillery, it failed signally.

The way the whole operation finally added up was this: In destroying Japanese air power, our air force was magnificent; in crippling Japanese shipping, it was useful; but in laying down barrages to destroy Japanese forces, supplies, and gun positions in the jungle, the best airplanes we now have achieved only limited success.

The jungle seems to be the difficulty the airplane has not solved. It cannot see its targets through the jungle. It cannot, without a great deal of luck—even when the targets are clearly marked for it—get its bombs through the jungle that covers the targets. Earth and dispersement are very good defenses against any long-range fire. When an enemy's force is dispersed and dug into earth that is covered by jungle, then bombing serves no purpose except to keep troops underground—a limited use, and then only if you are moving your own troops and if the planes can remain overhead long enough for you to move enough of them.

Infantry had to win the battle of New Georgia. It will have to win all our battles for us. The air force helped the Navy get the infantry there. It helped the Navy prevent the Japs from reinforcing to any material extent. It was more useful than ground guns in preventing Jap airplanes from harassing the infantry or its supplies.

But there its power ended. It could not have exercised any power at all without a base near enough to enable it not only to take hostile air but also to hold that air and keep on holding it hour after hour for all the days of the battle.

TESTED IN OUR OWN SUNLIT KITCHENS

Food advisers all repeat,
"Learn to s-t-r-e-t-c-h your rationed
meat!"

The meat we buy, by frugal ounces,
Not only stretches—gosh, it
bounces!

—MARY WARD.

What is made clear by our substantial air victory in the Pacific this summer is this:

1. We now have the planes to make a winning team. We have always had the pilots.
2. Not even a winning team of pilots and planes can defend their own airport against enemy ground forces or take an enemy's airfield.
3. Our air force cannot afford to give away too much advantage in range to the Japs. We cannot move against the heart of the Japanese empire under an umbrella of air cover until we have bases near enough to that heart.
4. The airplane of the present day is an excellent support weapon on the outer peripheries of jungle battles, but by itself it can't collect the pay-off where battles are won and lost. Most of our way to Japan lies through jungles and thus we can expect no quick victory.

Troops will have to fight their way through the jungle to places from which air power can support their final assault on the Japanese homeland. Ships will have to carry the troops to the battlefields, and the airplane will have to keep hostile air power off them and their lines of supply. Some day the major assault against Japan proper will come, but at present writing it lies a long way ahead.

THE END

BRITISH LABOR POINTS THE WAY

Continued from Page 25

each. Philip Murray, now president of the C. I. O. and the United Steelworkers, receives $20,000 only, from the steelworkers. William Green, president of the A. F. of L., receives $18,000.

One finds the attitude of our unionists toward the pay and place of their officers different from that of the British. Our workers do not appear to object, as a rule, to high salaries or impressive office or hotel settings. One young pipe fitter said, "I don't care a whoop, so long as I get high wages." Way down under, one night, I was told by a Pennsylvania miner, "I wouldn't want Jack Lewis for a pa, but he's done more for us than any man alive, and nothing's too good for him!" An automobile worker said, "Big-shot employers live well. Why shouldn't our leaders? This is America!"

Peaceful picketing, in Britain as here, is of course legal. But over there any laying on of hands, any personal violence, any intimidation or ostracizing of any worker on the job, is out. So is any intimidation, any intrusion upon a worker's family. Not for a minute would either British public or union sentiment sanction "going to work" on a family, such as I have seen in remote northern Minnesota ore areas, to force a wage earner to go along with a union. Such practices as heaving brickbats and light bulbs filled with paint through home windows, as was done during the vicious Allis-Chalmers strike near Milwaukee, are out.

* * *

When he went to the tavern this particular Sunday, the father was persuaded to take his young son along —it might be an excellent opportunity to show him some of the evils of intemperance. After his quota of beers the father said:

"Never drink too much, my boy. To be drunk is a disgrace."

"Yes, dad; but how shall I know when I have had enough?"

The father pointed. "Do you see those two men sitting in the corner? If you should see four men there, you would know that you were drunk."

"Yes, dad," said the boy. "But—but there is only one man in that corner."

* * *

Britain's Trades Disputes Act of 1927, following the general strike, prohibits any strike or lockout whatever which would in any way coerce the government. It prohibits all sympathetic strikes. Also, it prohibits all unions of government employees from any affiliation with other unions. We have no parallel national legislation. Our hasty Smith-Connally Act forbids strikes against our government but requires that the industry or plant or mine in which the strike occurs must have been taken over by the government before the arrests can be made.

As president of both the C. I. O. and the United Mine Workers, in 1936 Mr. Lewis subscribed $400,000 to help President Roosevelt win his campaign for re-election. Mr. Lewis did not ask either the C. I. O. or the mine-worker rank and file to vote in the matter. This isn't done in our country, save rarely.

In Britain the Trade Union Act of 1913 permits a union to participate in political activity only on condition that a ballot of its members shall provide a majority favoring it; that every union member shall give written permission before any of his money is used for any political purpose; and that no member refusing to contribute shall be penalized in any way.

Each union's delegates, all selected by vote, now carry the mandate of their members to the conferences of the British Labour Party, which was founded and with great success has been fostered by the British tradeunion movement. Voting in accordance with the number of union members they represent who have subscribed in writing, these delegates shape the party's policies and programs.

ALL British union leaders—unlike some of ours—have grown up, got their training, been advanced by their fellows within the labor movement itself. From it many remarkable men have emerged. These men impress an American reporter with their grasp of national problems like the hazards of inflation, and their willingness—unlike the attitude of many American labor as well as farmer leaders—to make any temporary sacrifice of "rights" to lick Hitler and inflation. Many other British leaders, for example Sir Stafford Cripps, have cast their destinies with the Labour Party. It put the Ramsay MacDonald government into power. Today five of its members are in Mr. Churchill's Cabinet. More than forty are Ministers, Parliamentary secretaries representing Cabinet members in Parliament, or Parliamentary private secretaries. In the House of Commons are 171 Labour Party members. Serving on national boards, on committees, in many other capacities in every Ministry, and down the line in every war industry on joint labor-management committees, are hundreds more.

American labor has no political party. (The present American Labor Party is only of local importance in New York). Neither of our major parties, representing as they must our vast country, can represent labor in any full sense. It has few men qualified to run for national office with any hope of winning.

We have many unionists serving on our 1,500 joint labor-management committees, many in official wartime posts. Labor has a "friend" in the White House, friends in some members of his Cabinet, in departments and war agencies, and in Congress. "Friends" are a far cry from authentic, responsible, elected representatives.

The American labor movement clearly is in a position far inferior, any way you look at it, especially from the union side, to that of the British labor movement. Yet British labor, which is not much older than ours, had in the beginning to face the same and in some instances greater obstacles.

American labor can learn much from British labor, which is firmly established as a well organized, self-respecting, responsible national force. British conditions are, of course, not identical with ours—and neither are British business and labor problems. But they are similar enough to enable us to profit by the fine example of statesmanship that both British capital and British labor have demonstrated.

THE END

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ABOUT COLD WATER
I'm not BEEFING
ABOUT USED BLADES
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
BOY! A REAL SHAVE —EVEN WITH COLD WATER OR A USED BLADE!

I've got the answer!..How about you?

• Lather up with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for a *real* shave—even under trying conditions! You see, Lifebuoy's *soothing* "stay-moist" lather picks up and holds longer *more moisture* than any other popular shaving cream. Result—better, easier shaves than drier lathers could give you. Try a tube today! You'll like its mild fragrance.

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

NAPOLEON gave us that old saying, "An army marches on its stomach," and nobody's proved him wrong yet. Food's plenty important to a fighting man.

A good many queries have come in about field rations. Naturally, wives and mothers are worried about what the boys are eating, so I thought a little description of the basic field rations might be in order. Next time Joe writes that he's been on Field Ration K, you'll know what he means.

Field Ration A is not very different from the regular rations in garrison. It's the easiest kind of field ration to get along on, and is provided when conditions permit. In general, the food is the same as that served in garrison, or the nearest substitute.

Ration K

Field Ration B eliminates the perishable items. Using the A ration as a pattern, it substitutes processed or canned foods for anything that won't keep or might get damaged. For example, canned fruit is usually substituted for fresh fruit.

Field Ration C consists of previously cooked food in airtight cans. There are six cans to each ration (a ration is food for one soldier for one day).

Three of the cans contain a meat-and-vegetable dish, something like what you might use as a base for vegetable soup. It can be eaten hot or cold. The other three cans contain crackers, sugar, and soluble coffee. The crackers are saltless (so as not to encourage thirst) and a bit sweet. There's enough coffee for one canteen cupful, and it can be dissolved in either hot or cold water.

As you see, the six cans provide three field meals, with two cans being opened for each meal.

Field Ration D consists of three 4-ounce bars of concentrated chocolate and is often combined with C rations.

When troops are separated from kitchens for some time, Field Ration K is issued. It consists of three boxes, each a complete meal, weighing a total of 42 ounces.

The latest wrinkle in K rations is the "10 in 1." Recently developed by the Quartermaster Corps, this provides a full day's food supply for ten men. All the food is precooked and can be eaten hot or cold. The compact package also contains cigarettes, halazone tablets for purifying water, soap, matches, paper towels and toilet tissue.

Items on the "10 in 1" menu include canned pork and sausage meat, meat stew, ham and eggs, canned tomatoes, dehydrated baked beans, biscuits, cereal, evaporated milk, jam, pineapple rice pudding, canned butter, soluble coffee, fruit-juice powder, sugar, salt, dried fruits, and fruit bars.

Bon appétit, m'lads!

OLD SARGE.

* * *

When an officer gets time off, is it correct to refer to it as a "leave" or a "furlough"?

Mrs. L. E. A., Amite, La.

In the case of officers, "leave" is correct—short for "leave of absence." Only in the case of enlisted men is the term "furlough" applied.

* * *

I should think, Sarge, that you would have some good ideas on what to send servicemen for Christmas. How about some suggestions?

A. L. McD., Lincoln, Neb.

A poll was recently taken on the subject among the servicemen themselves. In order of preference, here are some of the things the boys would like:

Cigarettes, portable radio, waterproof wrist watch, good regulation shirts, leather wallet with service insignia, pen and pencil set, good regulation socks, homemade cakes and cookies (must be sealed in crush-proof container), windproof cigarette lighter, stationery, sewing kit, overnight bag with place to keep papers, photographs of family or sweetheart in unbreakable frame, extra G. I. cap of proper branch, razor-blade sharpener, good pocket knife, polished metal mirror, warm slippers.

* * *

Let us eighteen-year-old girls join the WAC. We have as much to fight for as the older girls do. We want to help our brothers and friends too! If we have to, we shall picket recruiting offices until they let us join up.

Come on, girls, let's show them that we've got what it takes! We want to join the WAC!

R. F. T., East Windsor, Conn.

There's a lot of enthusiasm packed in that letter, but the WAC age range is twenty to forty-nine, inclusive. So far, I haven't heard about any moves to lower it. I admire your spirit, though, Miss T.

* * *

My husband, who was a corporal in the Army, was reported "missing" three months ago. Could you tell me how long a man is carried on the lists as "missing" and what is done during this time about pay, allotments, and insurance?

Mrs. J. G., Jr., Chicago, Ill.

Under the Missing Persons Act, the "missing" period is at least twelve months in cases where there is no evidence or information that a man has been killed, wounded, or captured. After twelve months he is presumed dead. During the year a man is listed as "missing" his pay continues, as does the payment of allotments and insurance premiums.

When listed as dead, the soldier is entitled to six months' "gratuity pay," which is given to his widow or other dependents. His widow is then entitled to a pension from the Veterans Administration of $50 a month if she is under fifty years of age, plus $15 a month for the first child and $13 a month for other children, provided the children are under eighteen.

* * *

Our chief entertainment here in the Southwest Pacific is the "bull session," with half the tent arguing one side of a question and half the other. The other night the question was whether the grade of private first class was a recent addition to the Army or whether it existed in World War I. We have searched the island for an authority on the subject, but even a major to whom we put the question would not commit himself.

How about you, Sarge?

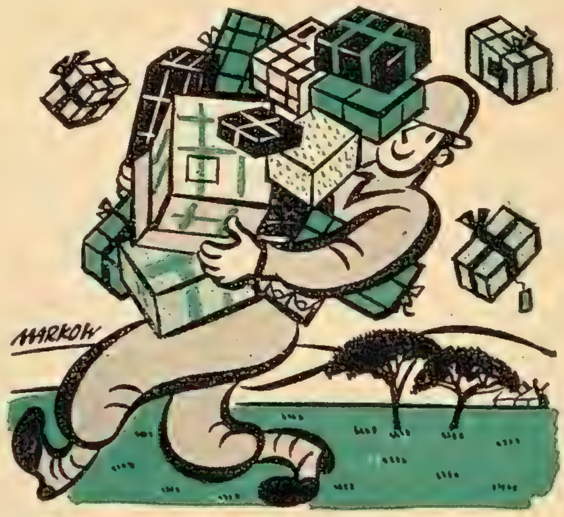
Cpl. J. W. H.,
Southwest Pacific Theater.

I'll be glad to commit myself. The rank of private first class is not a recent addition and *did exist* in World War I. And if there was any moola on the argument, I hope yours was on the right side.

* * *

How is it possible to get a furlough for a soldier whose mother is very ill? She wants so much to see him. It is over a year since he has been home, and I'm afraid if he does not come soon it may be too late.

Mrs. A. G. C., New Waterford, Ohio.



Christmas

The soldier himself may request an emergency furlough from his commanding officer. Such furloughs may be granted in cases of family emergency, such as death or critical illness. The Red Cross is often helpful in obtaining these furloughs and, through its home service department, makes the necessary investigation to see if the furlough is warranted.

* * *

My husband is a sergeant in the Army, and he sent me his old pfc. and corp. stripes. Is it against the law to wear them, being a civilian? Not that I want to show off, but after all, I want to show I'm proud of him, just as other girls are of their husbands and sweethearts.

Mrs. D. L. C., Holland, Mich.

I've answered this one before, but here it goes again: AR 600-90, dated September 19, 1942, states:

"The wearing of any decoration, medal, badge or insignia prescribed or authorized by the War Department by any person for whom such decoration, medal, badge or insignia is not authorized or prescribed is *prohibited*. Any person who offends against this provision is subject to punishment by a fine not exceeding $250 or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both."

* * *

A guy here says there's an Army camp somewhere in the U. S. named after a private. I don't believe it!

Sgt. J. J. K.,
North Africa.

Whether you believe it or not, it is true! Camp Mackall, at Hoffman, North Carolina, was named by special order of the War Department after Private John T. Mackall, who died of wounds received in action on November 12, 1942.

* * *

Will drafted soldiers who were inducted in March of 1941 be able to wear a hash mark after March of 1944? I was inducted March 11, 1941. The question has been raised by several members of my battery.

S. S., Jr.,
Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, Calif.

Yes, you will be entitled to wear a hash mark. Same goes for any soldier, drafted or not, who completes three years of active service.

* * *

My boy friend is fighting in Italy, Sarge, and has promised to bring me home a Nazi's helmet as a souvenir. He's the man who can do it, too! There never was a tougher soldier in this man's war!

But my question is, will the Army let soldiers keep trophies which they pick up on the battlefield? Some say yes and some say no. What do you say, Sarge?

Doughboy's Sweetheart,
Columbus, Ohio.

Never mind what I say. It's what the War Department says that counts. Here's a summary of WD memorandum No. W570-3-43, which deals with the subject:

First, soldiers are allowed to keep trophies and souvenirs which they find in battle zones—with certain exceptions. They are not permitted to keep name plates of enemy equipment. These are of value to our Intelligence in piecing together a picture of enemy matériel.

Second, soldiers can't keep anything that might contain explosives—for obvious reasons.

Third, they can't keep items that have greater value as scrap metal than as trophies.

Souvenirs may be sent home by mail, provided the soldier gets an authorizing certificate (two copies) from his unit commander. One copy is kept or put in the parcel, and the other is sent to customs authorities at the destination.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

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- chapped hands and face
- for sunburn and windburn
- cold sores and cracked lips
- relieves tired, burning feet
- takes sting out of insect bites

Feminine Note—Mennen Skin Balm keeps arms and legs soft and smooth.

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STAY ON YOUR JOB!
EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!

BARBED WIRE FOR THE DURATION

Continued from Page 23

no marshes. The air is clean and healthy.

The camp consists of huts and is like a small town, with long straight concrete streets. Between the huts are so many open spaces that air and sunshine can reach all of them.

The Fürstenberg district will have quite a bit of rain and slushy snow in the winter months, and some foggy days. But the huts are well heated; there is a library, there are church services. The camp has an athletic field. Once the ground is frozen, about the middle of November, outdoor sports are possible all winter.

Fürstenberg itself is the terminus of the canal connecting the Oder River with the Spree. This canal, winding away to Berlin, passes near the camp.

The country is comparatively flat. The farms thereabout are small and the villages dumpy and cluttered, with the usual manure heaps by the front doors. Every time Berlin burns, it is possible that the glow on the horizon will be visible to boys at Stalag 3B.

The environment of Stalag 3B is that of a health resort in a forest—a health resort behind barbed wire!

Judging by letters in my possession, Americans from other camps are being moved there in increasing numbers. It is possible that the Nazis intend to make Stalag 3B the main camp for American enlisted men.

BUT there still are American boys in a number of other camps as well. Some are in Stalag 5B, near Villingen in the Black Forest, only about fifty miles northeast of the old city of Basle.

This camp has concrete barracks for its steady inmates and wooden barracks for temporary inmates, according to A. Emil Wirz, a Y. M. C. A. worker who has seen it. Americans there, as well as in other camps, wear their own uniforms except when on work detail. They are supplied with new uniforms, when needed, through neutral channels.

The environment at Stalag 5B is good. Villingen is almost 3,000 feet up. Not far from the camp stands the old King of the Black Forest, the *Hölzlekönig*, a fir tree 140 feet high and heaven only knows how old. A few miles away is the picturesque village of Trossingen, which used to furnish the world with many of its mouth organs.

Villingen itself is a medieval city of 15,000 with some of its historic walls still standing.

According to Mr. Wirz, the boys at Stalag 5B have an orchestra and a stage on which to present plays and sketches. This camp boasts an adequate hospital, Mr. Wirz informs us. It also has its own workshops—busy places where anything from books to baskets is repaired when necessary. Americans at Stalag 5B have asked American organizations for medicine balls and fencing equipment, so apparently the camp has facilities for sports.

Winter will bring quite a bit of snow to Villingen, but perhaps not as much as to Oflag 64 in Poland.

A SMALLER camp is Stalag 7A, near Moosburg, a quaint Bavarian village on the rushing Isar some fifty miles from Munich. Thus in location the Moosburg camp is to Munich what Stalag 3B at Fürstenberg is to Berlin.

According to Dr. Davis, Stalag 7A is on a plain in view of rolling hills, in an agricultural area. The camp, built since the war began, consists of brick and stucco barracks lined with plywood. Each barrack, furnished with three-deck wooden bunks covered with straw-filled sacks and blankets, accommodates about 300 men. Space for three or four tables with benches is left on one side. Two large stoves furnish heat when necessary. The barracks stretch on and on, constituting a city for about 100,000 prisoners. The camp has a combination church-assembly-theater hall for 500. It has a hospital for minor illnesses and injuries. A football field and a town square take up part of the camp area.

Loud-speakers are attached to high poles at frequent intervals, so that the sixty-four-piece orchestra can broadcast to the entire camp. Special orders can also be announced over this system at the discretion of the commandant.

The four-square camp is, of course, inclosed by the usual high barbed-wire entanglements and fences, and at each corner is the dominating tower with searchlights and machine guns, trademark of internment camps the world over.

This camp has a large library, and the boys have organized a regular lecture course, theatricals, concerts. A male choir, a mandolin club, a handicraft club offer diversions and entertainment. Athletics, moving pictures, and religious services are regular items on the week's program.

Stalag 8B is near Lammsdorf, a diminutive village not far from the larger city of Görlitz, east of Dresden, in the foothills of the Riesengebirge. This camp is located in a forest straddling the old trade route on which, during the Middle Ages, heavily laden caravans trekked slowly from Germany into Poland. All around Lammsdorf are small villages where peasants used to make Christmas-tree decorations and carve small statues.

The specialty at Stalag 8B, according to Y. M. C. A. worker Gunnar Janssen, seems to be the camp university. Eight hundred of the prisoners are participating in twenty-eight different study courses. Most of the study material has been brought from England. Fifteen correspondence courses have been arranged with English schools.

Stalag 8B has a regular magazine called, appropriately enough, The Camp, created with the help of a typewriter and a duplicating machine sent from Sweden. A main library supplies different parts of the camp with all manner of books.

Four chaplains are doing some real ecumenical work together.

The camp has a sick bay, located in a near-by pine forest. It has three orchestras, a military band, a dance band. A large playing field encourages football matches and cricket games. Apparently our boys are learning how to play cricket from the British prisoners. Boxing and other athletic events are regular diversions.

OFLAG 9, officers' camp, is at Rotenburg on the Fulda River. Rotenburg on the Fulda is a town of some 5,000 population, twenty miles west of Eisenach, in the Luther country.

The terrain is rolling and partly wooded, but with a preponderance of cultivated fields of grain and potatoes. The climate is temperate both in summer and in winter. Old Rotenburg on the Fulda is not to be confused with Rothenburg ob der Tauber, but it does have some medieval touches. On the outskirts of town, and perhaps visible from the camp, is the moldering old castle of the landgraves of Hessen-Philippsthal-Barchfeld, where I have watched Hitler Youth go through their bloodcurdling youth ceremonies.

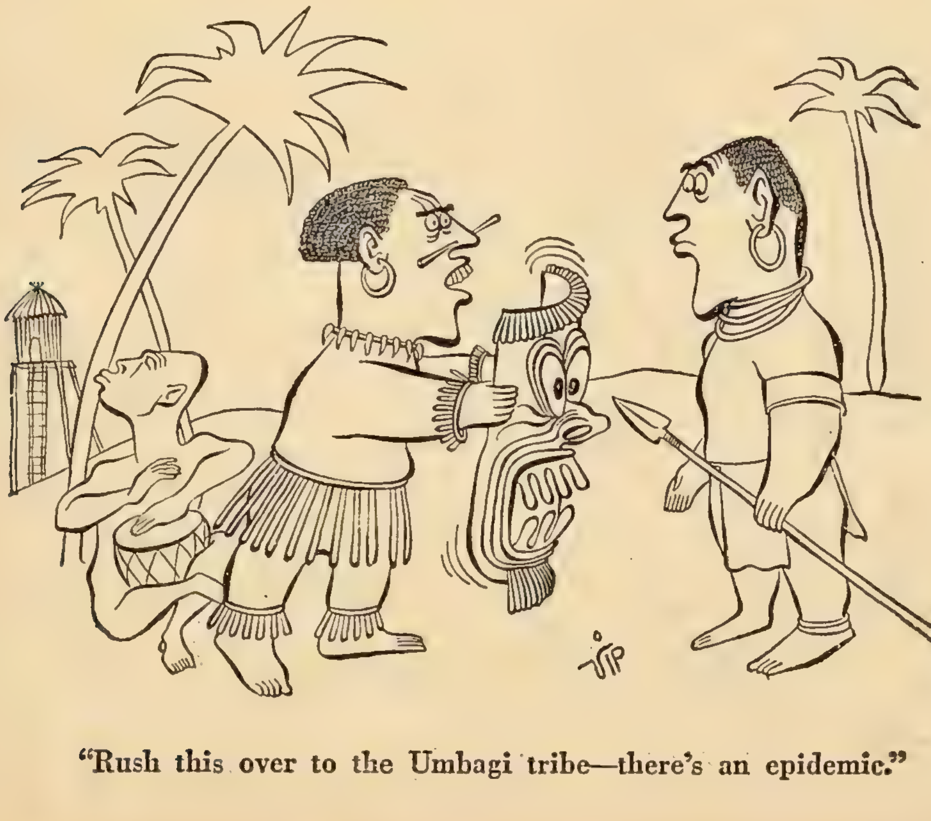
This camp is not quite as advanced in construction as some of the others. A new stage has been finished recently, films are shown occasionally, and sport is progressing nicely.

Twenty-eight captured clergymen, representing practically every religious point of view, are administering to the spiritual needs of the prisoners.

When the Y secretary visited them, the boys at Oflag 9 were waiting for wood from Sweden to build shelves for their books. It seems to be quite a studious camp, with officers studying everything from Greek to shorthand.

Stalag Luft 3, according to Gunnar Janssen, is exclusively for men of the air forces. It is located in a clearing in a pine, spruce, and larch forest near a small town called Segan, about ninety miles southeast of Berlin. I have mo-

(*Continued on page 62*)



"Rush this over to the Umbagi tribe—there's an epidemic."

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HERE'S an extraordinary story of winemaking that began over 60 years ago. In 1881, a group of men founded *Italian Swiss Agricultural Colony* . . . a Colony unique in America. They built their homes and their winery in the sunny hills of historic Sonoma County—today the very *heart* of California's fine-wine country.

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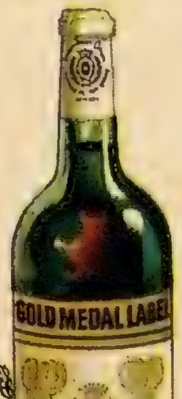
To know the rest of this romantic story, simply open a bottle of table wine from the quaint Colony village of Asti . . . perhaps Tipo Red or White, or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. Serve it with dinner. Notice its brilliant, jewel-like color. Catch its enchanting bouquet. Then, *taste its glorious flavor!* You'll agree that these wines—made by skill handed down through three generations—are as remarkable as the Colony which gives them their name.

Equally fine and equally famous are Italian Swiss Colony's sweet dessert wines . . . such as Gold Medal Label California Port, Sherry and Muscatel. Try them soon.



3 GENERATIONS OF
WINE-MAKING SKILL AT ASTI, CALIFORNIA

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

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(Continued from page 60)

tored through that forest of the Lausitz a number of times and can recommend that locality for fresh air at least.

The men at Stalag Luft 3 have an athletic field 700 square yards in area, and an auxiliary field in the noncommissioned officers' camp near by.

As an indication that some of the men at Stalag Luft 3 are devoting themselves to sports, witness some figures. War Prisoners Aid of the Y. M. C. A. has sent the boys at this camp 25 footballs, 200 pairs of football boots, 18 medicine balls, 64 boxing gloves, 600 table-tennis balls, 42 basketballs, 50 baseball gloves, 230 baseballs, 50 hockey sticks.

Stalag Luft 3 has a theater with an orchestra pit that lowers and rises. Last Christmas inmates presented the entire oratorio The Messiah, with male voice choir, church choir, solos, and concert orchestra. I have seen a copy of the program for this performance, and it seemed most professional.

Eight hundred and fifty men are enrolled in more than twenty study courses, so obviously the intellectual side of life comes into its own at Stalag Luft 3. This camp also has an infirmary.

That leaves Stalag 5A, near the town of Weinsberg, and 7B, at Memmingen.

Weinsberg, you will recall, is that little town near the Neckar River, of Heidelberg fame, which boasts the old Weibertreu castle on a rounded hill. When Conrad III conquered Weinsberg in 1140, he issued a decree that the women of the castle could go free and could take with them as much of their possessions as they could carry on their backs. Each married woman wobbled down the steep incline with her husband on her back.

"If you had any sense you would have ordered our coal months ago!"

Beautiful country, colorful rolling scenery, good climate, clean air, pleasant country all about—that is the environment of Stalag 5A.

Seven B is near Memmingen, down in old Swabia, southern Germany, where the road that leads from Ulm to the Alps cuts the road from Augsburg to Friedrichshafen. The foothills of the Alps are clearly visible. Memmingen is the old town where you can still visit the Fuggerau with its tall gables, its front crisscrossed with old beams—the house where in 1630 Wallenstein, who was doing so much nefarious work for the Emperor Ferdinand, received his dismissal.

We have, I regret, no eyewitness accounts from these last two camps, but no doubt the general set-up of Stalags 5A and 7B resembles that of the other camps.

That's what we know about internment camps in Nazi Germany. To sum up, it is clear that our boys in Germany are being treated reasonably well and their needs are being looked after by War Prisoners Aid of the Y. M. C. A. and by the International Red Cross. The Swiss government protects, in accordance with international law, the rights of our prisoners and makes regular reports to our government—based on firsthand observation.

But remember this:

Being a prisoner of war is not an easy life. American boys living in these camps are longing for home. They are hoping the war will be over soon. In spite of ball games and presentations of The Messiah, in spite of good air and pine woods, life in an internment camp is still life in a prison camp.

We need not delude ourselves. The boys in those internment camps are doing their human best to pass the time that is so plentiful on their hands—but they are waiting.

Meanwhile, we do have the consolation that apparently the Nazis are adhering more closely to the Geneva Convention in their treatment of our boys than they have in the treatment of other prisoners. Perhaps that isn't much of a consolation, but it must serve.

THE END

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES *KNOW* PHILIP MORRIS

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WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT — DUE TO SMOKING — EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY,* OR *DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

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TWO-WAY STRETCH—Continued from Page 15

coat and hangs it on the back of his chair, and we all do likewise. Then we loosen our ties, roll up our sleeves, cut high card for the deal.

"Have a good time," says Agatha, and I think to myself, She'll never pose for a brewery calendar, but beauty isn't everything.

"Just forget I'm here," says Agatha, and she tiptoes out of the room.

Rocky Ford, I tell myself, how you have misjudged that little woman!

Tom Feeney gets the deal, and Callahan banks the game. He gives us each ten bucks apiece in chips, and we agree to play the usual five-and-ten stakes. I tilt back my chair, I light a cigarette, I listen to the music of Feeney's shuffle.

"Gentlemen," I announce, "this looks like one of those nights."

I pick up my five pasteboards and my first impression is I've stumbled into a convention of ruling monarchs and their families, all of which straightens out into three kings and two red jacks. The Ford face is a mask.

"I seem to have openers," I tell the boys, and that, friends, is the start of a Rocky Ford field day. It seems I can't lose. I get careless and draw to inside straights. Every time I hit, I hold three spades and draw two more. I even match up ace kickers for a full house. In short, I've got three stacks of chips like something you'd see at a steel mill.

"We gotta break that lucky streak," Tom Feeney says, and he and Dave Sparks change seats.

Next pot I win on queen high.

"Callahan," says Dave Sparks, "what we need is a drink."

Callahan goes to the head of the stairs and calls down to the bride, "The boys are getting thirsty, honey."

"CALLAHAN," says Dave Sparks, "you have married yourself a little thoroughbred."

In waltzes Agatha with a pitcher full of a dark fluid which the boys guess is coke and rum. I guess different, and I'm right.

"There's plenty more," says Agatha, breezing back to her knitting.

The boys hoist their glasses, smack their lips, and take a manly swig. From the faces they make you'd think the drink was laced with alum.

"It's croup medicine," says Dave Sparks.

Tom Feeney frowns and takes another sip. "No," he says, "it's the stuff I've been using on my hair."

None of the boys apparently ever tasted root beer before, and a couple of them are so thirsty they drink it.

"Your deal, Rocky," says Callahan, and we get on with the game.

The only evidence of merriment is in the Rocky Ford corner, and the general gloom darkens as I gradually get a monopoly on red chips, and then blues. I let the whites lay where they fell.

"I'm the guy that taught Hoyle," I tell the boys, and they stare at me like I'd just waved a swastika.

"Let me cut the cards," says Maury. "Sometimes a four-way cut will bust a lucky streak."

The first three cards I pick up are aces.

"Sometimes if everybody gets up and walks around the table," Tom Feeney says, and he starts a parade, with everybody participating but me. I'm not superstitious.

My next hand is like a blackout, all clubs.

"I knew a fellow once always put his hat on when he got to losing," Tom says, and there's a general rush for the fedoras.

In the next pot I rake in almost ten bucks.

"There's only one other thing I can think of," Tom says, and that's as far as he gets, because Agatha comes in with sandwiches and cake.

"Don't you think that's enough for tonight, dear?" says Agatha. "It's eleven thirty."

She takes the cards. I reach for the sandwiches. I seem to be the only one with any appetite.

"Add up the agony," I tell Callahan, who has already got the figures.

I'm ahead nearly a hundred bucks, eighteen from Callahan, twenty-three from Maury Price, twenty from Tom Feeney, and thirty-four from Dave Sparks.

"Gentlemen," I announce, "I will accept checks."

"Why, Mr. Ford," says Agatha, "what do you mean?"

"Checks," I says. "Checks are acceptable, and this cake is wonderful. You must give Kate your recipe."

***

> **New Year's Day should rightfully fall on the first of October. That, if ever, is the time of year when we are disposed to turn over a new leaf, to make firm resolutions to be indeed a changed person. I suspect that more bills are paid in October than in any other month; more husbands are considerate of their wives; more women are intent upon improving their minds (and their figures); in short, more ambitions are revived—and all because of the winelike quality of our American autumn.**
>
> *—Edward Weeks.*

***

"You certainly didn't think you were playing for keeps?" says Agatha.

I choke on the pastry.

"I'm not running a gambling establishment, Rocky Ford," says Agatha. "You were invited here to play for the enjoyment of the game, not to make money."

"Callahan," says Dave Sparks, "you have certainly married yourself a little thoroughbred."

WHEN the little thoroughbred calls me next Thursday to come play synthetic draw poker with Callahan, I tell her I have very important business to attend to.

The business is taking Kate and Herbert to the Palace to see the latest Roy Rogers opus.

"Did you boys shoot marbles with Callahan last Thursday night?" I ask the gang next Sunday afternoon when Herbert and I drop in Sol's place.

"Unexpected company from out of town," Dave Sparks says.

"Previous engagement," Maury Price says.

Tom Feeney blows in about this time, and Tom says he took sick suddenly when Agatha phoned.

"Sol," says Tom, "a double root-beer float for the buckaroo, and four beers for us ranch hands. Preferably on the house."

Then Tom spots Callahan looming up over the cigarette machine, and he says, "Make it five beers."

"How'd you get past the warden, Callahan?" says Dave.

"Maybe he got sprung, like a guy I saw in the movies," says Maury. "Guy's doing time, and he rolls himself up in the dirty clothes, gets hauled through the big gates right on into town."

"Take a two years' wash to hide Callahan," says Tom Feeney.

I don't chime in with Maury and Tom on the kidding. They're not married, which it happens I am.

"Callahan," I says, "have a smoke."

"Thanks, Rocky," he says. "I must of left my cigarettes home."

"I saw another show where this guy hides in a milk can," says Maury. "But of course he was a little guy."

"Agatha's having her garden club to tea," says Callahan.

"Gee," says Maury, "if she lets you out by yourself now, you must be a trusty."

"Boys," says Callahan, "you got the wrong angle on Agatha. She's O. K., a hundred per cent, only she has traveled in different circles than us."

"Circles is right," says Maury.

"Now you take that poker game the other night," says Callahan. "Agatha's always played bridge for fun, and she figured we oughta get the same kick out of make-believe draw poker."

"Phooey," says Herbert. "Dames!"

"You know, boys," I says, "I think Callahan's got hold of something."

Then the trigger mind of Rocky Ford gets to clicking. Amazing the way I can figure the trick shots. Surprises even me sometimes.

"Callahan," I says, "I've got an idea."

"Watch out, Rocky," says Herbert. "Dames is dynamite."

"Herbert," I says, "dynamite's perfectly safe in the hands of an expert."

I get a grip on Callahan's shoulder, I look at him man to man, letting him take hope and strength from the cold determination in the Rocky Ford eyes.

"Callahan," I says, "are you a brave man?"

"I got medals," says Callahan.

"You've got medals, Callahan, but have you got the heart of a lion?"

Then I spring my scheme, and Callahan's face gets chalky and his hands tremble.

"No, Rocky," he says, "not that—anything but that."

"Callahan," I says, "you're not worthy of the fine Irish name you bear."

"Rocky," says Herbert, shining his sheriff's badge on the sleeve of his Superman sweatshirt, "you're heading into a mess o' trouble."

"I can handle this, Herbert," I says.

"Dames can be mighty pesky," the kid says.

Callahan drains off his glass of suds, takes a deep breath, and kind of steadies himself. Then he asks me, "You'll be there, Rocky?"

"All the way."

"O. K. It's a deal."

"You're riding into a trap," says Herbert.

He loads both his rods.

I GIVE Herbert fifteen cents to take in a double Western at the Vista, then Callahan and I advance on the enemy position from the rear. I'm just opening the back door to the Callahan residence when Callahan tries to back down the steps. I hold onto him, and I tell him he can't quit now, the machinery is rolling, everything is working out according to plan. I lead him into the kitchen, and the maid Agatha has hired

FREE IF YOU GUESS YOUR WEIGHT
Reamer Keller

"I guessed my weight, so I took it."

for the occasion gives us the fish eye.

"He's Mr. Callahan," I explain, and in the parlor we hear the sound of chattering hens. It unnerves Callahan, but I've got him by the arm and he can't duck back of the line of scrimmage.

"He sick?" says the maid.

"In a way," I says, and I steer Callahan into the parlor, which is overrun by elderly chicks of a very talkative nature. Callahan is shaking, and when Agatha sails up to him, he is a frozen vegetable.

"You're home early, dear," she says.

Callahan tries to talk, but the best he can do is a husky gasp.

Agatha takes us around and introduces us to the gladioli girls planted in the overstuffed. They squint at us like we were a couple poison-ivy vines.

"Go right ahead with your meeting, honey," says Callahan, when the power of speech comes back to him.

"We were discussing the best way to beautify the new battle monument in Sunset Park," says Agatha.

"Forget we're here," says Callahan.

I DRAW a chair up alongside a battle cruiser lying at anchor by the fireplace. The cruiser is wearing a Queen Mary headpiece, and I gather the impression she's the Miss Big of Agatha's garden lodge.

"Now, then," says Agatha, trying to get the garden session started again, "where were we?"

"Tulips," says the cruiser on my left.

"Oh, yes," says Agatha. "What to plant around the monument."

"Tulips."

"No," says a sour-faced personality who must have worn a Benjamin Harrison button on her first party dress, "a hedge."

"Tulips."

"Now, Alice," says this over-age Gibson girl, "just because you make a hobby of tulip bulbs . . ."

"I know what we might do!" chirps Agatha. "Let's have a hedge *and* tulips."

"I like petunias," says Callahan in a brave clear tone.

"What about petunias?" says Agatha.

"I like 'em."

There is a large order of silence in the room.

"I didn't know you were interested in flowers, Terence," says Agatha.

"A man oughta share his wife's interests," says Callahan. "You got this Sunset Park situation on your hands, and I'm gonna help straighten it out."

"When did this idea come to you?" says Agatha.

"Little while ago."

Agatha shoots a look at me, like I'd just landed at night in a rubber raft.

"Petunias," says Callahan, "come in all different kinds of colors."

This happy thought is just taking root when the doorbell rings, and in walks Kate. An angle I hadn't figured on.

"Why, Rocky!" says Kate, and her smile spells T-R-O-U-B-L-E.

I fight to get a grip on myself. I have to set an example of courage to Callahan, so I pass it off coolly. but as soon as Agatha's introduced Kate and explained how she's just taken up gardening, I ease Callahan out to the kitchen, and I mop the dew off my forehead.

"Rocky," says Callahan, "you ain't gonna back out?"

"Callahan," I says, "we will proceed according to plan."

The maid is whipping up some light refreshments, tiny sandwiches shaped like hearts and clubs and diamonds. I give her a dime and pack her off to the store to buy some petunia seed. Then I slap together a stack of sandwiches the girls can wrap both hands around. I start off with a thick layer of horseradish, which I cement in place with a slab of Swiss cheese. Next I plug up the cheese holes with chunks of pigs' feet, and when I have a firm base, I slice the baloney and liverwurst. I have two large pickles that go well with the sardines I have laid out on a steaming white slice of bull onion. I add bits of stuffed olives, and lay on a blanket of ham.

"Now, then," I says, after I've finished my triple-decker hunks of health, "all we need is something to wash them down. You got any beer?"

"Beer?" Callahan winces. "Why, half of them dames out there hold a paid-up card in the Temperance Union."

"Fine," I says. "Beer's in."

Callahan's face gets white, a sort of cue-ball pallor.

"Rocky," he says, "you're kidding?" Then he grabs me by both arms, and his eyes have a wild, desperate shine. "Ain't you, Rocky? Just kidding?"

I phone the store to send over a case of beer. Callahan slumps down on a kitchen chair. All the fight's gone out of him. He's trembling. "Beer," he keeps mumbling to himself, "beer."

I open the pantry door to do a little reconnaissance, and I find that Kate's arrival has had a very quieting effect on the girls. The hedge-and-tulips forces seem to have staged a truce, and everybody's clustered around Kate, giving her the fine points on back-yard agriculture. Old Tulips is discoursing on trench irrigation, and Miss Vinegar Girl of 1893 breaks in to tell Kate about the quaintest little place where you can get steer manure for only sixty cents a sack. All is harmony. Now, I figure, is the time to strike.

"CALLAHAN," I says, "this is it."

I pour the beer into colored glasses and put them on a tray. Callahan backs off, shaking his head.

"I can't do it, Rocky," he says.

"This will dramatize the whole business," I says. "This will show Agatha she's got to stick to her knitting and leave you free to ring doorbells with the boys."

I hold out the tray. Callahan gulps.

"Callahan," I says, "all we're doing is teaching Agatha that marriage is like a good girdle—it's got to have a two-way stretch."

At first Callahan can't seem to work his arms, but finally he reaches for the tray with the kind of cold courage only a married man could appreciate.

"Rocky," he says, "you go first."

I start toward the pantry door. But suddenly a handful of pebbles hits the kitchen window and we hear a low whine. It's the coyote call of the Prairie Patrol, the call you give a fellow member when you see he's in distress. I put down the platter of king-size sandwiches and open the kitchen door. Herbert sidles in, pistols drawn. He hugs the wall, so no dirty coward can sneak up and pump his back full of lead.

"Rocky," the kid says, "I had to run out on that movie. I kept thinking about you heading into this pack of trouble."

"Thanks, pal," I says, "but I can handle it."

"You're dealing with dames," the kid says, "and dames is tricky."

"Watch how an expert goes about it," I says, and I advance into the parlor.

The club members are so wrapped up in Kate's garden problems, they hardly notice me. They reach out automatically, gurgling, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Ford."

The minute Agatha spots those Jumbos she knows something's up. Kate, who's got the edge on Agatha because she's been married longer, is staring at me with an expression that would kill all plant life within a radius of fifty feet.

"Terence," says Agatha, when Callahan comes in with the trayful of colored glasses, "is that the iced tea?"

Callahan doesn't say a word, just hands out the glasses, and the girls are so misty-eyed from the onion they can't see the foam. They take a manly swig. Then quick freezing sets in.

"Why, no," croaks Tulips. "It's beer!"

"Terence!" gasps Agatha.

A couple girls in the back of the room who haven't had a chance to taste the vile stuff sneak a healthy sip and try to look indignant. One sister is so indignant she forgets herself and takes another swallow.

"Beer, all right," says the indignant dame.

"Well," says Old Tulips, huffing herself up out of her chair, "I must say! Agatha Reardon serving beer!"

"Alice," says Agatha, "I've never served beer in my life."

"Well, your husband is certainly serving it."

"It's a funny taste," says the indignant dame, giving her glass the old bottoms-up routine. "Kinda bitter."

"Terence," says Agatha, "what are you up to?"

Poor Callahan freezes, paralyzed.

"He's drunk," says Tulips. "The minute he came in I knew he was drunk."

Kate's eyes give Callahan a professional X-raying, based on ten years' experience.

"He doesn't look drunk," she says.

"Of course he's not drunk," I says. "The whole thing is just a friendly little gag. You see . . ."

"Not 'drunk," snorts Old Tulips. "They're always drunk, those newspapermen."

"Now, just a minute," Kate says, bristling. She sidles up to Callahan and sniffs. "Why, he hasn't had a drop!"

"Really?" says Agatha, brightening.

"Look, Agatha," I says. "The other night you entertained Callahan's friends *your* way, so . . ."

"Oh," says Kate, wising up. "So you thought you'd entertain Agatha's friends *your* way."

JUST then Herbert comes swaggering in from the kitchen, swinging both his shooting irons. A pal.

"That's right, Aunt Kate," the kid says. "I heard the whole thing. All Uncle Rocky wanted was . . ."

"Beer," says Tulips. "It's an insult to the whole club."

"But," I says, "we never meant for you to actually drink the stuff."

"Then why did you serve it?" says Tulips.

"Wait a minute, Alice," says Agatha. "I think I see why."

"Intoxicating liquor," says Tulips.

"Well, after all, a lot of people do drink it nowadays," says a younger woman. "Even my husband—in the summer, I mean."

"I don't care if the King of England drinks it," says Tulips.

"He did," says the chick. "At Hyde Park. Hot dogs and beer."

"I really don't think they meant any harm," says Kate.

"No," says Agatha. "It was just a sort of—of marriage recipe for the bride."

Agatha smiles coyly at Callahan. She eases up to him and sticks out her hand. He ducks. Then he sees she just wants to link her arm in his, and he breaks out in a big Irish grin. The girls begin to thaw out—all except Tulips.

"Marriage recipe!" snorts Tulips.

"It's hard for you to understand it, Alice," says Agatha, "being an old—I mean, not being married."

That needles Tulips. "If you mean," she says, "that I never threw myself at a—a drunken sports writer . . ."

Agatha's face hardens and she stares a cold straight line at Tulips' headpiece. Tulips gets red in the face, reaches up

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to see if the thing is on straight.

"Alice," says Agatha, "there's something I've been wanting to ask you for fifteen years—where in the world do you get those hats?"

That does it. Tulips stalks out of the house, slamming the front door.

"Gee, Aggie," says Callahan. "Gee!"

The girls don't react for a second, then a few of them smile behind their hands, and the atmosphere begins to lighten. Some dame with a funny laugh suddenly lets herself go full tilt, and that perks the girls up.

"I'll bet that's the first time anybody ever told her off," says the dame with the empty glass.

"She had it coming," says a timid member who's been trying all day to get a word in. "She's been president so long she thinks she owns the club."

"That's right," I says. "What this club needs is a thorough overhauling."

"Sit down, girls," chirps Agatha, "and I'll have some iced tea in just a minute."

"I'll help," says Kate, trailing Agatha.

"As a matter of fact," I says, noticing Agatha's got the pantry door propped open so she won't miss anything, "this might be a good time for you girls to vote yourselves a new president."

"We really should," says the beer drinker's wife. "I mean, *really.*"

"Well, when you come to think of it," says the dame with the empty glass, "Agatha's the logical choice."

"Aggie'd see you got a swell press," says Callahan, coming back to life.

"Oh, TER-ence," Agatha sings out.

Callahan and I file out to the kitchen, and Agatha asks us to get the good glasses down from the top shelf. Callahan still keeps eying her uneasily.

"You ain't sore, Aggie?" he says.

Agatha's got her ear cocked to the pantry door. She's drinking in the discussion, and it's going to her head.

"What, dear?" she says, and when Callahan jerks his head toward the half-full case of beer on the floor, she smiles and says, "Oh, *that.* It would be a shame to waste it," she says.

"I could take it back," Callahan says.

"Maybe," says Agatha, "if you had a poker party next week, the boys could figure out a way of getting rid of it."

She pats his cheek, then breezes out. Callahan stands there, dazed, with a dopey grin on his face.

"Rocky," he says, "I gotta hand it to you."

"It's nothing," I says, steering him into the living room. "Just a question of knowing female psychology."

I LEAVE the happy couple beaming at each other over a dish of lemon slices, then I turn back to the kitchen. Kate, I figure, is going to be mighty proud of her hero.

I stop dead still. Kate's glaring at me like I'd just dropped the August house payment in a poker session.

"Humiliating me in front of all those people!" she says.

"Why, honey!" I says, stunned.

"You put Callahan up to it," she says.

"Sure," I says; "but look . . ."

"I'm warning you, Rocky Ford, if you ever pull another stunt like this, I'll—"

I break through Kate's outer defense, get both arms around her, deadening her fire power, then I try to arbitrate.

Suddenly Herbert pops out of the pantry, grinning his missing-tooth grin.

"Rocky," he says, "I thought you knew dames."

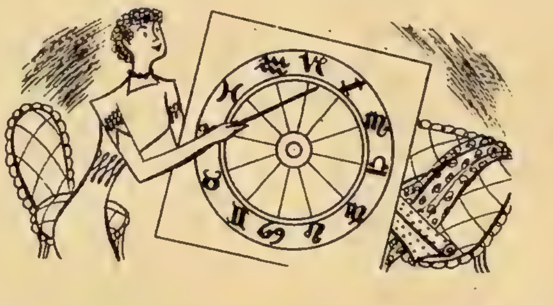
"Herbert," I says, as Kate gives up the fight and begins to snuggle against the breadwinner, "it's a lifetime study."

THE END

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

IT'S IN THE STARS: If you're interested in astrology you doubtless know that Scorpio is supposed to be in the driver's seat from around October 23 until November 22. Myra Kingsley, who for many years has been solving trivial and weighty problems for trivial and weighty people by consulting the stars, is now engaged in marrying astrology to interior decoration. The parson (for it is a very respectable union) is none other than a famous house-furnishings store in New York City. Miss Kingsley has evolved settings to fit men and women born under the influence of a variety of stars.



Her Scorpio dining room is lavish, because people with Scorpio birthdays love everything high, wide, and handsome. Her Sagittarius interior is for a gentleman born between November 23 and December 22, which dooms him, regardless of the year of his birth, to be aggressively optimistic, and therefore entitled to a room of his own, bristling with red leather chairs, trophies, and gay gadgets.

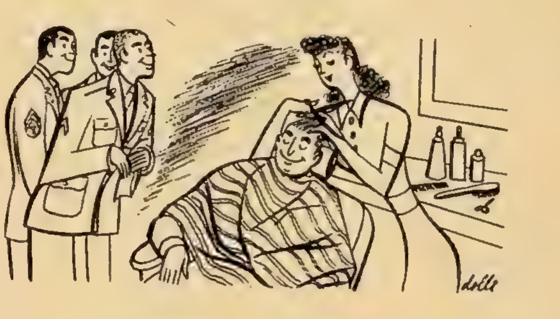
SUCCESS STORY: George Merck, head of the Merck Chemical Company, opened his home in West Orange, New Jersey, to several British refugee children. Though doubtless homesick from time to time, they have taken a great shine to their foster country. Early in the fall, when Mr. Merck asked one of his guests, young Roger Cunliffe, what he would most like to do to celebrate his recovery from a bout with the measles, Roger replied, "I'd rather go to a World Series ball game than anything I can think of." P.S. He got his wish.

HOW TO BE HAPPY AT HOME: You don't need any advice on how to be happy at home if you're lucky enough to be the Domestic Type and really *like* being tied down, with one baby yammering to escape from the play pen, while Baby Sister is still in the layette stage. But if you sometimes get low over being a prisoner in your own home, one way to keep your spirits from sagging to your ankles is to keep your lipstick on, and your hair, as well as your chin, up. This is easier said than done if you are responsible for the family's cooking, washing, marketing, and that dear, dead, blown-out fuse. But let the baby yell a few minutes while you fix your face and hair, even though you have to turn on the radio to save your ears and nerves. It will probably do baby as much good as it will you to let her cry it out—she needs the exercise more than she needs spoiling. As for your nails and hands, the beauty experts are right when they say you should keep a jar of good cream handy (Baby's nursery cream does fine) but very few all-out housewives can manage long vampire nails and lurid liquid nail polish. This suits most husbands nicely—for some strange reason men are repelled by savage nails. In any case, there's nothing worse than ragged liquid nail polish, half on and half off as a result of washing carloads of dishes and diapers. Many wives haven't time even to get out and *look* at the newest shade of nail polish on *somebody else.* A buffer with dry polish is indicated in such cases, for it will make the nails look better, and at the same time strengthen them and encourage them to grow in the face of adversity.

The Fashion Picture

Most figures take it on the chin. . . .
This year a lady should be thin
To wear the pencil silhouette.
But don't despair—we'll get there yet
And save sufficient fabric for
A contribution to the war.

VERY SPECIAL WOMEN: One of the busiest barbers in the Thirtieth Battalion shop, Camp Grant, Illinois, is Mrs. Mayme Kleber, wife of Sergeant Alviron J. Kleber of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. When he was transferred to Camp Grant, the Little Woman went too. Before he had finished unpacking, Mrs. K. had her job. . . . Mrs. Mary Cutter Pearson of Boston, but for the last five years a resident of Kennebunkport, Maine, celebrated her hundredth birthday on September 26. She has witnessed eleven foreign wars and five wars involving the United States. During three of them she has sewn for soldiers and sailors, and enjoyed it. She "hopes to be spared to see the end of this war, and the discomfiture of the Germans and the Japanese." . . . Second Lieutenant Julie Corinne Riley of Oak Park, Illinois, met Second Lieutenant William G. Kautz of Lockport, New York, before they left the United States to go to Africa on the same convoy. She's a flying nurse; he's a parachutist. With General Dwight D. Eisenhower's consent, they flew from Sicily to North Africa to be married in a ceremony during which the bridegroom used his jungle knife to cut the wedding cake.



RADIO'S DIALECT QUEEN

Continued from Page 21

ern. She observed, for example, that in California, when somebody said "Thanks," the answer usually wasn't "You're welcome," but "You bet." She was fascinated to discover that Nebraskans said "injun" for "engine." Farmers of the Middle West were inclined to say "Much obliged" for "Thanks" and had a habit of putting an "a" or an "uh" in front of their verbs.

She heard a farmer in Ohio say, "Jim was a-cussin' and a-swearin' and a-sweatin.'" She'd noticed that the farmers of her own New England also used that "a" or "uh," although in New England they might say, "He was a-cussin' of his wife," sounding almost like "He was a cousin of his wife." Miss Pious also enjoyed the way Middle Westerners pronounce "thing." She contends that they pronounce it as though it were spelled "theng," differing slightly from the Southern pronunciation, which is "thang." She reported hearing a farmer explaining why he didn't want to take his wife to town to see a movie—this in the Middle West.

"A theng eeiz thet omm too blaummed tyuhd to go," the farmer said—according to the eavesdropping Miss Pious.

She eavesdrops without any special system. She hears people talking in theater lobbies, and on trains, buses, and subways, and absorbs almost unconsciously what they say. Later she can extract their voices and speeches from her memory.

Invariably, when she is introduced to some radio listener who knows her work, Miss Pious is greeted with an astonished voice that says, "Why, I thought you were a great big fat dame!"

That's probably due to her stout, commanding voice, which is that of a fearless woman who is ready to tell the whole world off. As Mrs. Willkie Snipe, wife of a Clay County, Kentucky, farmer, she was just the person to tell about a neighbor woman who had given birth to twins weighing twenty-two pounds. "You've actually seen them?" asked Fred Allen. "Yep," she said, "I was there when the stork come."

"And the twins weighed twenty-two pounds?"

"Yep. The stork had four eagles and a sparrow helpin' him."

"A sparrow?"

"Yep. The sparrow was carryin' the safety pins."

SONG FOR SATURDAY

By, baby bunting,
Mother's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit (skinned)
And half a pound of butter (thinned),
Which, with a brace of ox-tail joints,
Exactly uses up her points!

—MARY WARD.

Dear Kleenex:
I've got sniffles
And miss your tissues so—
Why don't you make lots more?
Yours truly
Betty Jo

Dear Betty Jo:
Our Uncle Sam's
At war . . . needs paper, too.
He's given us a quota, and
We have to make it do!

Yes, we could make more Kleenex, if
We skimped on strength and size.
But quality's a thing on which
We will not compromise.

Regardless of what others do,
Be sure we'll never fail
To keep up Kleenex quality
In every last detail.

P. S.
Do try your dealer soon again
He ought to have more Kleenex then.

Every Minute Counts!

Authorities say ½ of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold! To reduce absenteeism use Kleenex at the first sign of a sniffle and help keep your cold from spreading to others. Kleenex as a handkerchief is kind to your nose, your neighbor, your nation! You use each tissue just once, then destroy—germs and all!

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So sharp is Minerva Pious' ear that in an emergency she can do almost any dialect without ever having practiced it. Once she was down to do an Irish dialect, which is one of her specialties. Just as the program was ready to go on the air, the producer decided the part was to be played by a Scotch voice instead of an Irish voice. Miss Pious, without time even to try out the Scotch burr on anybody, played the role perfectly. "I learned to speak Scotch dialect just as I learned to swim the time I was thrown out of a rowboat," she says now.

Her ear has also caught the exaggerated inflections of some of New York's upper classes. Her Consuelo Warburton, debutante, was "the first woman to have a victory garden in a Park Avenue penthouse."

The proud Consuelo did her gardening in mink overalls with ermine tails. Nor would she use just any old dirt for her victory garden. She had to get a special soil through a fancy sporting-goods store.

Miss Pious discovered that these fine ladies use a lot of "sh" sounds, in addition to extreme artificiality, when they talk. Consuelo's sister, telling about Consuelo's victory garden, said, "Shaze gahtt this speshally tillud saw-yill." Consuelo overuses the word divine, which she pronounces "divawoin." To her almost everything is "divawoin," whether it's a herring, a hat, or a hernia. And when a sister debutante asks if she is dressed and ready to go, she says, "Not quait." She is a poetess who composes her best work on Stork Club tablecloths, and when she finishes a sonnet, Sherman Billingsley removes the tablecloth and rushes it to her publisher. Whereas the lower classes might pronounce Thirty-third as "Toidy-toid," Consuelo's set would say "Theyty-theyd."

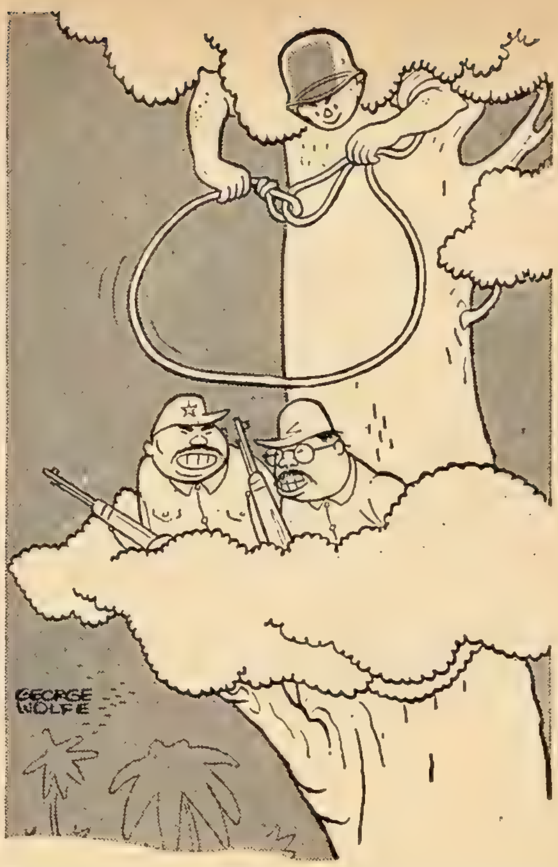
Unquestionably, though, it's when she's doing her New Yorkese of Toidy-toid Street, and her Jewish, that Miss Pious is most popular. Scores of times she has been asked to repeat her famous valedictory poem which she uttered when she was playing Bubbles Rappaport of Mrs. Rabinowitch's Finishing But Positively School. It goes like this:

Was willst du, goils of 1940,
  As out into the woild you go,
Some to Cleveland, some to Oakland,
  Some to Dayton, O-hi-o?

Goils, vill you go into business,
  Vill you trevell, take a tour,
Or will you toin to monkeh business,
  T'inking only of *l'amour toujours?*

Was willst du, goils of 1940?
  Facing life, don't play the fool.
Let our motto be EUREKA!
  Goils of Mrs. Rabinowitch's Finishing
    But Positively School.

As Mrs. Nussbaum, she did her part in building morale. She accomplished some of it right in her kitchen in Allen's Alley by giving patriotic names to some of her dishes. For example, she



"I've had enough excitement this morning to last me the rest of my life!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of LIBERTY, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the LIBERTY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Paul Hunter, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Edward Maher, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Lee Pasquin, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Charles T. Brereton, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.; Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y., 100%.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is
(This information is required from daily publications only.) PAUL HUNTER

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1943.
(Seal) EDITH GARRAMONE
(My commission expires March 30, 1944)

said, "Spaghetti I am calling Liberteh Noodills; sauerkraut I am calling Victory Cabbich; hamburger I am calling meat balls Kosher Blanca; Saturdays I am cooking bundles for Blintsess, also Free French Fried Potatoes. And," she added, with extreme pride, "Herring I am calling Uncle Salmon."

Much of her best eavesdropping was done, she says now, while she was working as a secretary in Ohrbach's department store in Union Square, the great New York melting pot. Earlier she had been secretary to a judge in Bridgeport, and then had done secretarial work at various places around New York. She hadn't thought much about radio until 1932, when a friend, Harry Tugend, a singer, got a program on a small station. She merely accompanied him at the piano and didn't do any dialects. Presently Fred Allen asked Harry Tugend to write some material for his first program. Tugend dragged Miss Pious over and gave her a build-up, and she got the lion-tamer role. Tugend later became a leading producer for Paramount Pictures.

TODAY Miss Pious has more offers for work than she can accept. At rehearsals she sits hunched at the head of a table, wearing a business suit and smoking one cigarette after another, kidding the script writers to relieve the tension. She reads her lines with gestures, rolling her eyes or shrugging her shoulders to get into the character. She hops from studio to studio on a strict schedule on busy days, being due at one broadcast the instant she is finished with another. She has spoken a half dozen different dialects coast-to-coast in one day and never once been confused about which one she was using. Frequently her day starts at ten and continues until 1 A. M. the following day.

"It just about exhausts you," she says.

Once married, and then divorced, Miss Pious now lives alone except for a housemaid. She has brown hair and wears it in a feather bob. Calm about her career, she doesn't let it interfere with her desire to live a normal life. She isn't the nervous type and has avoided ulcers and nervous disorders. Unlike some radio artists who have special appetites, she can eat any old time, either before or after the broadcast. She is chairman of the Red Cross Donor Committee of the American Federation of Radio Actors, but when she went to the Red Cross to give her blood, she was turned down as a blood donor, because her hemoglobin count was only 75. The Red Cross required 80. She insists she isn't sick or anemic.

Miss Pious occasionally has friends in for a few drinks or to listen to records, of which she has a large collection. She has warmth for almost everybody. She has spent some money on antique furniture, but she is not lavish or extravagant. She got the surprise of her life once when she was called upon to play a fishwife role on a Helen Hayes radio show. Completely in awe of Miss Hayes, whom she regards as one of the greatest of actresses, she was nervous. Later, when Miss Hayes congratulated her on her handling of the part, she said, "Why, I'd have played the role for nothing just to have been in the same show with you." Miss Hayes then confessed: "Why, I'd have done the same. I've admired your work on the radio for years!"

THE END

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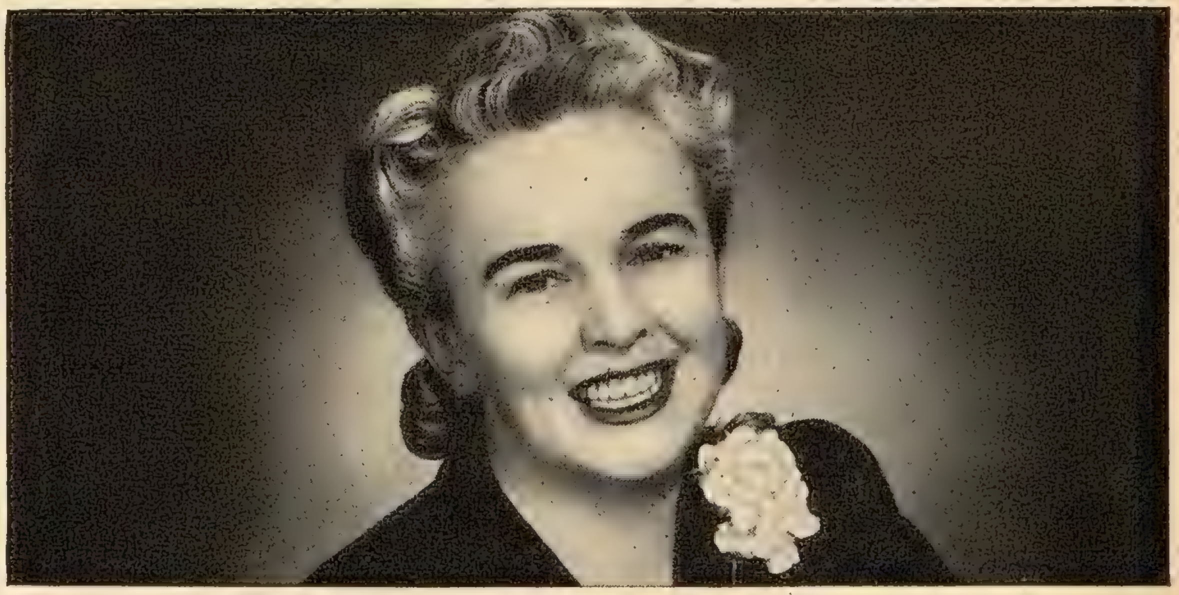

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Marina (Anne Baxter) and her family (Ann Harding, Dean Jagger, Ann Carter) have their last meal together—June 20.

The youngsters (Farley Granger, Anne Baxter, Eric Roberts, and Jane Withers) wish each other good journey—June 21.

Marina waits with Karp (Walter Brennan) for the rest of their party to return from a sniping attack against the Germans—June 23.

BY HARRIET GOULD

NORTH STAR

(Goldwyn–RKO)

Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Anne Baxter

NORTH STAR is a great magnificently human movie, telling in simple dramatic terms of the struggle of the valiant people of a typical Russian village against the invading Fascists.

Exploits of Russia's earth-scorchers may be old stuff in the newspapers, but in North Star, Lillian Hellman's hard-hitting script and Lewis Milestone's perfect direction have breathed new life into the subject. At no point in its two-hour running time is it degraded by phony Hollywood heroics. None of the characters makes grandstand plays or strikes ridiculously affected poses. The result is a film so vividly real that you feel as though the action were going on in your own back yard.

The story begins two days before the war—the last day of school and market day in the tiny Soviet village of North Star on the Polish border. Five of the youngsters are preparing for a walking trip, to start the following day. The villagers are enjoying a picnic supper, celebrating the prosperous yield of their collective. Two days later, while the hikers are halfway to their destination and folks at home are going about their regular chores, the Nazis strike. The walking party just misses being bombed, and strafing Stukas announce to the village that war—the most terrible and horrible of all wars—has come to Russia.

The rest of the story tells of the youngsters' attempts to get home with two wagon loads of ammunition they have picked up en route, the terrible business of waiting and living under the Nazi boot, and the final liberation by the villagers of the town.

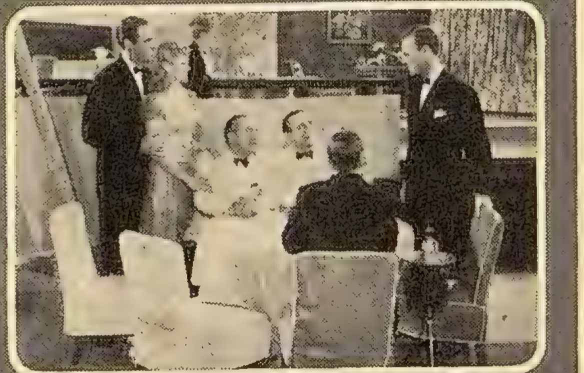
There's powerful acting here—by Walter Huston, as the old doctor who proves that men of medicine *are* capable of killing; Ann Harding, who shields her murdered baby from her husband's eyes in an eloquent gesture; Walter Brennan, as the old man who warns that "the face of war is ugly and not for the eyes of the young"; Anne Baxter and Farley Granger, as the young lovers who believe "the world belongs to us—the people—if we fight for it"; and Erich von Stroheim, Dean Jagger, Jane Withers, Eric Roberts, and all the other actors who share with the author and director in making North Star one of the best pictures of the year—a compelling reminder that some of the best fighting in this global war is being done by civilians.

Many documentary films and special photographs dealing with the lives of these fighting Russians behind the front lines were used as models for North Star, lending it an authenticity that adds to its stature as a cinematic triumph. But that very authenticity makes it tough to take—the things you see on the screen are really happening all the time. But, stark as it is, it is equally magnificent—a film to see and remember. *Don't* miss it.

Charles Coburn
MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK

CHARLES COBURN, as a visiting English author who resembles G. B. Shaw and Monty Woolley, brings his bombastic personality on a good-will tour and almost disrupts relations between Connecticut and Britain by stealing his hostess' cook. Not world-shaking, but good fun and good performances by Coburn and Marguerite Chapman. (*Col.*)

CRAZY HOUSE



IF you are one of those people who giggled and guffawed at the screwball antics of Olsen and Johnson in their two Broadway shows, Crazy House will probably affect you the same way—but you go at your own risk. Nothing makes sense in this story of O. & J. making a movie, though the de Marcos, Cass Daley, and lots more help "make merry." (*Uni.*)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M). Lucille Ball, William Gaxton. Musical comedy.
CLAUDIA (20th Cent.-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. Comedy.
FLESH AND FANTASY (Universal). Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Paxinou. Drama.
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. (Gershwin.) Musical comedy.
HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Cent.-Fox). Don Ameche, Gene Tierney. Comedy-drama.
LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M). Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Elsa Lanchester. Drama.
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warners). Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. Comedy.
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount). Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard. Drama.
SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY (20th Cent.-Fox). Betty Grable, Robert Young. Musical comedy.
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warners). Joan Leslie, George Murphy, U. S. Army. Musical.
THOUSANDS CHEER (M-G-M). All-star M-G-M cast. Musical.
WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warners). Paul Lukas, Bette Davis. Drama.

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HOW WAGE STABILIZATION BENEFITS YOU

Continued from Page 13

Once upon a time it was believed that dangerously high prices were inevitable in wartime. Inflation was recognized as a natural consequence of war. Now we know that this is bunk.

When we talk about "letting prices seek their natural level" it may mean shoes to cost $30, apples to cost a quarter each, a loaf of bread to cost 25 cents, a chicken $5, and a gallon of gasoline anything the black market wants to charge. Once inflation—which simply means higher prices and higher wages and salaries—gets out of hand, no one can foresee the result.

In this country we have never seen types of inflation such as those which have developed abroad, where it has been necessary to carry money in a wheelbarrow to the grocery store. As the American armies went into occupied countries, they found prices unbelievably high. In fact, one of the first essential steps of the Army has been to stabilize the marketing of goods.

When we talk of letting prices seek their natural levels, do we mean that we are willing for the salaried man to have to rush home in fear that prices will advance before he can buy what his family needs? During the last war the High Cost of Living became so high that it was always spelled with capital letters in the newspapers. During the last war many prices went to nearly twice what they are now.

Prices of farm machinery, according to official estimates, rose 74 per cent, while the increase this time has been held to 6½ per cent.

HOW TO FIGHT INFLATION

The things that must be done to make this joint attack on rising prices successful were set forth by the President in his 7-point program presented before Congress on April 27, 1942. They are:

1. Tax heavily and keep profits down.
2. Fix ceilings on prices and rents.
3. Stabilize wages.
4. Stabilize farm prices.
5. Buy more war bonds.
6. Ration all essential commodities that are scarce.
7. Discourage installment buying and encourage paying off debts.

If it had not been for rationing and price ceilings, the things that the average family is buying now, such as meat, butter, shoes, and other items, might be costing twice what they are costing now.

Between May, 1941, and May, 1942, when the first General Maximum Price Regulation was imposed, the cost of living rose 12.7 per cent. In the next twelve months, between May, 1942, and May, 1943, the cost of living rose only 7.8 per cent. Between May 15 and June 15 of this year the cost of living declined for the first time since Pearl Harbor. A further decline was noted in July, and another in August. Between May, 1942, and May, 1943, the level of rents was actually reduced by 1.7 per cent. And rents are about 20 per cent of the average wage earner's budget. Clothing prices during the same period rose only 1.3 per cent, despite the fact that during the previous year they had gone up 23 per cent.

But we are not out of the woods yet. The extra dollars that are in the pay envelopes, in the banks, in the people's pockets are dangerous dollars if they are used to bid against one another for the essentials of life. If we divert them into taxes and war bonds, they will hasten victory and help cushion the economic shift from war to peace.

If we dedicate ourselves to paper-profit grabbing and fat salaries, we will have betrayed the cause for which our boys fight and die.

One way to prevent such a calamity is to accept willingly the hardships and restrictions total war requires.

Bear that in mind the next time you think you ought to have more money for that job you are doing.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

WIGNITE: To set your toupee afire.

FEETURES: Toes, instep, and heels.

MADJESTY: The king in a rage.

FANGUISH: Agony from snakebite.

MEWTINY: A cat-aclysmic rebellion.

DEMOCKRACY: Bureaucracy.

TREEMENDOUS: The great oak to which little acorns grow.

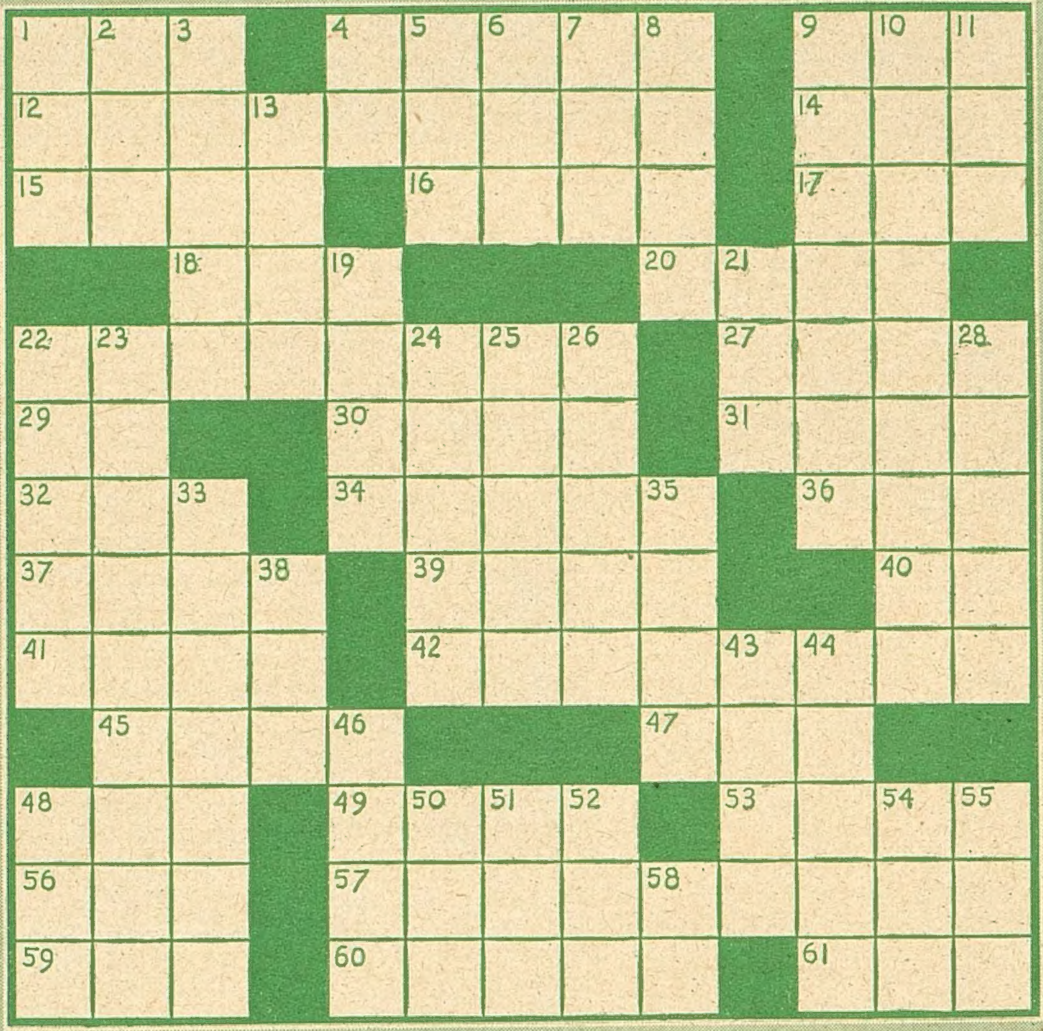
CHAIRITY: Giving your seat to a poor lady.

JELLYSY: Envious of your neighbor's jam.

HALFBREATHE: An Indian with one nostril.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 A hinny's mother is a what?
4 ?'s:a tiger::Fido's:dog?
9 What's been called "a mudhole with vitamins"?
12 What great mythical hero will no longer be harassed by Mrs. Pruneface? (two wds.)
14 What's the 3rd person singular present tense of "to be" in German?
15 What's "to be" in French?
16 "We - - - - the time with stories old." (Whittier, *Snowbound*)
17 Besides baloney, what is used in the manufacture of soft soap?
18 What's used for cold ashes and for hot coffee?
20 What Swedish king twice proposed to Queen Elizabeth, married his peasant mistress?
22 What band leader's known as the King of Korn?
27 What hearty thing do song writers enjoy?
29 What's the shortest way of saying forever?
30 What do lions do after eating the keeper?
31 Shakespeare's Mortimer Snerd
32 What's the fancy abbr. for "Boulevard Manicurers"?
34 What kind of campaign helped defeat Al Smith for President?
36 Name 3 compass points
37 What Greenland base is used for Arctic expeditions?
39 Who played the Vampire in the movie of the same name?
40 What's LXXXXX minus I?
41 Who was responsible for the first Slum Clearance Project in Rome?
42 What stone's a love charm?
45 What's the symbolic antonym of riches?
47 Complete: Gott - - - dank!
48 Simple as —
49 Name a favorite Victorian nickname
53 What's the best cure for heart trouble?
56 What kind of water contains gold?
57 There was talk recently of what British possession joining the U.S.A.?
59 Bruce Barton's early work was writing what?
60 G. B. S. said: Those who can, do; those who can't, - - - - -!
61 If you voted for Babson in the 1940 election you're probably a what?

VERTICAL

1 Who wrote The College Widow?
2 Park
3 The scrimmage in rugby is called the what?
4 An MP's a what Hon.? (abbr.)
5 - - - longa, vita brevis
6 What's the cruelest monkey of them all?
7 Pip
8 Who was Hoover's Wickard?
9 Flunked out of West Point, Whistler said he'd have been a General if what'd been a gas?
10 If you need the new insulin shock treatment you're probably suffering from a what?
11 Consumed
13 What flanks a London gutter?
19 Sleeplets
21 Goering's pet hate
22 Jackassed-down
23 Underwater seed farming is done in a what? (two wds.)
24 What is called the Dance of the Jerks?
25 Wild scheme
26 What means to pray in Latin?
28 What's a fancy way of saying snazzy?
33 What's the capital of Venezuela?
35 What's the No. 1 enemy of man? (pl.)
38 What island near Philadelphia was an important shipyard in last war?
43 Who wore the slacks of Zeus' family?
44 What did Churchill say England would never do?
46 What's a young oyster called?
48 Who was Jehoshaphat's father?
50 Name the most shameful French street
51 By taking Russia, Hitler thought he'd nullify whom? (abbr.)
52 And so forth (abbr.)
54 Husband of an English Lady's a what?
55 An Oirishwummin shure loikes her cup o' hot phwat?
58 What position does Geyer play for the Chi Bears? (two wds. abbr.)

S	C	R	A	P	P	E	R	■	■	S	H	A	R	P
O	I	L	B	U	R	N	E	R	■	L	A	B	O	R
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G	A	I	N	S	■	I	D	I	O	T	■	T	E	N
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E	E	R	I	E	■	H	A	I	L	S	T	O	N	E
D	R	O	P	S	■	■	P	E	A	S	A	N	T	S

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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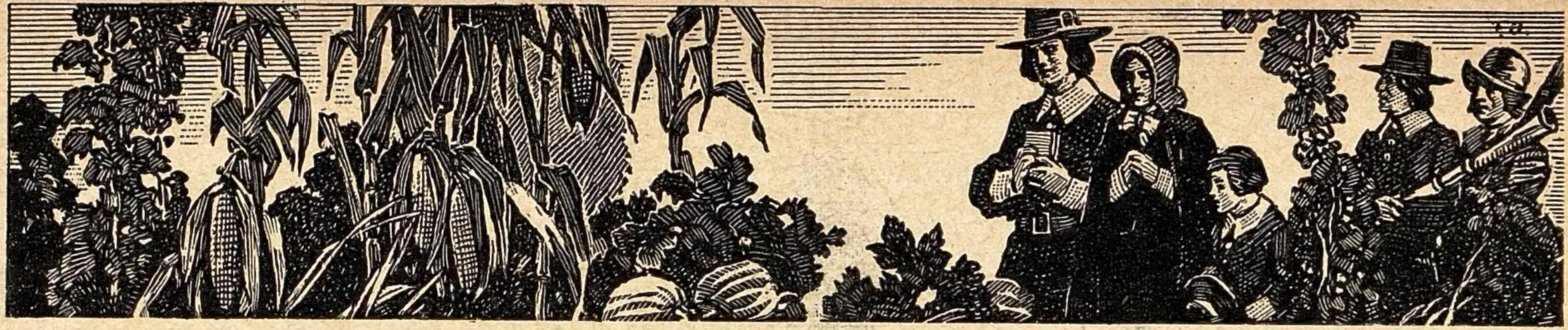


THANKSGIVING

THE harvest was in. The corn planted on fresh graves, to hide losses from the Indians, had yielded and stood rustling in the November wind. Bean vines rattled on the corn stalks, and in bags among the rafters hung the podded beans themselves. Strung on poles to catch the hearth smoke were sun-dried cod. A scant store, but sufficient if pieced out with fowl and venison. It was a harvest.

Governor Bradford assembled the pilgrims. For ten months they had lived in this new land. The grit of its soil was in their teeth, the fever of its swamps in their blood, the bruise of its stones on their feet. They were no longer strangers here; their kinfolk lay beneath those hills of ripened corn.

They gathered, and they prayed. Prayed for strength to live, courage to die, guidance to build. And they gave thanks. Thanks for first harvest, thanks for a roof, a fire, walls against the wind and the wild beast. Thanks for life itself.

And when the dusk closed down, out of the east came the stars: Orion, the Hunter, rising out of England; and in the west, over the wilderness, Aquila, the Eagle.

They lived, those thankful few, and they built. Tidewater clearings reached to the uplands, and from the ridges the hunters saw new horizons. A handful of colonies became a nation. Three centuries of harvest came and went.

Three hundred harvests, and more; and now again the corn rustles in the wind and the bean vines rattle on the yellowed stalks. Again we gather to pray for strength, for courage, for guidance. And again we give thanks for a fruitful land, for a strong people, for a good way of life.

We give thanks for a land big enough to encompass a dream and make it reality. For a land long as the Mississippi, high as the Rockies, wide as half a day's travel of the sun. For a land whose valleys can grow 100,000,000 acres of corn, whose plains can pasture 75,000,000 head of cattle.

Thanks for mountains from which comes ore for 125,000,000 tons of iron and steel in one critical year. For woodlands where we can cut 38,000,000,000 feet of lumber in a twelvemonth. For rivers that float our ships and carry our steel and irrigate our land and toss off 20,000,000 horsepower from the whirling turbines along the way.

Thanks for mills and factories which, when the need came, could put a nation's armies on wheels and tracks and wings ten thousand miles away. For the machines that give substance to dreams calipered to the millionth of an inch. For the men who dreamed the dreams and made them real.

For the men of this land, and the women, for their dreams, for their machines, for their factories, we give thanks. But men die, dreams pass, machines molder away. So we give thanks for humbler things as well.

For the moon in the sky, where the young may know its magic and its beauty. For spring, when buds burst and birds return; for summer, high noon of fruitfulness; for autumn, fruition and triumphant flame of color; for winter, cycle's end and cycle's beginning.

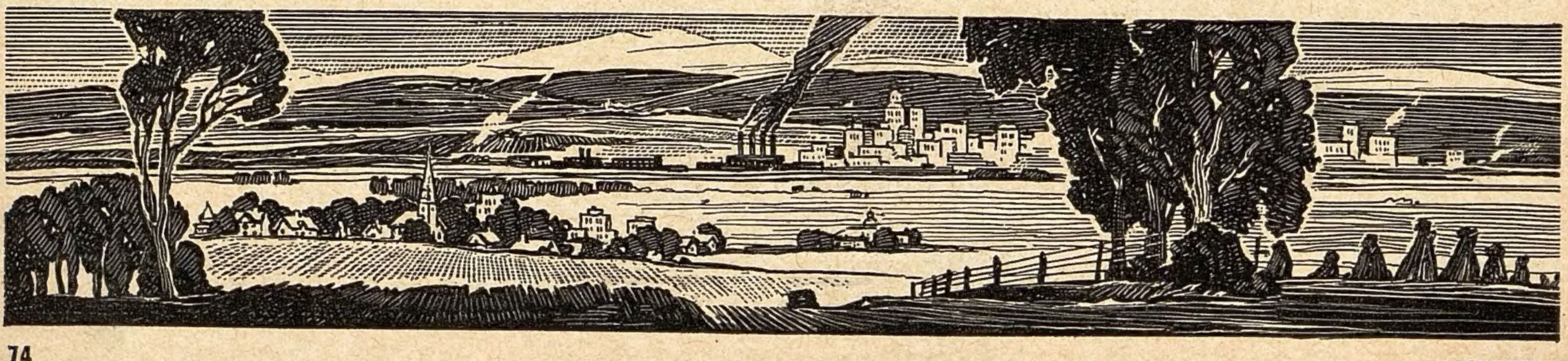
For the sunrise of a new day. For sunset, and work done, and rest. For the fragrance of honeysuckle in June, pine woods in December. For the song of a thrush. For starlight, for the rainbow, for the pattern of dew on a spider web at dawning. For friendship; for the laughter of a child; for the love and understanding of a woman's heart.

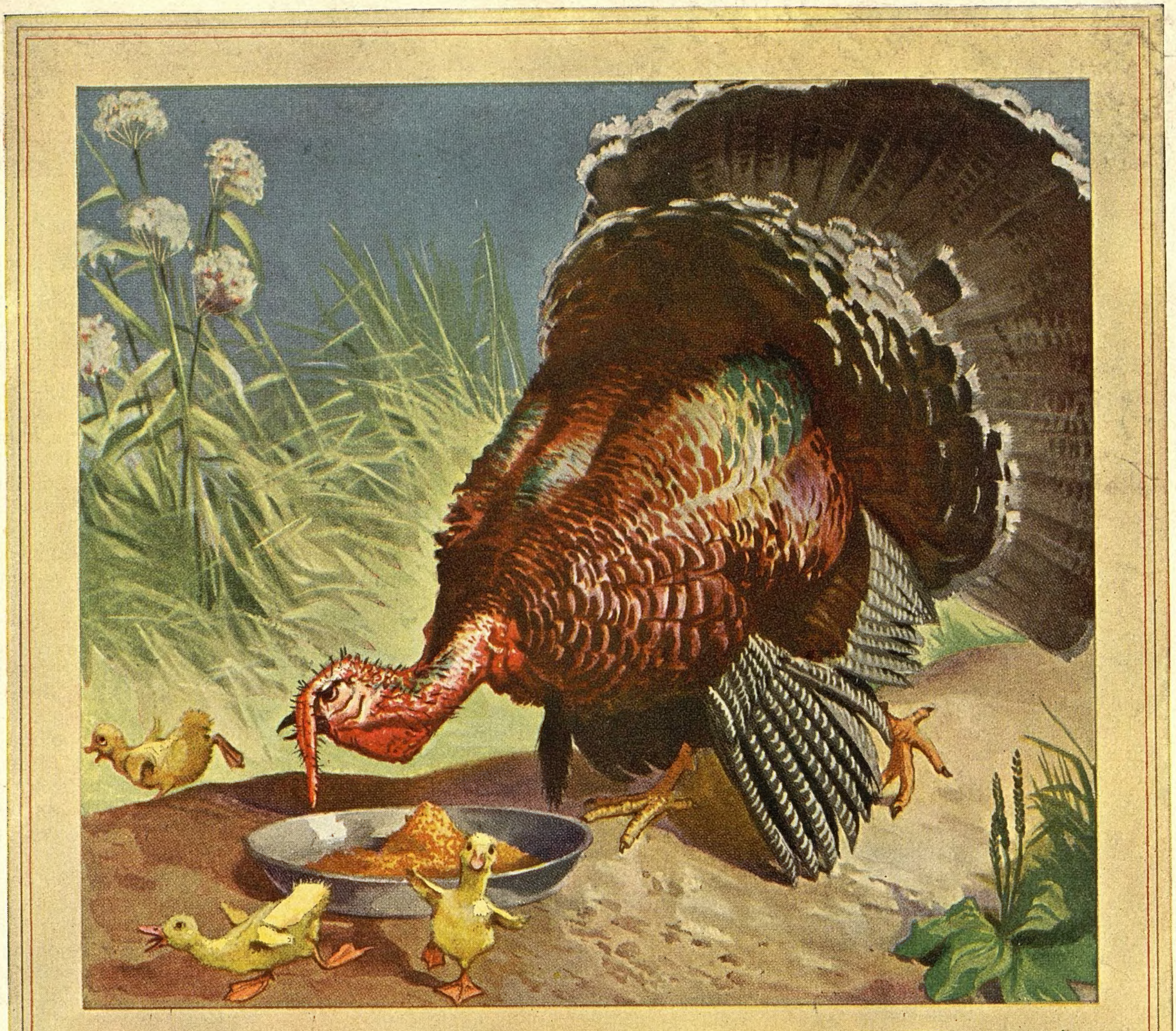
For these simple things that must endure forever in any life worth living, we give thanks.

For the dreams which lift mankind out of bigotry; for freedom of the mind, of the spirit, and of the aspirations; for adventure into far places of thought as well as far places of the universe, we are forever thankful.

The harvest is in. We, too, have fresh graves. Stalks rattle in the salt wind. The grit of the soil is once more in our teeth, the fever of the swamps in our blood, the bruise of stones on our feet. But the clean breadth of the sky is still there overhead. And in the west still flies Aquila the Eagle.

Humbly, reverently, we give thanks.





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And that's why rationing of essential and vital things is a national "must"—for if all are to have what they need, a few can't have all they want.

But no such solid rules apply to less essential things—and they're the things we have to be careful not to "gobble up." A few gobbles and these, too, might be gone.

No one knows this better than your liquor dealer. That is why "only one bottle to a customer" may be the most conspicuous thing in his store. No one knows better than he that this is no time for gobblers.

With every distillery in America making war alcohol instead of whiskey, present stocks of whiskey must last for a longer time than anyone had foreseen. And a little for *all* now is the best insurance against none for anyone later.

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